THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A°. D!. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

APRIL 23, 1904

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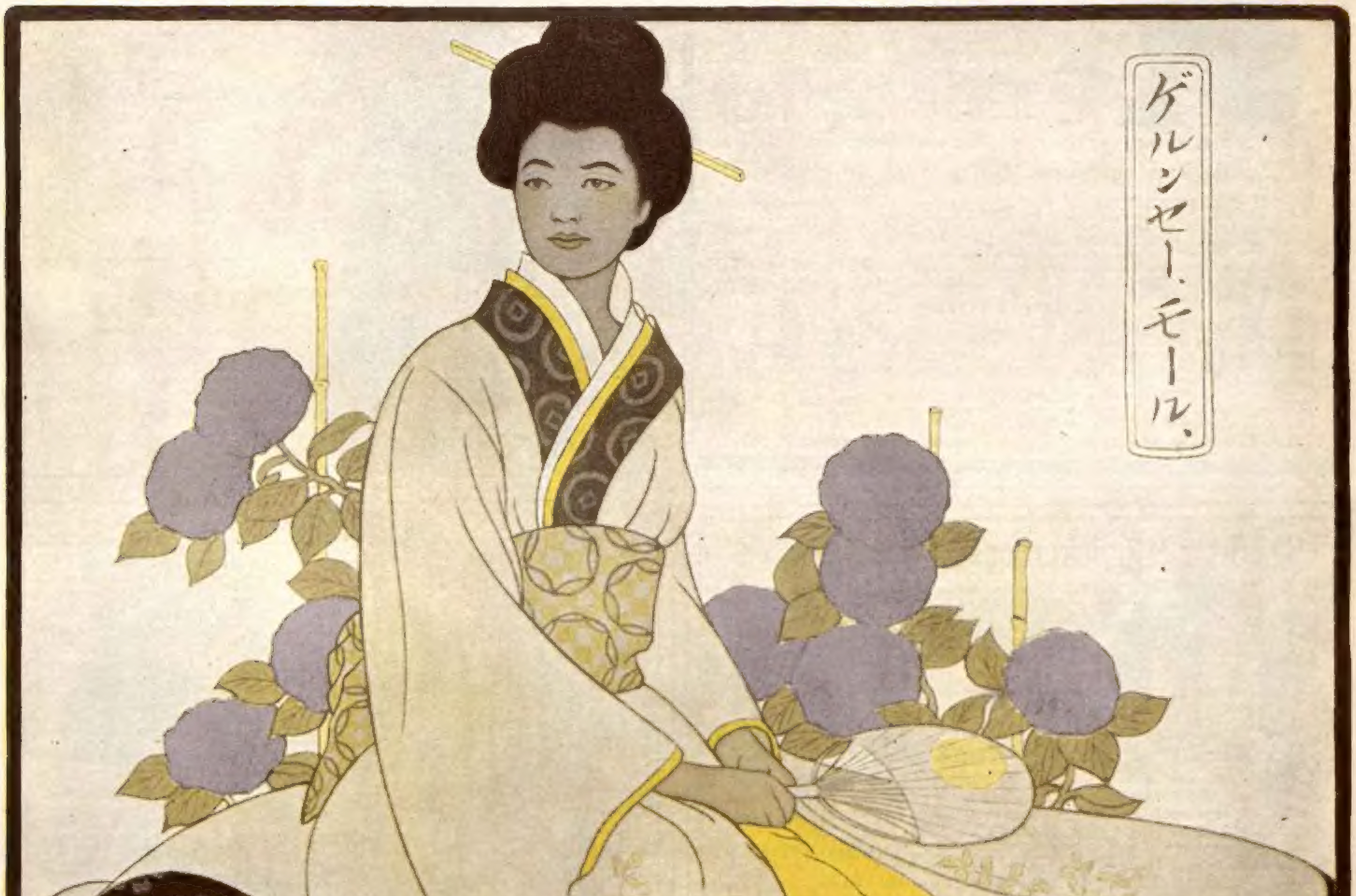

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BY ZAIDA BEN YÛSUF

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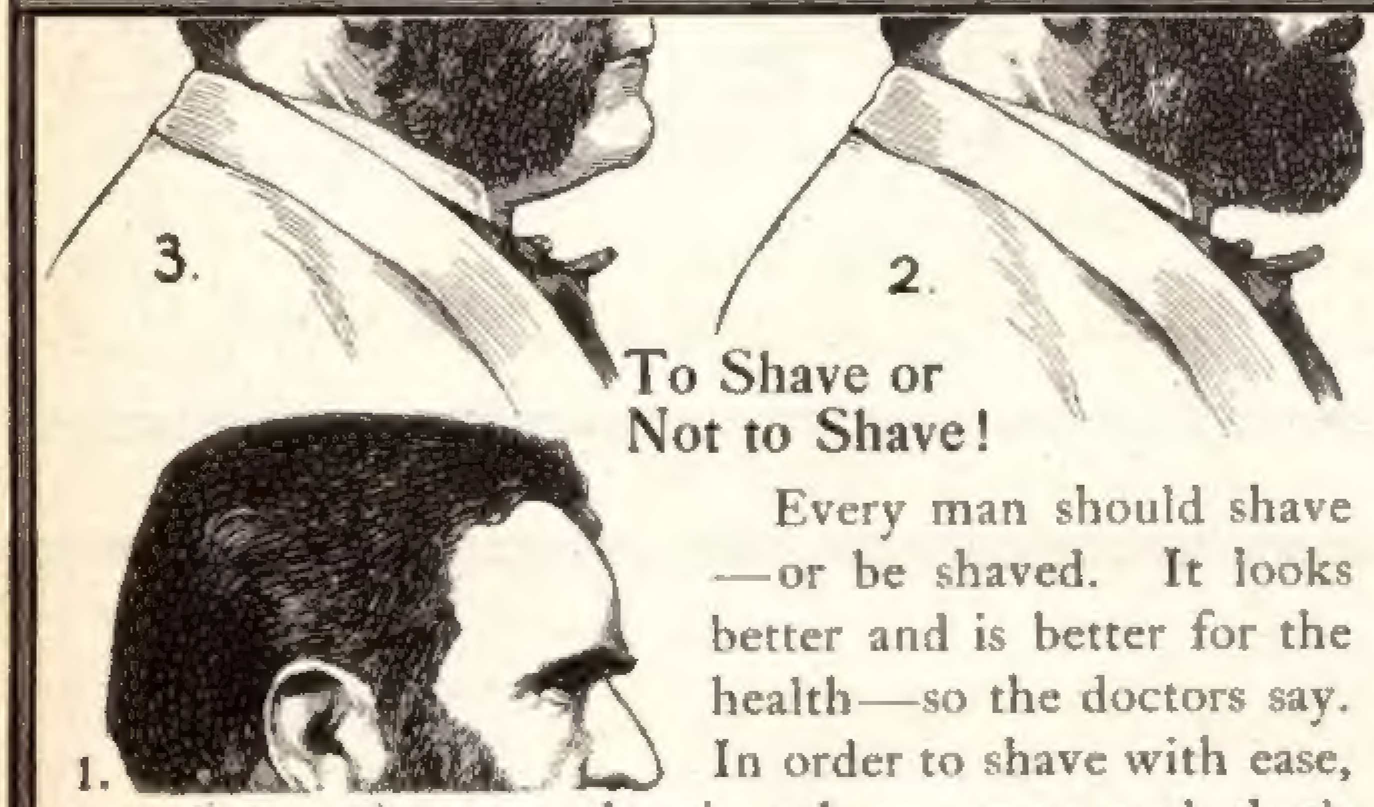

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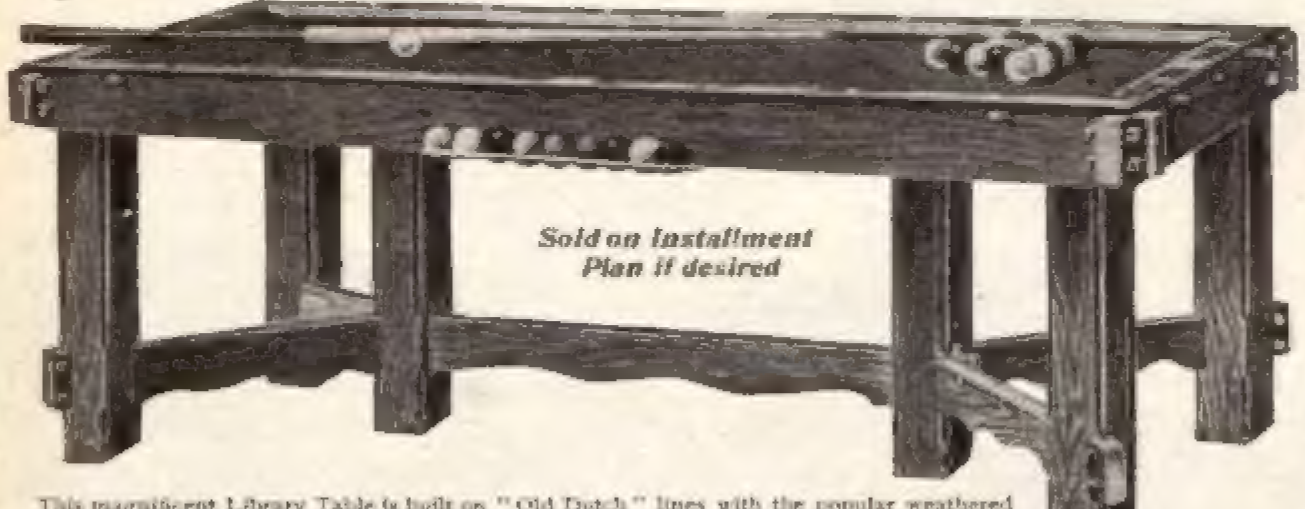

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Unruly Santo Domingo

Hiding Behind the Monroe Doctrine She Makes Faces at the Powers

By Frederic Courtland Penfield

Former United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General to Egypt
Author of Present-Day Egypt

THERE has been persistent knocking at Uncle Sam's side-door for months by a furtive-eyed, ill-conditioned mulatto. Peering unobserved through the shutters, Uncle Sam, recognizing the ragged man with the machete, has said to himself, "I want to read the riot act to that fellow, then make a man and a good neighbor of him if I can—but how inconsiderate of him to come when all my time is occupied with family affairs. I will attend to the foreigner later; but domestic matters first is the policy of this household."

The miserable being with the machete is our old acquaintance from Santo Domingo, grown familiar with the road to Washington. When he came first, in Grant's time, he was a fairly good specimen of manhood. Now he is wretched in every application of the word. The Cuban was never in greater need of Uncle Sam's humane offices than this Afro-Spaniard of the Caribbean; but the mulatto has chosen an inopportune moment for appealing for the aid of Uncle Sam.

Pedro, you must consequently wait until the Presidential election is out of the way, failing to have captured the official ear of the United States before the Panama sensation; for your great and good friend of the Northern Republic is opposed to taking in hand just now any case related to the race problem. You should know that the members of his happy family can come to a condition of loggerheads more speedily through mention of negro affairs than any other theme in the category of human discussion.

This is where the Santo Domingo dilemma must rest until after next November, barring any untoward event.

But Santo Domingo is certainly next on Uncle Sam's agenda, is underlined in red for early attention whenever extraneous matters may be considered. Its Afro-Spanish rule has long been a crime against humanity.

Why meddle with affairs superficially not our own?

Our cherished Monroe Doctrine makes us responsible to the world for upholding the cause of peace in this hemisphere, doing what we can toward repressing the impulse of hot-blooded neighbors for perpetual rioting—"policing the Caribbean," precise writers may call it. This is the political reason why Uncle Sam must look after the half-breed Dominican. The more compelling and broader reason is that of civilization. When a neighbor's habit of life becomes intolerable, benevolent Uncle Sam must lay aside personal affairs and do some energetic reforming.

Watching Eastern happenings through long-range glasses, and secretly finding satisfaction over his emergence with fairly clean hands from the Colombian-Panama episode, Uncle Sam's gravest concern for months past has in reality been the Dominican situation, odoriferous with everything foul in the body politic. A few weeks ago the trouble in the island was growing worse so rapidly that it looked as if precedence must be given to Dominica over our own political canvass, whatever the risk to the Presidential campaign.

The Peril of the Empty Pocketbook

THE Doctrine is often paraded as a bugaboo by editorial writers needlessly apprehensive, or desirous of interjecting a perplexing situation into American politics. Candidly, there can be no occasion for hysteria over Santo Domingo. Our duty there is mainly one of humanity, appealing properly as strongly to the political party of the minority as to that in power—and the time limit for acts of humanity, as everybody knows, is marvelously elastic. For a long time Dominican "statesmen" have employed the Doctrine as a shield from chastisement for those vexatious acts to foreigners that only the extremely weak dare commit, as well as a refuge from pursuit for broken pledges to European creditors. These specious Santo Dominicans treat the Doctrine as a philanthropic measure for the protection of petty defaulters, such as themselves, never comprehending the modern definition of rights appended to the Doctrine by the Venezuelan incident.

In time conditions in Santo Domingo are certain to reach a degree of insecurity when inaction on the part of the United States might menace our friendly relations with European governments. Sanguinary conflict confined to natives of the Republic might be winked at for two or three years to come. But the business men of that land of disorder, mostly Europeans, are jealously watched over by their governments. Great Britain, Germany and France have each a fairly long list of complaints against the mulatto Republic for outrages upon subjects resident there—some of which have been serious enough to be considered as the "pin pricks" of modern diplomacy's description. These governments were never more friendly with the United States than at this time, and their chancelleries are familiar with Uncle Sam's habits in a Presidential year. But, the election held, these powers will have a right to expect American action in Santo Domingo. Meanwhile, if one of these governments, resenting fresh insult, fires guns in a Santo Domingo harbor, the shots will in no sense be directed at our Doctrine.

The Dominican tangle thus possesses ordinarily no germ of danger to the United States. Arrived but recently at the estate of a "world power," Uncle Sam doesn't readily comprehend how to deal with it; that's all. Nurturing of the weak brother is an adjunct of national greatness in Europe, almost every one of whose powers has lent a hand in quelling disorder somewhere beyond its borders: it is an undenied responsibility of national strength. Several governments united to compel peaceful conditions in Crete, and dozens of other instances might be cited. England has done much of this philanthropic work.

As a government Santo Domingo has for many months been helpless in extending any form of protection to foreigners, their warehouses, plantations or estates. Besides, the wretched country owes England, France, Germany, Holland and Belgium in the neighborhood of $25,000,000, most of which, both principal and interest, is in wanton default. A pocketbook consideration nowadays is a menace to international harmony. Herein dwells the danger of procrastination over the Dominican situation; for a grievance lined with ignored fiscal pledges may bear intimate relationship to a lighted match and a powder magazine in combination. Powers that send debt-collecting warships to this hemisphere are liable unintentionally to wound the United States in a sensitive spot. It is manifestly better that they do not come.

A few weeks since our consulate at Samana was ransacked by Dominican insurgents, and another consulate in the island had its official sign smeared by mud-throwers, an American liner entering the harbor of the capital city was fired upon by insurgent soldiers, and an American marine was shot to death in a naval launch flying the Stars and Stripes. Whatever the culpability in the shooting incidents, England would have landed a punitive force within two days, as would Germany or France. Sensitive to affront or injury as any, Uncle Sam has been compelled to wait before seeking to chastise the wrongdoers. For years his grievance has been expanding on the cumulative principle, until there is now an enormous indictment against the mulatto Republic.

But punish whom, and in what manner? These pertinent questions are more readily propounded than answered.

Bear in mind that a varying form of anarchy has reigned in Santo Domingo for a year or more, that the word "government"—meaning control of a people that is effective even if not systematic—has been a misnomer. Stated plainly, our neighboring Republic has presented the lowest form of government to be found in this hemisphere. In semi-civilized lands, even, there is a semblance of control that may be invoked by a nation suffering from acts of violence or incendiarism; but the "Dominican Government" has been in no position to coöperate in apprehending the actual murderers of machinist Johnson; and to visit indiscriminate punishment upon people not known to be guilty is not in accord with the ethics of a powerful Western nation. For more than a year there have been three "Governments" in the field, each warring with the other two; one has had its headquarters to-day where yesterday a rival "General-President" was intrenched, and to-morrow may see the third mob installed in the identical town. The capture and execution of the insurgent "general" held responsible for machinist Johnson's death proves the desire of Morales to be favorably considered by Uncle Sam; but the act itself will accomplish little in the way of promoting insular peace.

Patronage in its Primitive Aspect

OF LATE the Morales régime has been in the ascendant, having captured several towns from the insurgents. Santo Domingo City has been freed of insurrectionists by the retainers of Morales—and this is the nearest approach to "peace" that the Republic has had for a long time. If Morales can check turmoil for even a few months he will be rendering Uncle Sam a decided service. The stake that all have been fighting for is possession of the machinery of government—with license to collect its revenues and pay out as little as possible. It is the political principle of patronage in its primitive aspect, and with the bark off. The focal points of all revolutions in the island are the public offices. Every barefooted man in the revolution business wants some office, something that will translate him to the official class, thereby rescuing him from the ignominy of manual labor. The "generals" want the custom houses, it may be assumed; and the black man carrying Mauser and machete covets a certain village post-office, maybe, for what there is "in it" for him. In the black Republics of Santo Domingo and Hayti a revolution is not the bloodless, theatrical enterprise of that name so familiar in Spanish-American countries, but is barbarous to the degree of blood-lust. The several factions in Santo Domingo are supplied with effective small arms and machine guns.

A Caribbean revolution seldom has political significance; its energy is nearly always representative of the personality and resources of its leader—nothing more. The patriot ambitious to administer the government, to be its dictator, goes for the position at the head of his "army," holding the office, if secured, as long as his force outnumbers that of his rival or of a new aspirant. The constitution, providing for election at the polls, pretends to be patterned from that of the United States. Office seeking the man is unknown.

The Olla Podrida of Governments

THE United States has had no diplomatic relations with any of the "Governments" since the fall of Woz y Gil's administration. Our *chargé d'affaires* for months rendered valuable service at Santo Domingo City as the visible exponent of the American Government, but was accredited to no one, for the best of reasons. The Morales party has recently been "recognized" by our representative, however, with a view to helping it into a position for protecting life and property for the time being. Meanwhile, the world admits the practical failure of black rule in this hemisphere of Republics, accepting, perhaps, the conclusion of Booker Washington that the black must be guided by the white man. There is a loophole for ethnological exception in the Santo Domingo verdict, for it is a mulatto nation rather than black. A majority of its 600,000 inhabitants are the product of racial blendings of the negroes brought from Africa in slavery days, of the soldiers and adventurers from Spain—said to have been the riff-raff of that Latin land—and the remnant of Carib blood surviving in the island after the Spanish campaign of extermination. Experts pronounce this admixture the most difficult to manage in the entire scheme of mankind. Hayti, a "black Republic" in reality, is better governed. Turmoil and bloodshed have been almost perennial in Hispaniola's eastern division during the past century, whereas the western portion has had intervals of peaceful conditions.

Santo Domingo has had, first and last, about every form of government, from that of despotic control delegated from European thrones to the recent reign of terror. It has been an appanage of Spain, of England and of France. For a few weeks the island (now divided between Santo Domingo and Hayti) had a local emperor. Since the formal proclamation of the Republic in 1844 there has been no end of dictators as well as presidents—some of them good, many the reverse; and tyrants have retained the reins of government longer than humane rulers. Since the assassination of President Heureaux in 1899, eight nominal governments, constitutional or provisional, have been set up and overthrown. Vasquez first ousted Figuerado; Jiminez overthrew Vasquez; Vasquez, in his turn, ousted Jiminez; Woz y Gil forced Vasquez out, establishing first a provisional and then a constitutional administration; in a few months this was overthrown by the surviving provisional government of Morales, with Jiminez and Woz y Gil fighting like demons to destroy the Morales régime. But Morales has withstood opposition, and for the moment is able to turn his attention from fighting to governing. Every man's sway has been cursed by insurrections and bloodshed; otherwise, Santo Domingo would have to-day five or six million happy and prosperous people.

A Caribbean Policeman Wanted

PEACE in the island is important to Uncle Sam's program of Caribbean control, made imperative by the vast interests we are assuming on the isthmus, converting Panama into a highway of universal use. Besides, Santo Domingo as a storm-centre is not a good neighbor for our Porto Ricans, whose island is within sight, nor for our Cuban friends near by.

As to Uncle Sam's mission in the unfortunate Republic—what form will his intervention take when it comes? Will it be simple "occupation"—that is, the sending of military forces to compel peace, followed by a civil staff to bring about administrative and fiscal order, all withdrawing later, as in Cuba? Or will it be intervention of the next degree, protection, meaning all that occupation does, with the added conditions that our accountants and custodians of public offices remain, and that the country becomes an appanage of the United States? Or will it be annexation without reserve, making Santo Domingo a United States possession like Porto Rico or Hawaii? These definitions possess a chasm of difference one from the others. A danger will be this: Uncle Sam may aim at the simplest form of intervention, but be carried, through force of circumstances, beyond his original intentions, perhaps to the point of annexation. Occupation would be the least disturbing, provoking the least hostility and criticism in America. But if the Dominicans are really incapable of self-government the cause of humanity could not be served by returning the country to them after we had put their house in order.

We do not want Santo Domingo: emphatically not. But duty and covetousness differ materially. Society doesn't want the insane person, nor the pauper, but is forced to care for both. Uncle Sam is not seeking opportunity to pacify and civilize Santo Domingo, but is painfully aware that the "policeman" of the Caribbean zone cannot shut his eyes to conditions there. Our sacrifices on behalf of the Cubans, and the moulding of the Porto Rican into a prosperous freeman, are familiar to intelligent Dominicans—and there are many such, who are neither quarrelsome nor blind to their country's peril. These Dominicans, valuing the difference between strife and industry, have long favored American control, have sought it in all proper ways.

American annexation of Santo Domingo is a topic mellowed by age. It was a sensational theme of Grant's administration, as Panama has been of Roosevelt's. General Grant enthusiastically favored annexing the country, and an official commission appointed by him (of which President Andrew D. White, of Cornell, was a member) canvassed the proposal in the island and reported in favor of speedy annexation. But the Senate, suspecting that there was a large-sized African somewhere in the woodpile, stubbornly refused its countenance to the treaty. At the time there was an avalanche of editorial opinion urging the acquisition of Samana Bay, at the eastern extremity of Dominica, in any event—by cession or lease, if not through annexation—Uncle Sam to construct there a naval station as forerunner of his inevitable interests in the West Indies and on the Isthmus, calling in time for his control of Caribbean affairs. The subject failed through being a quarter of a century ahead of time. The United States then was not a "world power," its naval force was insignificant, and talk of connecting the oceans by a canal was popularly regarded as chimerical.

Plowshares, Not Guns, Needed

NATURE offers few bodies of water as adaptable to naval purposes as Samana Bay, commanding the Mona Passage to the Caribbean, to be a great highway between the Atlantic and the Panama Canal. For fifty years naval and military experts have been advising their departments at Washington of the importance of Samana Bay. It plays small part in Dominican commerce, and European powers are aware that to them it is forbidden by the Doctrine. Strategists are positive that, with a great naval depot on Samana Bay, in addition to our Porto Rican harbors, Culebra, and stations at Guantanamo and Bahia Honda in Cuba, the strategical advantage of the United States in defending the main approaches to the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico in time of war would be well-nigh perfect. Seemingly, it would not require much diplomacy, or cash, to bring Samana Bay to Uncle Sam, on terms of equity. But Samana is beside the question of America's intervention in Dominica.

Disarmament throughout the Republic should be a *sine qua non* to our assisting the Dominicans; and an essential feature of any program for lending aid should be a thoughtfully considered effort to divert the minds of the common people from revolutions and idleness to systematic agriculture. This may more easily be suggested than accomplished; but the United States Government, aided by a few hundred influential Dominicans, should be able to accomplish the task. When the native is assured of the disinterestedness of our mission he should be glad enough to abandon his rifle. Probably he would never think of fighting Uncle Sam. The reports that in the event of an American invasion of any sort he would burn the coast towns, kill the herds in the lowlands, poison the streams, and from the mountains conduct a guerrilla warfare, are highly fantastic. Yet, if we go about our work in a clumsy and tactless manner, he may do these things. A coercive program would be difficult of execution.

An immediate stop should be put to ammunition supplies from the States, for every box of cartridges finding its way to Santo Domingo gives impetus to somebody's revolution and prolongs the condition of anarchy. The supplying of guns and cartridges to black Republics is as reprehensible as the providing of firewater to redskins.

Santo Domingo is half as big as Cuba, five times the size of Porto Rico, and inherently richer than either. No island of the Antilles is its peer in fertility and climate. Turmoil ended there, the external debt of the country could be placed in such shape that it would be an easy burden—could in ten years be discharged. As a purveyor of sugar, tobacco, cacao (this is of extraordinary quality), coffee and valuable woods, Santo Domingo has marvelous possibilities. Its forests could provide the world with mahogany for generations. Systematic tillage for two years would make Santo Domingo the envy of all the peoples of the Caribbean; and that the success of Porto Rico could there be doubled in five years is the judgment of students of West Indian conditions not given to optimism.

Uncle Sam has ever been a maker of precedents; he is so fortunately placed that he is not compelled to do things in the manner of European powers. It is generally admitted in official circles that he *must* soon take cognizance of the Dominican situation. Why not try the experiment of solving the problem without resort to arms, without even making a display of force? No people on earth are more readily influenced by moral suasion than negroes; they appreciate the white man's disinterested desire to help them. Tactful appeal to the better natures of the mulattos of Santo Domingo might do much toward bringing peace to their land, while resort to arms might develop a military situation as complex as the British found in South Africa. A commission of American civilians, each member standing for something helpful in promoting man's welfare, might be sent to Santo Domingo to discuss ways and means with faction leaders, and later recommend a plan for pacifying the island. Under American guidance of the government, foreign creditors would know that their claims would find honest adjustment. But the Dominicans should be made to give their pledge that no more money be borrowed from any source. To disentangle the muddle without military assistance would be an achievement for the United States to be proud of.

Voodooism and Its Curse

THE curse of the country is the mysterious influence of "voodooism." It came from Africa with the original black slaves. In Santo Domingo City, Puerto Plata, in Santiago maybe, there is insistence that writers have done the island injustice through allocating to it the worship of *vaudoux*. Britain's diplomatic representative, Sir Spencer St. John, twenty years ago described the orgies conducted in the secret African religion, and England has since been held by most Dominicans as their enemy. That book has caused Santo Domingo to be shunned by several commercial nations. In this island, removed from the United States by but a few hundred miles of sea, human sacrifices are made, babes are killed and eaten by demonized human beings, serpent worship is practiced, and the "obeah" man has greater control over the people than the Republic's chief executive or the highest magistrate. Outwardly the inhabitants are devout Romanists, but at heart thousands upon thousands of them are "voodoo" believers. Biggish towns may know little of the accursed rites; but a secret foe springs from somewhere to avenge any meddling with the institution of *vaudoux*. An island president had a daughter murdered as she knelt in prayer in a church because of his attack upon "voodooism," and seaport newspapers daring to publish details of back-country cannibalism do not last long.

The shame of the Santo Dominicans is their lax morality. Perceiving the debased moral condition of their kinsmen, charitable negroes of Jamaica send missionaries to Santo Domingo and Hayti as we send religious workers to degraded peoples at the ends of the earth.

The claim that the mulattos have a racial detestation of white people probably has little foundation, for it is claimed, also, that they hate the blacks of Hayti. Neither assertion, probably, has better basis for fact than the general ill-nature of the Dominican half-breed.

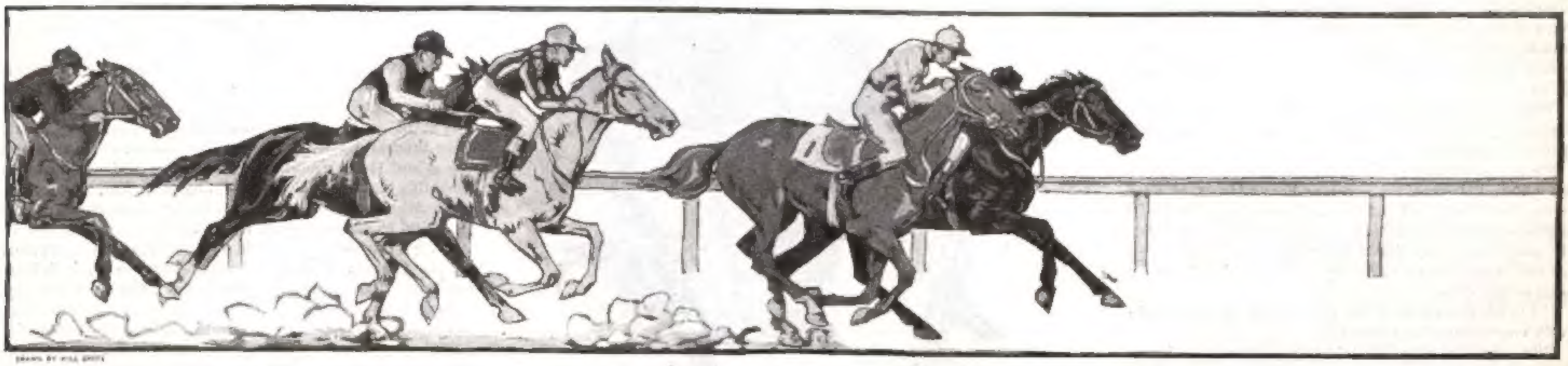
When the "Hants" are Out

By Edgar Wellton Cooley

De moon done gone beneath a cloud,
 'N de ole houn' whines,
'N de cricket, hit doan chirp no more—
 'N dem's bad signs!
Done see a black cat cross de road,
 'N de smoke blows down de flue,
'N de fire done keeps sputterin' 'way,
 'N de moon is new,
'N hit's twelve o'clock, 'n de hants is out
 'N walkin' about!

I'se done see a bat fly 'cross de moon,
 'N de clock spring snaps
When nobody warn't touchin' hit,
 'N de plum tree taps
De winder-pane wid hits crook'dest branch,
 'N de snails done creep
Back 'n forth on de kitchen floor—
 How you reckon I'se gwine to sleep
When de moon is dim, 'n de hants is out
 'N walkin' about?

BRAVE HEART



DRAWN BY WILL GREFE

A Story of the Races at Saratoga

By W. A. FRASER

ONE August evening, in Saratoga, a slender, dark-faced man wrote his name in the register of the Universal. "Thought you were leaving us, Mr. Hedley," the clerk said, swinging the huge book around.

Then he gave a low whistle, stammered "Beg pardon, sir," and as the guest moved away in charge of a page, muttered: "*Adam Begg — Toronto!* Their mothers wouldn't know them apart. Toronto, eh. Gad! the races bring them from all over."

At seven o'clock Adam Begg reappeared in the rotunda. It was like a beehive; the walls vibrated with the buzz of loud voices, and the lights picked out countless jewels that blared back like angry stars from the bare-shouldered women and white-breasted men. Beyond, on the veranda of the quadrangular court, a band played an exquisite march; but the jewel-decked humans drowned it to nothing with their harsh voices.

Just behind Adam a voice said, "He'll win in a walk, I tell you." In front of him a stout, red-faced man was saying: "He's seven pounds better than the other one; he'll be five to one to-morrow, and it'll be like getting money from home." It was a woman's voice — at least, it had been in her younger days — that came in a thick mezzo from the ceiling, or the cellar, or the wine-vault with "He's been saved for this — he's never been meant once — and Burns rides him." Some softer voice must have tendered an objection, for the mezzo broke in, pitched a little higher, "That skate! he's a tram horse — he owes me a trip to Europe."

"Somewhat of a racy atmosphere," Begg whispered to himself. "I think I'll take a turn down past the springs. A quiet dinner at Cranford's will suit me."

A turn to the left it was, then sharp to the right, through the well-kept garden, to the side door which ushered him into a reception-room.

"Just a little quiet touch of Heaven," Begg muttered, his spirit soothed by the atmosphere of rest. "And there'll be a good dinner," he continued as he noted pictures of real merit on the walls.

"The dining-room? This way, sir."

A quiet-mannered, courteous servant. Yes, certainly, it was all a dream.

Begg floated in through the door which was held open, and — more good fortune — on his left, in the cozy corner by the window, was a small table vacant. With a sigh of satisfaction he sank into the chair the waiter drew back.

The door behind which he sat had an awkward habit of swinging around the table like a screen. Each time Begg caught himself watching for the manifest individuality of the force that thrust it open.

"Expecting a friend, sir?" the attentive waiter asked, observing the guest's involuntary anxious look. "Shall I turn up the other chair?"

"Thank you!" and its back leaned against the table, insuring a comforting privacy.

The door cut Begg's soliloquy with a little jar of the chair, and his eyes raised to fall upon a face that beamed in happy recognition. It was a striking face; the smooth, healthful pallor of an Italian graced it with a restful evenness; large, full, black eyes asserted themselves agreeably through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses; intense black hair massed the pallid face like a Rembrandt background; a voice carrying the varnish of culture said pleasantly, "Ah! Mr. Hedley — dining alone?"

The waiter, conscious that the expected friend had arrived, drew the chair back, the newcomer sat down, and Begg's dream of solitariness was dispelled.

"I'm in luck to get a seat," his *vis-à-vis* continued. The menu occupied the speaker's attention, or perhaps he might have observed dissent in Begg's eyes.

"Waiter," he continued, "bring me something to eat — anything. Yes, yes, a bird — that will do; and a bottle of champagne. We'll split it, eh?" and he nodded with a smile at the man from Canada, who was Hedley beyond all dispute.

"Heard you were going to New York. Did you get my message?" and he beamed across the table inquiringly.

"You are mistaken ——" Begg began, but the other interrupted him with:

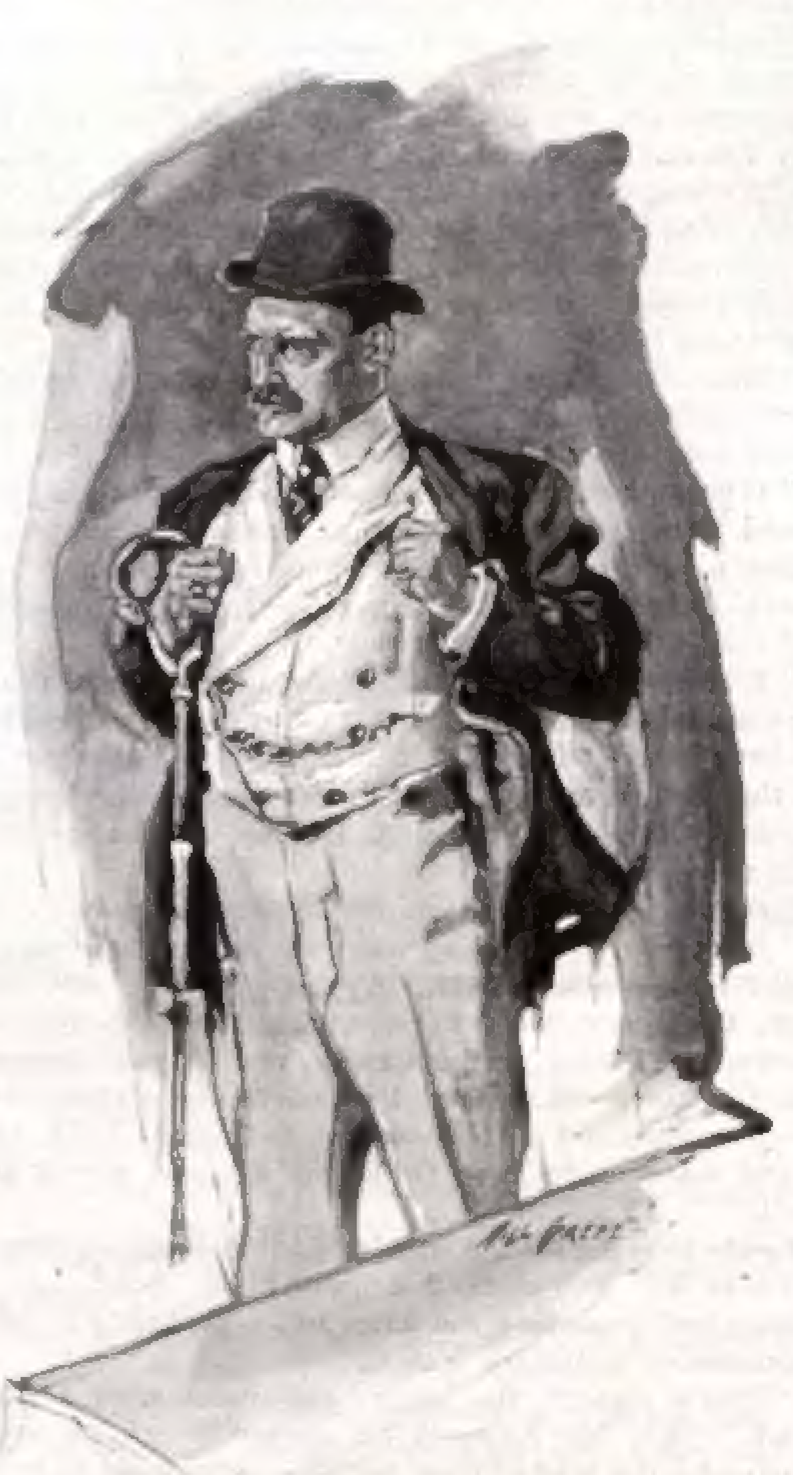
"Of course — evidently; you couldn't very well get to New York and back in a couple of hours. But I'm not mistaken about the horse."

The clatter of an ice-bucket interrupted the speaker. The waiter seized the yellow neck of the bottle and stepped behind Begg; but the flow of wine was prohibited by a hand across the glass.

"Not taking any?" Begg's generous friend asked.

"No, thank you; I prefer plain 'polly.'"

"Taking off weight, eh? That's right. You look heavier than usual; should think it would bother you to ride 154 — that's what Brave Heart carries in the Foxbrook, isn't it?"



INTENSE CONCENTRATION OF THOUGHT HAD ERODED RAVINES IN THE FOREHEAD

At last the interesting episode had come to a point where Adam Begg felt called upon to explain that he wasn't one Hedley, evidently a jockey; but at that moment two people rose from a table on the left with a little distraction of noise. As the lady stood for a second adjusting a gauzy lace film about her shoulders, her face swung toward Begg, and their eyes met. The girl was certainly Rosalind Lester — unless she had changed her name since a year ago. This afterthought cut Begg like a knife.

He could see her face flush. She took an irresolute step toward him, then checked herself suddenly; the rose-color faded, and with an almost imperceptible bow she slipped quietly past, and the door swung closed, stilling the rustle of her skirts. There was the shadow of a quizzical smile in the pallid face as its owner said softly: "I see — I didn't observe Miss Lester. You will join me in a glass *now*, I trust. I must confess I timed you from the wrong quarter-pole, and it's seldom John Pierce makes a mistake."

Begg started at the "Miss Lester"; there was a faint hope in his heart that perhaps he had been mistaken in the girl's identity — identities seemed of so little moment in Saratoga.

Apathetically Begg allowed the waiter to pour in his glass wine for Hedley. By sheer attrition he was being beaten into a state of indifferent complaisance. He had been on the point of claiming his birthright as Adam Begg, now they might have it for a mess of pottage — a glass of wine. He had been squeezed like a red herring between people who bristled with diamonds; he had been reincarnated as Hedley, a jockey; a pair of eyes he had traveled far to look into once again had frozen him with a cold look of faint recognition.

Pierce's voice cut Begg's meditation with: "What does the Judge think about it?"

Begg sipped his wine deliberately. An inspiration crinkled in its glittering beads; and he answered diplomatically: "I haven't seen him for a few days."

"Haven't seen — why, he was with his sister; he nodded to you."

"Stupid of me; I didn't notice him."

"Under the circumstances, not stupid at all, Mr. Hedley."

There was an unnecessary inflection of meaning in the speaker's voice that affected Begg disagreeably; it seemed to imply an interest on his, Mr. Hedley's, part in Miss Lester, making him oblivious to the presence of others. Inquiringly he said: "I fail to understand."

Pierce smiled enigmatically. "The public are saying ——" He stopped, lifted his glass, and continued: "My compliments, Mr. Hedley."

"But the public are saying ——?"

"That Mr. Hedley is a fortunate and exceedingly favored young man."

Begg's persistent curiosity had garnered for him a harvest of disquieting intimation. That was why Miss Lester had formulated a barrier between them with a well-bred iciness of recognition. He remained silent, absorbed in this unpleasant retrospection. Pierce, resting his arm on the table, tipped his clear-cut face toward Begg, and said: "They've gone, so I'll give you an answer about — Brave Heart" — he whispered the name. "My 'clocker,' Pietro, asked me not to send the horse out to my clients, as it would kill the odds against him. Pietro intimated — well, that *yours truly* would benefit by this suppression of form."

"Does Pietro's plan appeal to you, Mr. Pierce?" Begg asked experimentally.

"Hardly. I've built up the firm of Adage & Bliss by sending out winners, not dead uns. I've got to stand by my clients, haven't I?"

"It's a wise course to pursue."

"Just so. Pietro timed Brave Heart over the full course in six-twenty-four, pulling double and taking the jumps like a bird. You ought to know: you were in the saddle, Mr. Hedley."

"How do you know that?" Begg asked. In truth, he had not been in a saddle for a month.

"Pietro's information. When he approached me about keeping the horse's form dark I told him I couldn't do it. Pietro said some one was going to back Brave Heart for big money. I take it the some one was Mr. Hedley. I'm sorry I can't help you, but you'll get two to one—that's good enough for a sure thing."

Begg tabulated mentally, Pietro, Brave Heart, Hedley, the Judge—"Heavens! what a list; I'll blunder presently."

Pierce continued: "If I put the public away, and somebody makes a killing over Brave Heart at long odds, there'll be talk, and you might find it difficult explaining matters to Miss Lester. She'd rather see the public backing Brave Heart for the Foxbrook—all she wants is to have them like the big horse as well as she does."

"I think you're right, Mr. Pierce," Begg said, truthfully expressing his sentiments.

Pierce looked pleased and added, "I'm sure I am. And, of course, you are most anxious to please Miss Lester."

"Undoubtedly."

"Are you going to have coffee—no? Neither am I; then, let's get up."

As Begg rose a man sitting at another table sent a look of recognition from sharp, restless eyes, then deliberately winked. It was a strong face; intense concentration of thought had eroded ravines in the forehead, beside the prominent hawk nose, and at the meeting of the eyelids. One of the chosen people, Begg noted mentally.

Again the small, brown eye blinked mysteriously at Adam, and, with an inviting toss of the head, the man sauntered from the room. Begg followed, wondering what his personality would be this time. Pierce had melted into the crowd, but the hawk-faced man was waiting in the reception-room.

"Good-evening, Mr. Hedley," he began.

"Oh, I'm still Hedley," Begg thought.

"Have you seen this new picture?" the other asked, moving to a corner, his eyes elevated to a brilliant blue Grand Canal of Venice.

"Very fine, indeed; the water is particularly good," Adam commented, generalizing with safe broadness.

"The canoes is great," the other man declared, indicating with his finger the gondolas. With a furtive look about the room, the connoisseur continued, speaking low, "How'd you get on with him?"

"Oh, all right," Begg answered, wondering whether it was the Judge, or Brave Heart, or Pierce.

"Did you talk him round?"

"I don't know yet." That was honest—he didn't know. He was on fairly slippery ground, he felt.

"What'd you promise him?"

At last Begg was certainly at the end of his tether. Promise who—promise what—was it money or a hiding—what was he supposed to promise?

"I'd rather not say," he answered with extraordinary wisdom.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of me, Mr. Hedley; we're all in the same boat; we're out for the stuff—we don't have to look wise. What did Pierce say? Is he still bent on sending Brave Heart out to all the sucker-bettors in the country?"

It was easy for Adam now; he had landed on his feet, thanks to the little man's impetuosity.

"Yes, he says he will."

"I knew he would. That fool clocker of his has just spoiled one of the best things that was ever known."

"Pietro, you mean," Begg suggested, just to show that he was Hedley.

"Yes, that fool dago! In place of comin' to me first he tells Pierce about the gallop, an' then gives it to me when it's too late. An' where am I at? I got to take just the same price as some bartender that buys Pierce's tips off in Oshkosh or Kalamazoo."

"It's too bad," Begg said consolingly.

"Too bad! that's what it is. Come on, let's go outside; here's some people comin'."

The night air did not cool the hawk-nosed man's anger; in fact he waxed hotter.

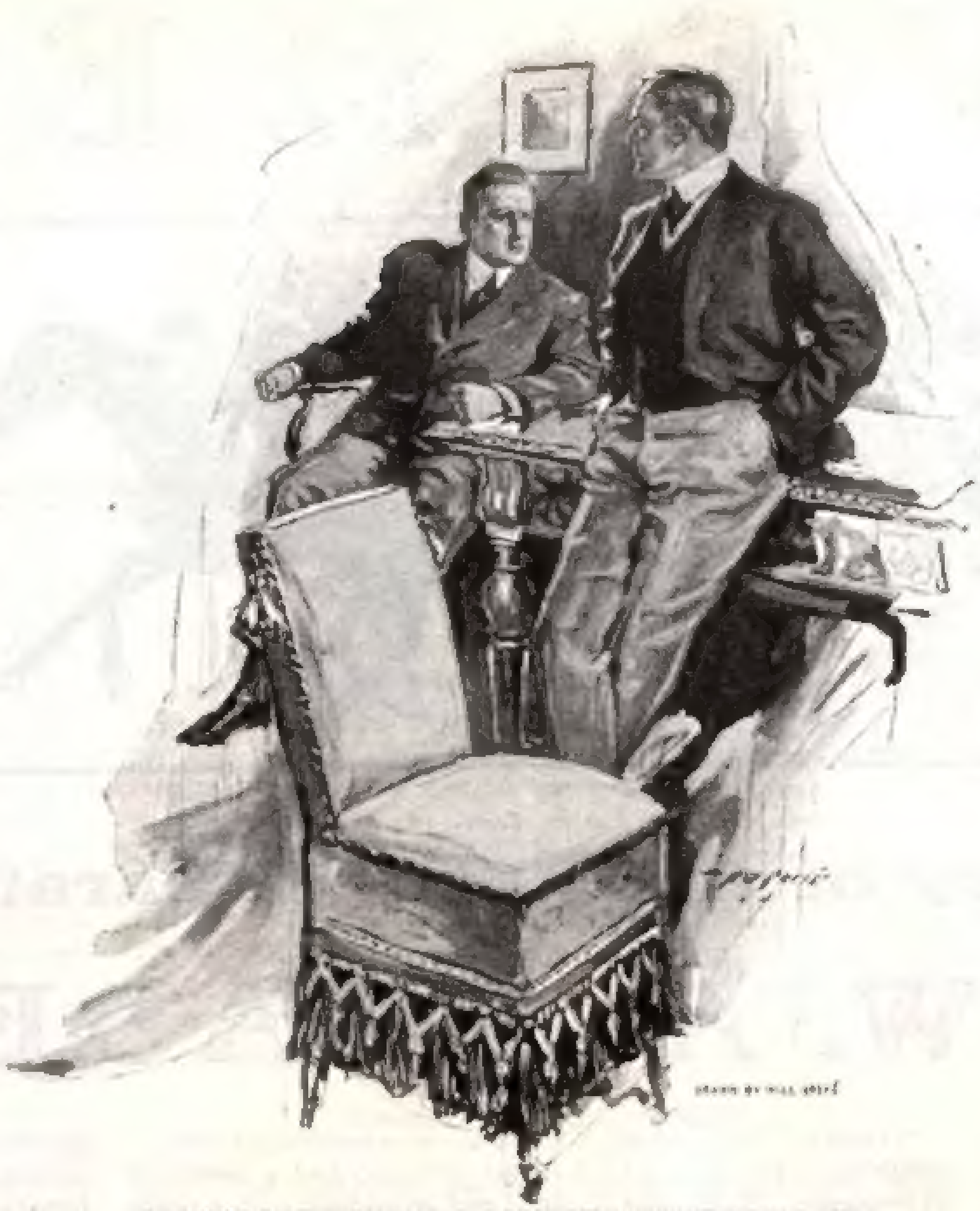
"Pietro told me Pierce wouldn't send his suckers out a dead one, but I thought when I saw you with him in there that p'r'aps you'd squared it."

"I couldn't."

"An' how're you goin' to pay me a thousand—your marker's been in my box for the whole meetin'. I can't do business that way—I got to pay out or get off the stool if there's a line of 'em reaching to the paddock."

"I'm sorry, I'm sure," Begg said as his irate friend waited for some explanation of his extraordinary conduct in not paying the money.

"You're sorry! That's rich. I booked to you because I thought it was Lester money you was bettin'. I didn't know you well enough to take your marker for a thousand. I heard you was goin' to marry the girl, an' I thought you was one of the family."



"SOMEBODY'S SURE TO DISCOVER YOU'RE NOT ME AND LODGE AN OBJECTION"

"I wish I were going to." The words actually slipped from Begg; for a moment he forgot that he was Hedley.

"Well, what're you goin' to do about it?" the other asked impatiently.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Hanged if I can make you out. Have I got to go over the whole thing as though you was a kid? It's just this way: I'll give it to you straight—I want to get back into the club. When Pietro got on to your good gallop with Brave Heart and you found it out, you offered to make it worth his while to say nothin' about it; but you was too late: the Italian canary had given his boss a little song and dance about Brave Heart, an' you might as well advertise in the Herald what a horse can do as let Adage & Bliss catch on. Then the dago comes to me to back the good thing, an' I sent him to feel Pierce. I offered him a cool five thou' to rub Brave Heart's name out of his telegrams. It's no use. Then I sends Mr. Pietro to you—you're mad at the prospect of takin' two to one when you look fer tens, an' gives the dago the straight office that Brave Heart struck himself an' the other one'd beat him."

"What other one?" Begg asked, seeing an opening for more information. The voluble bookie was a jewel; he would soon know all about the dacoity.

"What other one? You make me tired to-night. One would think you had just struck Saratoga. Suppose Brave Heart hadn't rounded to, and was still the lob he was at Morris Park: what would they make favorite Thursday?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"You don't know! Well, what in the name of thunder is the meanin' of this note, then?" And the man drew from his pocket a letter and handed it to Begg. "What'd you ask me in that letter to lay you five thousand to a thousand Gallantry for—it's signed A. Hedley, an' I suppose that's your name, isn't it?"

"People persist in calling me Hedley, anyway."

"Just so. You gave Pietro to understand that Brave Heart had struck himself, an' you gave him this letter for me. The dago don't know what's in the letter; but he knows, and I know, an' you know, that if your mount can't win Gallantry can. Now, I've made out a ticket—here it is—five thousand to a thousand Gallantry. It'll be more to our interests to have Gallantry win—of course if yours can't."

Lewis held the little pasteboard out to Begg, asking, "Will you take it? I've marked it 'paid,' too. See?"

Begg had deposited the letter in his pocket, and he placed the ticket on Gallantry with it.

"That's right," the other exclaimed with a breath of relief. "Let Mr. Adage & Co. go spyin' around on people as pays for the feed of their horses—they ought to be thrown down, an' I'll give you Ab Lewis' word for it, you'll cop double what's on that ticket. I'll take care of the dago. It's all right, ain't it?—we understand each other now. To make sure, you'd better give me the office before the first race that everything's O. K. Come into the ring and give me the glad eye."

"All right."

"Mind," Lewis said, and his voice grew hard, "no double cross. A man that throws Ab Lewis down goes to the wall if it takes seven summers to do it. I'll go into the club alone—it'll be just as well."

When Lewis had gone Begg went back to the hotel. In his room he lighted a cigar and paced the floor.

"Was there ever such an extraordinary mix-up of two men," he muttered. "I'm Ali Baba amongst the forty thieves—ugh!"—and he made a grimace of disgust. "It's the racing game—the same all over the world. Five thousand to a thousand," he muttered, taking the ticket and Hedley's missive from his pocket. "We must keep this high-class rogue from fingering that, if possible. Evidently my double is a *chevalier d'industrie*. And Rosalind to marry a beast like that!"

Begg's mind slipped back over the years he had spent up in Canada flitting between Toronto and British Columbia, looking after the interests of the silver-mining company he managed. It was just a year ago that Rosalind Lester had come to the mines with General Lougley's party. Then Begg had traveled East to Toronto with the old General, who was interested in the mines.

Begg had been fairly hard hit; now, on the threshold of his own home-land, the big, brown eyes had greeted him with a well-bred look of assignment to his proper place. But also Fate, with marked inconsistency, had elected him the protector of the girl's interests—the glove of Lady Disdain had fallen at his feet, and he must at least restore it.

Begg paced the floor for an hour seeking for a solution of the problem of his difficult *métier*. No doubt this Hedley was a first-class villain, and probably because of her engagement to this man Rosalind had tendered him that very distant recognition. At last Begg decided that he must interfere; his very regard for the girl made this imperative—ungracious though his part might seem.

In the morning Adam learned that Miss Lester was living with her brother, Judge Lester. At eleven o'clock he found himself waiting for her in the Judge's reception-room, a prey to misgiving. Very probably Rosalind would take advantage of the unseemly hour of his call and refuse to see him.

He rose awkwardly as the door opened, but the girl came forward in a simple, pleased way, quite at variance with her manner of the previous evening.

"I'm so delighted, Mr. Begg," she said, giving him her hand; "it *was* you, after all."

Adam was not quite positive about this: the dual life was most confusing.

"You dined last night at Cranford's," she proceeded.

"Yes; the hotel was noisy."

"I thought at first it was you, and then, thinking you were still in Canada, felt that I was mistaken. In fact I was sure it was Mr. Hedley; you are strangely like him."

"It seems so."

"Have you met him?"

"No, but—I understand there is a resemblance."

"You must have thought me very forgetful of old friends. I'm so sorry that I was—was, well, so very distant. It was so good of you to call after—to come."

"I will be candid—it was an accident."

"An accident——?"

"I don't mean that, quite; but I felt that perhaps you didn't care to renew our acquaintanceship—I should have gone away, but something affecting your interests very deeply——" Begg hesitated for a second, deliberating how he should speak of the disagreeable matter. Rosalind flushed. Her interests?

"It is owing to my strange resemblance to Mr. Hedley——"

"Extraordinary likeness; still, you're really not like him."

"I hope not—I mean, it's very awkward being so very like another man."

"But you are—wait, I'll show you—you haven't seen him, you say?"

The girl slipped from the room, and presently returned with a photo in her hand. "There, is that not like you—all but the eyes? And that's my hunter, Brave Heart."

The photo was of a man on horseback.

"Is the gentleman a great friend of yours? I have a reason in asking—it is something affecting his interests."

"No, he is not. Anything you have to say of Mr. Hedley will make little difference to me."

"Then I'll tell you all about it." And he did.

The girl was fiercely indignant. She had set her heart on winning the Foxbrook with Brave Heart. "He has carried me in the hunting field," she said, "and he's just the bravest, gentlest creature that ever lived. Now, because of a vile specimen of the nobler animal, man, Brave Heart must stand in his stable."

"Put up another rider," suggested Begg.

"I can't get one—it's too late. It's for gentlemen riders belonging to our Hunt Association, and the few good horsemen have other mounts. You see, this cup is the one thing that every person who hunts covets. That rascal!"—she stamped her little foot—"In fancy I already saw that silver bowl in my drawing-room."

"Give Mr. Hedley a good talking to and let him ride, then."

"Never!" The determined ring of her voice made Begg jump. "It's better for him not to ride, too. No matter what he might promise, if he lost the race I should be suspicious, don't you see. No, it won't do. I should rather put up with my disappointment and scratch poor old Brave Heart. My brother doesn't approve of my racing, and if there were any talk over Mr. Hedley's losing the race——" Rosalind completed the sentence with a shrug of the shoulders.

"What are the conditions of this race, Miss Lester?"

"Two miles and a half—full course, for qualified hunters, ridden by members of the Hunt Association. Oh, yes, Mr. Hedley could claim an allowance of five pounds for not having won a steeplechase during the year. He's a splendid horseman, but he had bad luck—perhaps he rode the other races as he was going to ride this, though. There is a purse of money to the winner, but it's that lovely big silver cup that I want, so that when my friends call I can show them what Brave Heart did. That man! And I left the horse's preparation entirely to him!"

Begg had discovered the plot, but he seemed utterly helpless in the matter of a remedy for the evil. He sat for a little puzzling over the unfortunate incident. Presently he said, "I should like to see your horse, Miss Lester; where is he?"

"Just behind in the stable. I'll go with you."

"Kelly has gone to dinner, I fancy," Rosalind said as Begg opened the stable door.

The girl stepped quietly in behind a big, rakish bay, and as she stroked the horse's neck he turned his black muzzle and snuggled her cheek with his velvet lip.

"Well, Brave Heart, sweetheart," she said, "you'll have to stand in the stable to-morrow. He hasn't had a gallop for two days," she continued to Begg. "Mr. Hedley said the horse had struck his leg and needed a rest, but I'm sure it's part of the plot. It's just terrible. I wanted so much to win that race."

"He looks good enough to win anything; he's got rare, honest eyes. The Foxbrook is to-morrow, eh? The horse should have had a gallop in him yesterday or to-day. Let me take him for a canter this evening."

"You, Mr. Begg?"

"Why not—I ride a bit in Canada."

"Yes, I know you are a good horseman. It won't matter, though, for I sha'n't start him in the race."

"We'll see about that. It would be a sin to scratch that horse simply because the rogues have tried to make money out of him. Will you leave the question of a rider to me, Miss Lester? I think I can arrange it so Brave Heart will win if he's good enough. Will you let me try?"

"Yes, I will. I want to win that race, but a woman can't do anything in a case of this kind. You must not allow Mr. Hedley to ride; and if you lose that five pounds he is entitled to it might cause Brave Heart to lose the race. I've heard Mr. Hedley say that, at the weight, my horse could just beat a mare called Gallantry."

"Mr. Hedley is away, isn't he?"

"I understand he went to New York, and is coming back to-night."

"Well, don't mention my name in the matter at all. I have a little plan. Just tell the man Kelly to take Brave Heart down to Mr. *Hedley* at the Universal at six o'clock. I'll go back to the hotel now; and don't worry; just leave it to me—I think it will be all right."

At six o'clock that evening Mr. Begg, in riding kit, sat on the hotel veranda, waiting. Presently he saw Brave Heart at the curb, and as he approached the horse the man who held the bridle-rein touched his cap.

"How is he, Kelly?"

"Like a kitten, Mr. Hedley. He's cleaned up every oat, an' there don't seem nothin' the matter with his leg as I can see."

"By the way, Kelly, how long is it since I've given you anything extra—you've been pretty good with the horse."

"Well, sor, your honor hasn't thought of it yet, but I've only been on the job a week."

"Of course—I forgot. Here, put this in your pocket, and if the horse wins to-morrow you'll get something worth while. You can go back to the stable. I'll bring him home."

As Adam Begg rode away the Irishman looked at the bill that had been thrust into his hand and muttered: "Faith, ye can't tell how a duck'll swim by seein' him walk on land. I'd sized Mr. Hedley up for a hard un."

Begg made his way to the course. The day's racing was finished, and only a few stable boys lounged about the paddock. By judicious questioning, a bit of information gleaned from this one and a little from another, he got the lay of the steeplechase course.

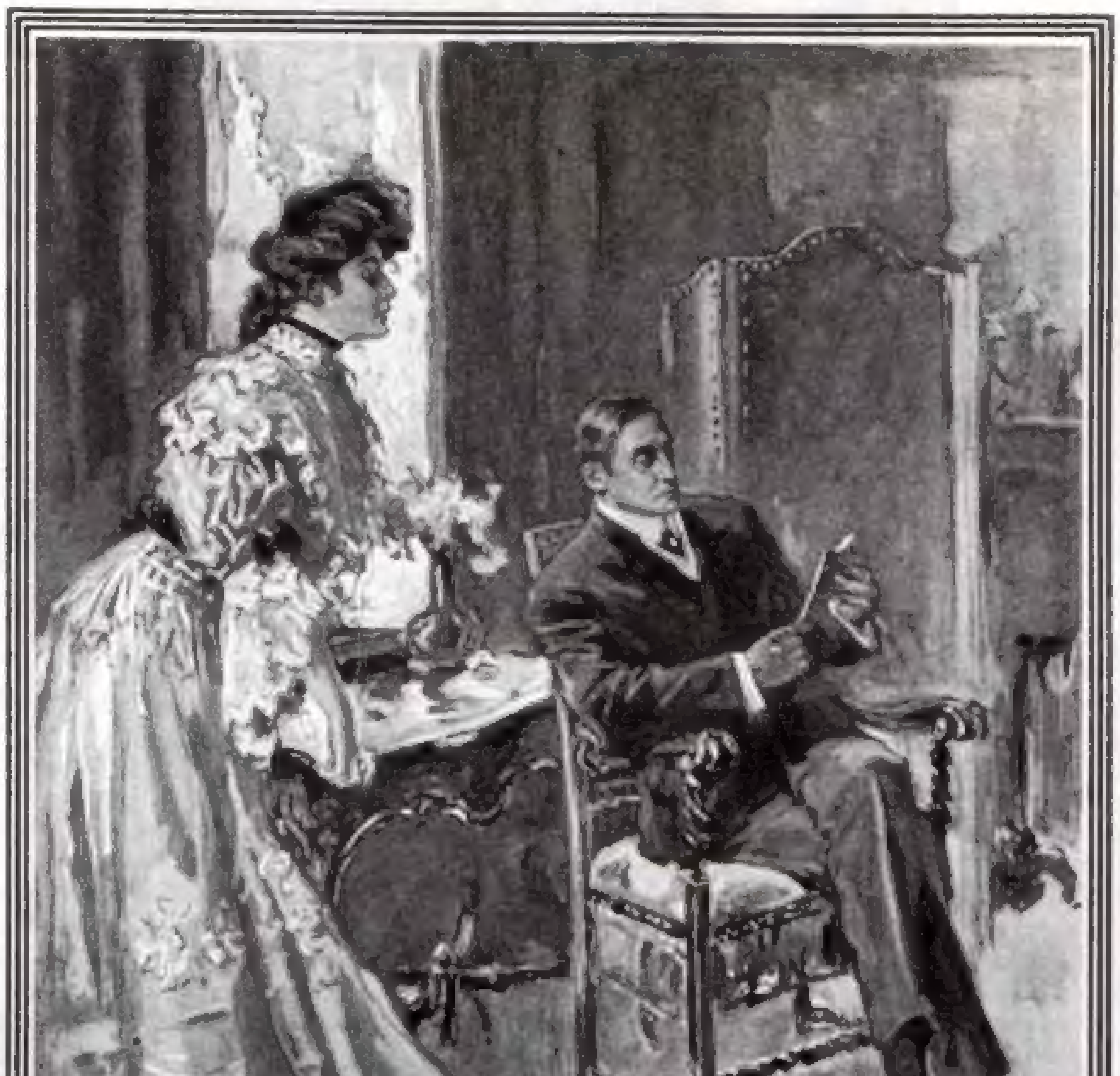
He took Brave Heart through the field, over a couple of jumps, dodging the others. "He'll do," the rider muttered to himself; "he doesn't need schooling from me; all I want is the lay of the land."

He rode back to the stables, and, without going into the house, returned to his hotel. On inquiry he found that Hedley had not yet returned.

Begg sat about the rotunda until one o'clock, but the other did not arrive. He went to bed, and, rising early, read in the register, "Arthur Hedley, Room 640."

A card, a little worldly diplomacy, and at ten Hedley was in Begg's room, wondering what this stranger's business was, and struck by the extraordinary resemblance the other bore to the face he shaved every morning. He found out presently, for his host was fairly explicit.

"I asked you to my room, Mr. Hedley, because I wished to discuss a certain matter confidentially."



"THERE, IS THAT NOT LIKE YOU—ALL BUT THE EYES?"

Hedley nodded, waiting.

"I am going to be very candid, and if you can stand it until I have quite finished I dare say we sha'n't quarrel at the end."

The listener nodded again, wondering if his double was an escaped lunatic.

"You are acquainted with one Ab Lewis, a knight of the pencil."

"Well?" Hedley ejaculated, scarcely moving his lips.

"And one Pietro, a 'clocker' of horses; also a Mr. Pierce, a benefactor of the betting public."

"This is like Genesis!"

Adam did not dispute the statement, but continued, "You were to have ridden Brave Heart in the Foxbrook to-day."

"I am, you mean."

"That remains to be seen. You took five thousand to a thousand Gallantry for the same race."

"It's a lie!" cried the accused, springing to his feet.

"In a way you're right—you didn't take it as yet; you asked for it."

"Who are you to pry into my affairs? It's all a d——d lie."

"It's all quite true. I have your letter to Lewis in my pocket. There, sit down, now," Begg continued as Hedley took a threatening step forward. "I also have Lewis' ticket on Gallantry with your name on it. In fact, I know all about this little job."

Hedley's face grew white; there was actually more than his accuser knew.

"And you brought me to your room to tell me this? What's your game?"

"I'm a friend of Miss Lester's, and I ought to lay the whole matter before the stewards."

"I'd be ruined. I'll pay—tell me how much you want out of it."

Begg only smiled, and said in the same calm drawl: "There is one other course——"

"I'll ride Brave Heart to win."

"No, I've got a better plan than that—a safer plan. You'll stay here in my room to-day—you can have the use of my name for callers: it's on the card—and I'll ride the horse as Mr. Hedley; I can do the weight, 154."

"I'll see you hanged before I'll agree to that!"

"It's for you to decide; I can only do it with your compliance. I'll lay the matter before the stewards, or I'll ride in your boots. You won't ride, anyway—that's settled. If you persist you'll be warned off."

"Why do you want to ride in my name?"

"I need your certificate. Miss Lester can't get another rider, and the horse would be scratched. Besides, it'll save all talk—it'll save your skin."

"You are taking a chance. Does Miss Lester know?"

"Nobody knows but our two selves. I *am* taking a chance, but I can stand it. If I'm caught I take all the blame; I shall be prepared to swear that she knows nothing about it."

"Somebody's sure to discover you're not me and lodge an objection."

"Not likely. When your friends can't distinguish between us in ordinary clothes they won't when I've got the colors on and the cap pulled over my eyes. Do you agree?"

"Lewis will lose a fortune if Brave Heart wins, and he'd ruin me."

"You owe him a thousand."

"You know that, too?"

"Yes. Lewis is a rascal and doesn't deserve consideration, but you can write him a note stating that Brave Heart is going to win if he can; I'll deliver your missive."

"What about the thousand on that Gallantry ticket? I'll lose that."

"Lewis has marked it paid; and if you wish to back Brave Heart I'll put your money on for you."

"I won't back a man I've never seen in the saddle—you may be a ship captain for all I know. You'll probably fall at the Liverpool and break your cursed neck—I hope you do. If I agree to this crazy thing will you promise on your honor that nobody knows about it?"

"Yes; and you give me your parole to stay in this room till six o'clock."

"Well, I can't help it; I've got to give in, I suppose."

"Tell me where I'll find the colors; and I'll have to trouble you for riding breeches and boots, I fear."

Then Begg drove to Judge Lester's.

He told Rosalind that everything had been arranged satisfactorily—absolutely satisfactorily. If she would have Brave Heart sent to the paddock at the proper time he would attend to everything else, even to the winning of the race if it was in Brave Heart's loins to do it. When she asked who was to ride the horse he reminded her of her promise to leave everything to him; she would know the rider when she saw him in the saddle.

"Well, I want Brave Heart to win: that's all I ask for. I'll sit on the club lawn and wait. You do just as you like."

Begg got the colors and riding gear from Hedley, and the note for Lewis, and, after luncheon, drove to the course. Before the first race he went down to the betting ring, and handing the note to the bookmaker said, "That goes."

(Continued on Page 28)

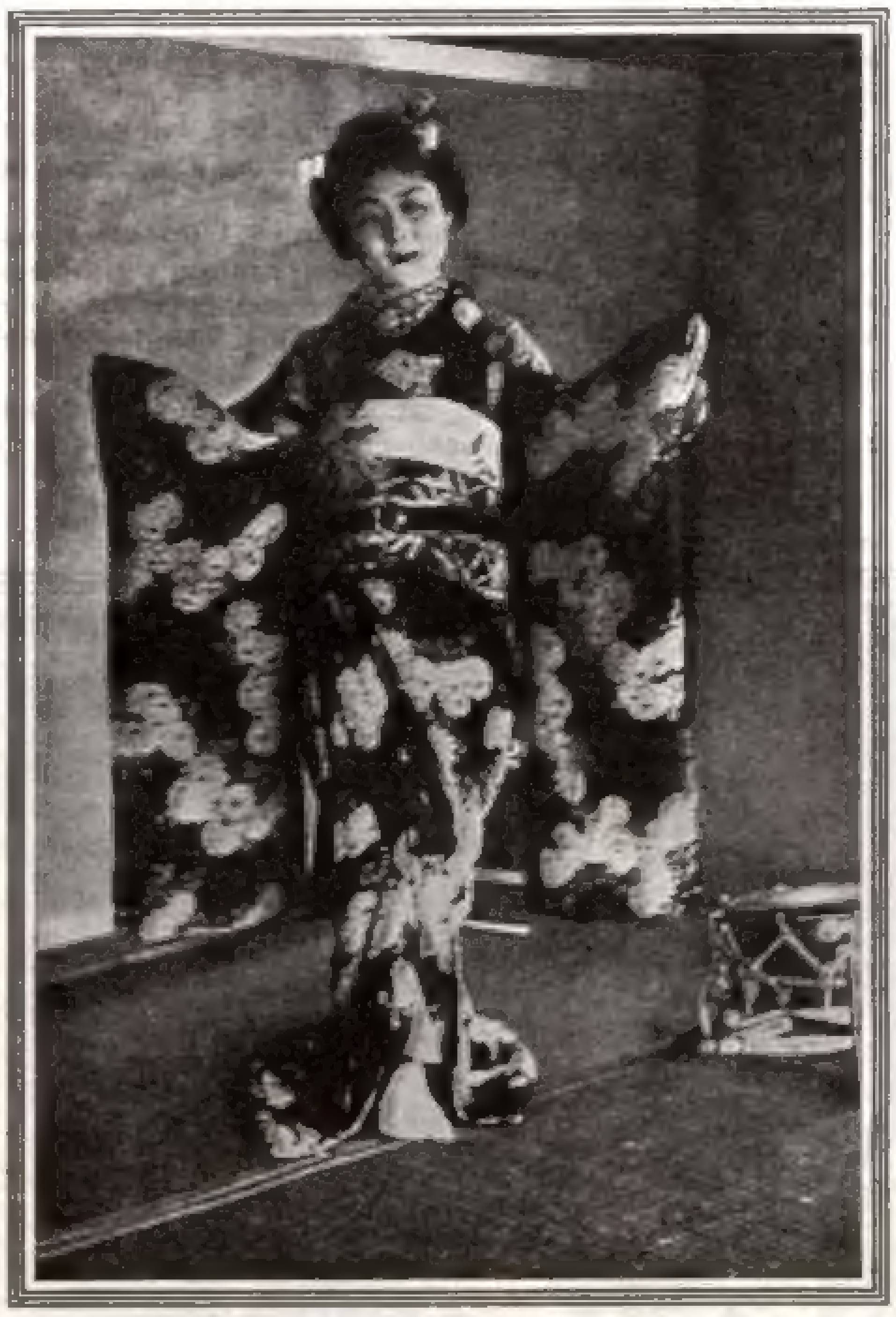
Japan Through My Camera

By Zaida Ben Yûsuf

BEFORE I left home on a recent journey I longed for the possibility of leaving cameras behind. I was tired of them. The very name spoiled the prospect of pleasures to come. Yet, no sooner had I actually started on my way than I became infected with the camera fever that seemed to possess every one around me, and by the time we had arrived at Vancouver even I was as enthusiastic as any of my fellow-travelers. To be in the fashion you must sport at least one and know all about the most up-to-date sorts; it's a knowledge, however, that takes its proper place, assuming no undue importance, with the clever, busy people who form so large a proportion of the amateur photographers one meets, and certainly it is an amusement that may be added to a great variety of other interests. Opportunities for the tourist to bring home souvenirs are also open to the foreign resident, becoming in their hands of a more permanent value and helping them to find a pleasure in what otherwise might be tedious months, even years, spent far from home.

I believe these exceptional advantages are beginning to be appreciated. Mrs. W——, of the American Legation in Tokyo, for example, has her coachman trained so that he stops quickly, turning the carriage to right or left in response to her signal, in order that she may use her camera without alighting. Her special hobby is interesting street scenes, particularly of the Japanese quarters. Mr. B. and his brother, of the English Legation in Tokyo, have good-natured rivalry over fine collections of photographs taken during their frequent hunting trips. One of the daughters of Admiral S——, United States Navy, is amusing herself this year with a panorama camera. Mr. A. H. D., for many years a resident of Yokohama, is also using one for outdoor views. He showed me a very successful lot made during a bicycle tour of Japan. At the time I met him he was going home, taking with him to show his English relatives a lot of portraits that seemed to me must be all the babies of the English set in Yokohama. Mr. and Mrs. T——, of the American Legation, Cairo, were making a photographic collection of flower arrangements while on their journey through Japan. Count L——, a German diplomat, had with him a kodak to gather souvenirs of his flying trip half round the world and back on some special mission. I found that he, like many others, knew all about the different types of lenses. Monsieur B——, of the *corps diplomatique* in Indo-China, described to me with much practical discrimination things that were interesting to photograph in that part of the world, as well as the difficulties of temperature, impure water supply, and the like. Of course, there are hundreds more, but the point is that what these few are doing may suggest ideas to amateurs traveling in any part of the world under any circumstances.

Everybody seems to be quite reckless as to the number of cameras he gradually acquires. The residents generally order direct from England or France, and, in consequence, the dealers make it their business to supply plates to suit them, as the sizes are somewhat different from American makes. For that reason travelers would be wise to take with them a good supply, if using a camera that required, say, 5 x 7 plates. Even 4 x 5 of American make are hard to get. I do not mean to infer that plates made in one country are better or worse than those made in another; there is merely a practical advantage in getting into the habit of using a certain kind so that you may better understand results and their causes. To change from one to another while traveling is of all times the most hazardous. Film cameras are easy to provide for, as the sizes are universal and dealers throughout the Orient carry supplies for them. I heard complaints that rolls were sometimes affected by the damp climate; particularly, that mould spots appeared after development. Though this is not unlikely, I can remember a curious circumstance indicating quite the reverse. A young French diplomat, whose camera had remained unused during an entire year in India, finding the roll of films only half finished, turned off one or two by way of precaution, exposed those remaining, and had the strip developed; to his surprise it was still perfectly good and all the pictures clear. I had only one plate show mould spots, and that had been in the holder during the rainy season in China and was not developed until quite two months later in Japan. There, as in almost any country, one can now get negatives developed and prints made quickly at very little cost, not always well done, of course, but that is the case anywhere. Especially during the hot season the sensitive film gets scratched and melted in a way that is distinctly exasperating, but difficult to avoid when it is next to impossible to keep chemicals properly cold. It is under such circumstances that a developing box for films is actually a treasure.



No. 3—GEISHA
RECTILINEAR LENS, FOUR SECONDS' EXPOSURE

The types of cameras and methods of work which may be most appropriate for their individual purpose will be commented upon as various incidents call them into notice.

By the northern route the sea journey is cold, but steamer rugs are very little in evidence, as almost everybody joins in the games of croquet, cricket and bowls which the officers have so cleverly arranged for ship use. On these Pacific voyages there still remains that friendly atmosphere of settling down to enjoy things that has quite disappeared from our shorter Atlantic journeys, due very much to the fact that there, where the distance from Hongkong to Yokohama is of no more importance than going from New York to Chicago, every steamer carries its little coterie of foreign residents from the ports *en route*, who find this their frequent meeting place.

My 5 x 7 kodak (films) was fitted with only the ordinary lens, such as is sold with that size, and though good in its way, it is, of course, not to be compared with the better grades that are put in when ordered. The shutter was quite quick enough to catch the cricket players in their most excited moments, but the lens hardly equal to such light as one gets beneath the deck awnings. The one of Inspection (No. 1) on the first Sunday out from Yokohama is also a bit undertimed. Two days before reaching that port the temperature begins to rise quickly, and, even in April, arrival at Yokohama is the signal for every one, Chinese cabin boys included, to get into white clothes. These Chinese "boys" create a very interesting effect: it may be because they are so nicely clean and well dressed; certainly they are useful and clever, and it is fortunate that they are, because after one first sets foot in the Far East there are no more "chambermaids" except at the native inns. In the foreign hotels the "boys" do everything, even to hooking up shoes and dresses if you don't happen to have your own maid. At Kobé, the next port, the ships always stop several hours for cargo, long enough for travelers to visit some of the fascinating curio shops, which are not like ours at all (No. 2), but a succession of beautiful matted rooms that it seems sacrilege to walk in with shoes, though the proprietor politely tells you that you may. Or perhaps one may want to see a geisha dance, but this is an affair that cannot possibly be hurried in its preparations. On my return to Japan I saw the dancer whose portrait (No. 3) is reproduced quite often. She was a perfectly charming little girl about fourteen years old, prettier than most of them, and always careful to follow the etiquette of her profession, bowing politely to the singers who accompanied her as well as to her audience at the end of each dance. The costume she wore was of heavy black crêpe, the flowers formed in the dyeing process and not embroidered. Keeping her hands hidden in the kimono sleeves is a souvenir of old-fashioned elegance.

No. 1—INSPECTION
KODAK AT HALF APERTURE

After the ships leave Kobé they pass through the Inland Sea, where there are many picturesque temptations for the camera. Their fishing boats and trading junks are all novel to our eyes, though it is not often that one sees such a perfect example as this one (No. 4). The photograph was made on a clear, sunny day, with the kodak lens "wide open"—that is to say, using no diaphragm to reduce the size of the lens opening—and as the negative is perfectly timed it is a good example of what may be expected and *not* expected of a lens of this quality. At sea you have the strongest light available for photography, unless it may be snow, which is so absolutely different in the matter of shadow contrasts that it is not a fair comparison. Using a lens of better grade under the same conditions, it was, of course, necessary to reduce to about one-half or even one-quarter the full opening.

One is almost compelled into poetic mood as the steamers glide silently on their course through this waterway, for which the Japanese have no name, leaving behind them a widening trail of jade at midday, of copper and blue at sunset. All too soon one arrives at Nagasaki, and the restful charm is dispelled, for there all is noisy activity. The steamship guide-books advise travelers that cameras are not allowed on shore without a payment of customs duty; this is quite misleading, however. It is not a question of money at all; the rules regarding fortified areas are the real barrier, and the punishment is confiscation and possible imprisonment. Foreigners have been subjected to both in Japan. They are the same rules that are found in force elsewhere, in Russia, Germany or even on our own Government property, except that the Japanese are absurdly suspicious and exacting. I thought it would be amusing to see if I could get permission to use mine, though there was very little time to take advantage of it if I succeeded, as the ship was to be coaled in four hours. My first inquiry was made at the consulate, where they directed me to the police station of their district. There they said that the temple I desired to photograph was in another quarter of the city and I must apply to the police who controlled it. By this time my rickshaw coolie had come to understand what I wanted, so while I stood by and watched matters slowly progress he discussed affairs for me with the officials! We finally arrived at the office of the Military Governor, and there, after some amusing incidents, I was put in charge of the coolie, who had instructions to deliver me to the little policeman on duty at the temple of O Suwa; so I eventually came to revisit a spot that has been so charmingly described by Pierre Loti. The first time was in the rain, the air hot and thick so that the drops of water seemed each a separate little lump hovering above the earth till it found room to slip through. This day the granite steps glistened in scorching sunlight, and I made my first snapshot of them with the coolie and the policeman standing guard. They had to go wherever I went, of course, but were very polite. The picture (No. 5) was made with my kodak, again using the full aperture of the lens.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers by Miss Ben Yûsuf. The second will appear in an early number.

No. 4 — JUNK
KODAK AT FULL APERTURE ON A BRIGHT DAY

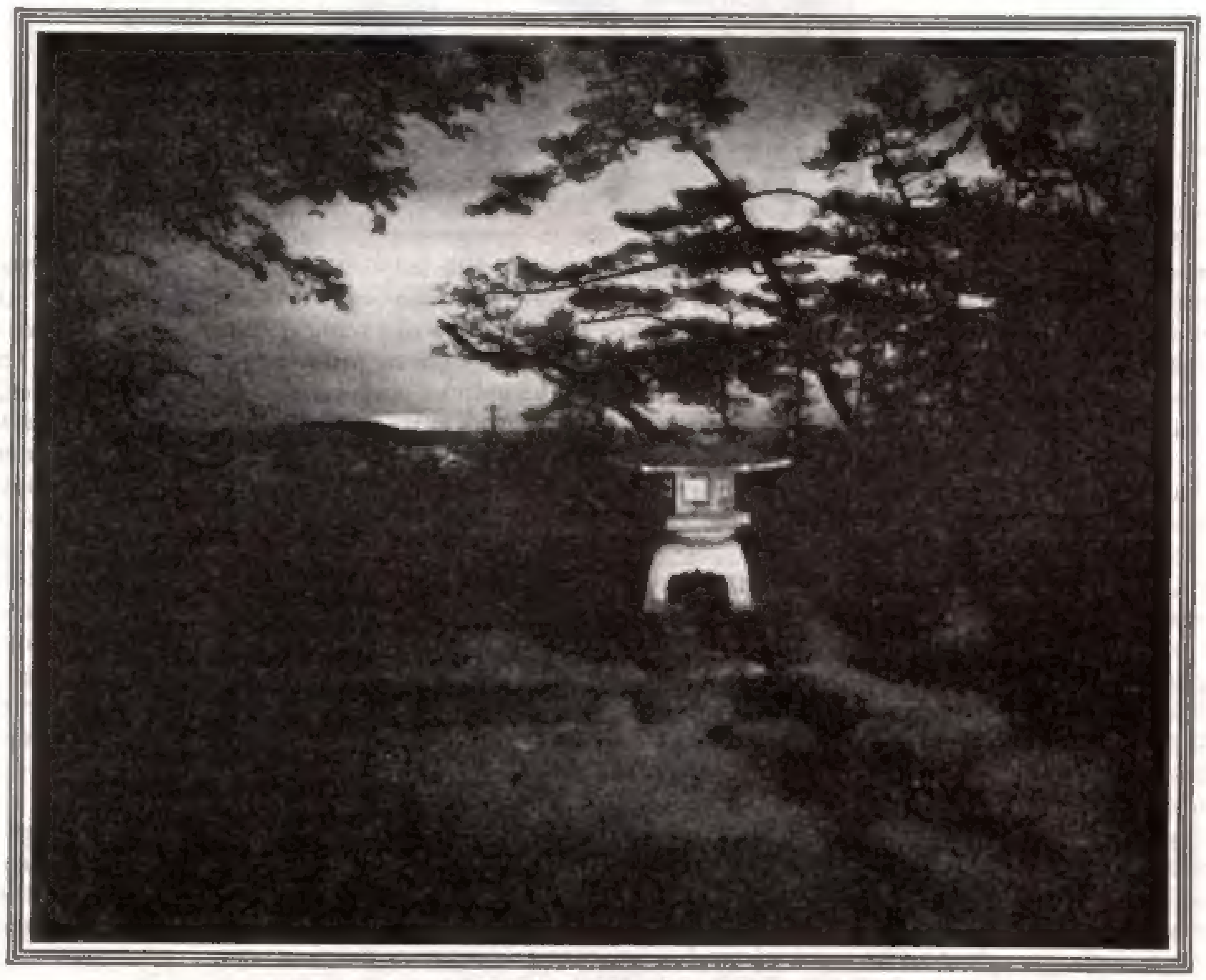
In less than an hour I was back on the Empress and we were off for China. Then, as the steward was kind enough to lend us an empty cabin, and we did not require very much water, developing films helped to pass away one or two afternoons. It is hardly necessary to give directions for this. If a developing box is to be used all one has to do is to follow the instructions provided, only I may supplement them by suggesting a square of rubber cloth for the protection of table tops. Also, I found that washing the film with several changes of water *while in the machine* cleans it so effectually that immersion in still water for about fifteen minutes after taking out is all that is required when rougher handling would be hurtful because of warm or moist atmospheric conditions. The developer that is put up in packages for use with these boxes gives the very best results, but will make ugly, dark brown stains on everything it touches — hands, carpets or clothing.

The most popular cameras are usually those that have gained that position by their merits and the quite natural recommendation of one amateur to another. Undoubtedly those arranged for films are most convenient, though plates are nicer to handle for printing and possible retouching. A size 2¼ x 3¼ inches is the favorite; next, a 4 x 5 is attractive, if there is no objection to its weight. Beyond that, the depth of focus in the lens becomes so important a question that constant watchfulness is required and a good eye for measuring distances. I refer especially to the 5 x 7, about the largest size one would select for a hand camera. Naturally, the extra care required brings its own reward, as large pictures are far more interesting; and although, from beginning to end, the cost of supplies is quite double, they require no more time or effort to develop than the small ones. For use with glass plates I consider the smaller of my two, a 4 x 5, very satisfactory. It is fitted with an extra good lens which shows everything in clear focus after ten feet, and carries a dozen plates in metal holders which are opened by a lever instead of by lifting up the camera lid to draw and replace a slide. With this I used a good quality of plate which is noted for the delicacy of detail it will retain, and for developing I had prepared powders, made by the same people for the special convenience of travelers.

So many things happened in China that it is impossible to go into details except as they may be a guide to others. For sightseeing it was too hot to walk, but the mafoo (coachman) or chair coolies soon learn to stop as you indicate, and from the height of a carriage or rickshaw street scenes are often much more comprehensive, and that without distorting the perspective in any way. In fact it often is an improvement. From a second story veranda is again another aspect (No. 6), particularly appropriate where streets are narrow with high buildings on either side. Such crowding and darkness frequently make photographs impossible in the most interesting places. In addition, a Chinaman will never allow himself to be included in the picture if he can avoid it. He either gets out of the way as quickly as possible, or, with primitive instinct, deliberately turns his back to you. Japanese are different, assuming a pose the moment they see a camera pointed their way. In a country where the humidity of the atmosphere during certain seasons is so great that shoes will turn mouldy in a night it is not surprising that photographers should experience their share of trouble. All materials having once been opened must be used as quickly as possible. Aside from that disadvantage the actinic quality of the light is beautiful. Exactly what the predominant rays are is a constant source of argument between artists, but hardly any of their paintings give us a true impression of its effect. It is, of course, a clear, true atmosphere that belongs to any country where little or no coal is burned.

No. 5 — TEMPLE STEPS, NAGASAKI
KODAK AT FULL APERTURE

Speaking particularly of Japan, where I soon returned, the absolutely artistic quality of all their colors gives a landscape in that country unusual harmony. The shades are better than merely *neutral* to my eyes, because each object retains its own color value and yet accentuates whatever other color may be near it. Their roofs are always a bluish gray; the clothing of the common people is always of that same sort of blue, though dark. On the clean roadways their umbrellas and their clogs are the color of the earth, and when houses are not high, and walls play no important part in the landscape, all these gray tones sparkling in the sun give back what Mr. La Farge describes as the silver atmosphere of this artistic spot. The sum of all this is that here the violet rays have great power, which means that one may reasonably expect very good instantaneous photographs.



No. 7 — MOONLIGHT AND A JAPANESE GARDEN
5 x 7 ASTIGMAT LENS ON 8 x 10 PLATE; FIFTEEN MINUTES' EXPOSURE

Immediately on my return to Japan I began a search for the most charming native house available, my object being to live in native fashion and so learn the details in the daily home life of the better-class Japanese. What the house was like and about my work there I shall have to leave for another article, but the grounds were so fascinating and restful that I cannot resist showing a view of one of the gardens (No. 7) with the sea beyond by moonlight. Almost it seemed like an intrusion to attempt to transfer into cold photography a scene so full of sentiment, and yet I must go even further, and add to that the very unimaginative facts that it required an exposure of fifteen minutes with rapid plates and about one foot of magnesium ribbon held rather low to light up the heavy shadows beneath the trees.

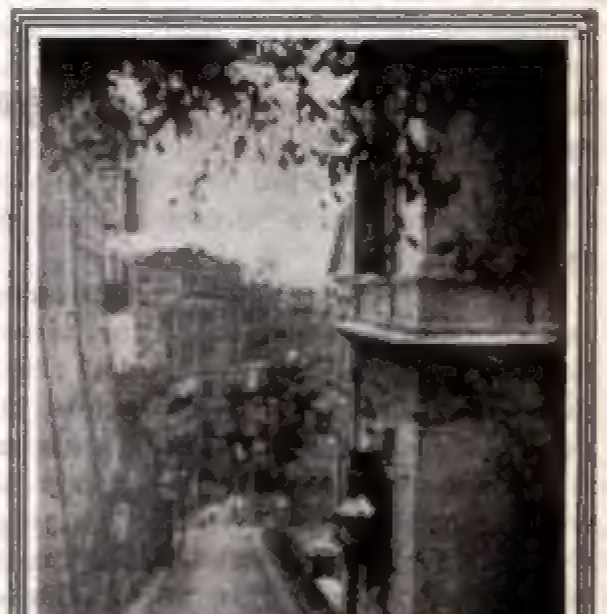
No. 2 — SHOP INTERIOR
KODAK AT HALF APERTURE, TWO MINUTES' EXPOSURE

Some Legal Wit

OF THE value of wit and humor to a lawyer the trials in our courts bear almost daily witness. Every one who is familiar with Patrick Henry's Life will recall the burst of ridicule with which he overwhelmed "Johnny Hook," who, just after the Revolutionary War, brought an action against the commissary of the American army for the price of two bullocks which had been seized for the use of the troops. Nothing could be more felicitous than Henry's vivid picture of the distress of the American army, followed by the victory at Yorktown, the exultation of Americans, and the one note of discord amid the general joy. "The audience," says Wirt, in his biography of Henry, "saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of 'Washington and Liberty,' as it rang and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river. 'But hark!' exclaimed Henry, 'what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *beef! beef! beef!*'"

It is said that the clerk of the court, unable to restrain his merriment, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum, rushed out of the courtroom and rolled on the ground in a paroxysm of laughter. "Jemmy Steptoe, what the devil ails ye, mon?" exclaimed Hook, the plaintiff. Mr. Steptoe could only reply that he could not help it. "Never mind ye," said Hook, "wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he'll show him the la'." But Billy Cowan's plea was unavailing. The cause was decided by acclamation; and a cry of tar and feathers having succeeded to that of beef, the plaintiff deemed it prudent to beat a precipitate retreat.

One of the most striking characteristics of the great Boston lawyer, Rufus Choate — to whose masterly jury addresses we often listened in the days when his fame was at its zenith — was the brilliant wit and droll, tickling, temeritous humor with which he enlivened his speeches. The flowers of fancy which he scattered along the pathway of his speech; the profusion of analogies with which he fortified every proposition; his ingenious and apt illustrations; the quick and trampling interrogations with which he assailed an antagonist proposition — all these were not more remarkable than his sudden flashes of wit, his electric bursts of humor, and the rapidity with which he passed from pathos to pleasantry. The effect which Choate's wit produced was due partly to the solemn, dignified utterance with which he would mask the point of a joke. When a counsel in a patent case said to him, "There's nothing original in your patent; your client did not come at it naturally," Choate replied: "What does my brother mean by *naturally?* Naturally! We don't do anything naturally. Why, naturally a man would walk down Washington Street with his pantaloons off!" Similar readiness was displayed by a young barrister who was destined later in life to become Lord Chief Justice of England. His opponent, in a certain case, was badgering a witness for a yes or no answer to a question he had put, and he incautiously asserted that any question might be answered by one of the two monosyllables. "Indeed?" returned the future Baron Russell of Killowen sweetly. "Pray tell me, sir, if you have quit beating your wife?"

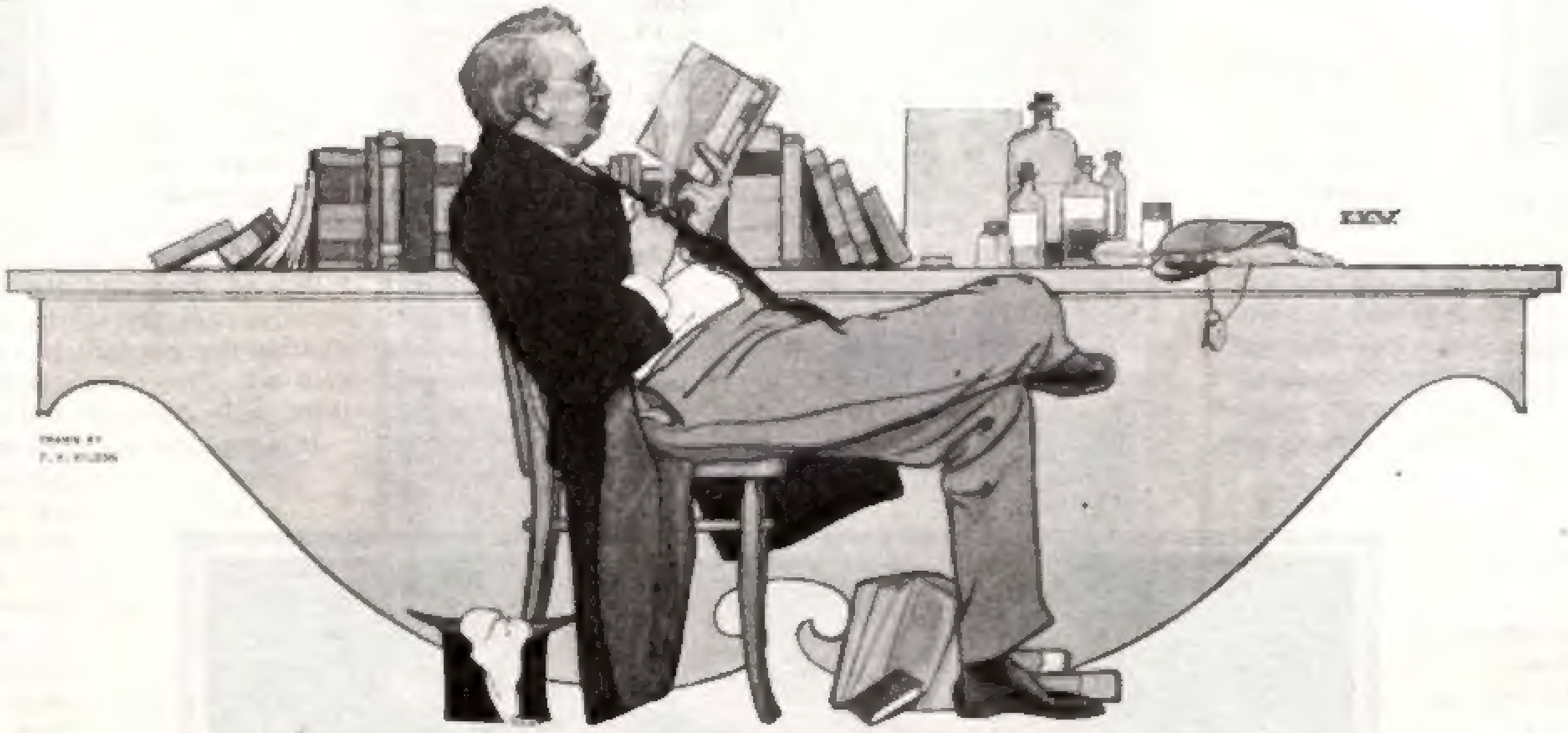


No. 6 — A STREET IN HONGKONG
4 x 5 RECTILINEAR LENS, INSTANTANEOUS

SENATE SALARIES

A Page from the Senate Book of Revelation

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS



NOW, when I push from the bank upon the matter of this letter I have made up my mind to drift. Surely there be currents to ink. Many times have I written upstream until my pencil grew as heavy as the oar of any galley-slave. I am aware that in most ears the word drift is only another name for disaster, and one condemned of the world. The world itself has been adrift for ages, yet it fails not to advise against drifting as though advising against a crime.

For myself, I care nothing for advice. Long ago I was taught to scorn assistance and rely upon myself. I had touched the unripe age of twelve when I learned that lesson, and it came to me not so much the result of thorny experiences personal to myself as through what happened to a friend. This lad was of even years with myself, and the bond between us was a common love for a literature issued by Mr. Beadle at a cost to the consumer of ten cents the book. Influenced by our reading, it was the purpose of my friend and myself to run finally away from home. He, however, was ready to start before I was; he read faster than I did, and got his equipment sooner. Off he started, first dropping me a line naming the particular tribe of Indians he intended to join.

My friend was popular with his family, and had reason to fear pursuit. His legs seemed unduly short under these fugitive circumstances; it would be sapient to connive some assistance. With this upon his mind, my friend, being near the basin at the time — it was in Cleveland — negotiated passage upon a canal boat. The craft was loaded with lumber; and with his coat for a pillow, my friend lay down on the cargo and watched the towpath mules — they seemed to be somnambulists — until he fell asleep.

After nine hours of refreshing slumber he awoke just as the sun was gilding the eastern sky. He had an exhilarating sense of security born of those miles upon miles which now lay between himself and home perils that he feared. Strolling aft, my friend asked the commander of the canal boat, where that worthy man sat astride the tiller, how many miles they had come. He was told they were at the eight-mile lock.

Nine hours; eight miles! Consider the horror of my friend! After one night of desperate flight he was at the eight-mile lock! To make bad worse, his father was also at the eight-mile lock, and my friend went homeward to his weeping mother by the ear. Later, in considering his adventures, my friend and I resolved never to accept assistance during any crisis of our lives; it might come from a canal boat.

The Statesman Temperament

YEARS ago the elder Disraeli wrote a trio of volumes on the Calamities of Authors. In each sorrowful instance the calamity had its feet in a lack of money. Some present Disraeli ought to write concerning the Calamities of Statesmen. It would be discovered that, as was the case with the authors, the invariable source of every trouble he related was a want of gold; which brings me within gentle distance of a suggestion I've had my eye on from the start: that the salary of a Senator should be increased to twelve thousand dollars.

And you ask why? Because no man, husband or bachelor, can afford to be a Senator on the narrow present figure of five thousand. Should he try he will realize with Mr. Micawber that an income of twenty pounds, and an outgo of twenty pounds sixpence, spell nothing save sackcloth and ashes.

There be folk who despise money and have souls above its sordid consideration. Once a beaming Cabinet lady observed that "she was happier when she made her own beds, baked her own bread, and Dan got a thousand dollars a year." I could not escape the reflection, however, that the lady had waited until she was spending fifty thousand a year before she made the remark. She meant well, but a rush of democracy to the head had blurred her.

One great Senatorial trouble — indeed, the main one — lies in what one might style the Statesman Temperament. It is not commercial; it is neither offensive nor defensive in the matter of money. Of course, there are folk in politics for the same reason the buffalo hunters were aforetime in the Texas Panhandle, who consider office as the others did buffalo, only from a hide-and-tallow point of view. These are not true statesmen. They never think on the ship of state other than as so much junk, and are solely curious as to what her copper, and cordage, and blocks, and bolts, and plates, and rivets, and spars, and sails would bring if she were broken up. We won't dwell on these; some of them have been indicted: all of them should be.

But recurring to the better type, as one might say the proper type, I repeat that it is not commercial and knows nothing of pounds, shillings and pence in either their legitimate conquest or their decent dissipation. The type is the Daniel Webster type, which statesman, to quote from Rufus Choate, "had a contempt for cash that was only equaled by his contempt for his creditors." The Riggs Bank, of Washington, retains unliquidated specimens of the handwriting of both Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay, said specimens being in the nature of notes of hand. These gentlemen paid nothing. Why should they? Your true statesman is your true Skimpole. Wherefore, I repeat, you should elevate a Senate salary to a low-water mark of twelve thousand a year, to the end that the Senator be not driven into methods that force him to chloroform his self-respect before he can adopt them.

Seventy years ago I might not have talked like this. Those were days of sour economies, and expenditures in their increase were watched with so sharp an eye that one Senator even objected to a change in Treasury bookkeeping that proposed to substitute double entry for single entry because it would double the expense. But those were slower days, and we have changed. Then the over-all annual cost of Government was thirteen millions; now we pay above a billion, and it is from the latter fact I deduce that we are grown either so rich or so reckless, or both, that an invitation to notch up Senate salaries a few much-needed points will neither be resented nor refused.

The Man that Everybody Makes Money Out Of

NO; THE Statesman Temperament is not commercial. Back-track the best of Senators, and you will find that from his cradle everybody has made money off him. There is the case of Mr. Perkins. Mr. Perkins was born in Maine, where every boy becomes either a sailor or a politician as the readiest method of escaping from that State. Mr. Perkins became a sailor, and eventually came ashore in California. There he abode, since no one could drive him aboard again with a gun. Mr. Perkins then took up his residence in Thompson's Flat, and, incidentally, made the acquaintance of that Mr. Murphy who later accumulated money and fame in a horse-shoeing drama called The Kerry Gow, but who was, on the Thompson's Flat occasion, when Mr. Perkins encountered him, tossing the blithe flapjack as a cook in the Belle Union Hotel.

There came a day closely on the spurs of Mr. Perkins' arrival when the patriots of Thompson's Flat erected a flagstaff. Being dimmed of drink, they set it up without first running in the halyards. Perceiving this, the patriots of Thompson's sought to repair the oversight by offering Mr. Murphy fifty dollars if he would turn from his flapjacks for the nonce, and in the name of a halyards habilitation climb the staff. Mr. Murphy, a shrewd spirit, and well aware of the ins and outs of the law of agency, accepted. Then taking Mr. Perkins aside, he gave him ten dollars to shin aloft in his stead.

Mr. Murphy made forty dollars off Mr. Perkins, who had and has the Statesman Temperament. To be sure, Mr. Perkins since has made millions for himself; but the Thompson's Flat proportion was maintained. For every million he made to keep he made four for folk about him, and the only change that has ensued from the day when at Thompson's Flat he swarmed aloft as Mr. Murphy's deputy was the addition of five ciphers.

The yawning trouble with the Statesman Temperament is that it is wholly sentimental. The cold man of commerce never gives way to sentiment. He is practical; he is for a profit. He will sell a last bushel of turnips, or a last gallon of syrup, as coldly as he sold the first. Not so your natural Senator — feeling like a painter, thinking like a poet! The romantic overbears the real with him, and money, in the presence of a sentiment, counts as naught.

An unhappy exhibition of this spirit, too fine for earth, was once offered by Mr. Blackburn. That Senator had repaired to the Pawhuska Agency in the Osage country, to discover and report to his fellow-Senators upon those reasons why the Indian prefers a blanket to a three-button cutaway coat. Before invading the Osage domain Mr. Blackburn was warned that no one might buy whisky in the Indian country unless he was so fortunate as to happen upon a bootlegger, which species of tradespeople the United States marshals had made extremely difficult to find. Being thus counseled, Mr. Blackburn, who is not without his spice of caution, provided himself with sundry flasks of Old Jordan as a safeguard against scorpions, centipedes, rattlesnakes and other of the reptilia of those far savage lands that are ever lurking to destroy human life.

Poor Lo and the Old Jordan

MR. BLACKBURN had been at Pawhuska a week. The labors of the day were done, and Mr. Blackburn was strolling in the cool of the evening along the grassy bottoms of Bird River. He was alone, thinking of his blue-grass home. As an aid to memory Mr. Blackburn drew from the recesses of his raiment a flask of the Old Jordan. This he contemplated in a rapt way; for it, too, was from Kentucky.

After dreaming a moment, Mr. Blackburn, dashing the drops from his eyes, was about to return the flask to his pocket when an Indian rode up. He was mounted on a horse that, so Mr. Blackburn declares, was worth every doit of three hundred dollars. The poor savage offered the horse for the flask, saddle and bridle thrown in.

Now, I ask you, what would a business man have done? Why, if he owned a wit equal to the keeping of a peanut stall he would have had that aborigine afoot in a flash. What was the course of the unworldly Mr. Blackburn? Here you have the Statesman Temperament. He put aside the Indian and his proffer. Part with that Old Jordan? Never; it was from home, and it was his last!

If I were minded I might show in detail how five thousand dollars a year in Washington leaves a man as helpless as would a dollar in Delmonico's. No one, not even Russell Sage, could stay a week in one of the hotels and escape for less than one hundred dollars. And if his wife were with him — and being wise, she would be — it would cost him two hundred. Should your statesman rent a house, so much the worse. One may save money at the seashore; one may even save money at a church fair; mind you, I do not say one can't. What I do adhere to, however, is the assertion that one cannot save money in Washington. Here the wind of avarice is not tempered to the lamb.

Not alone the necessities but the amusements in their prices are doubled. In an earlier day we had the advantage of Mr. Sterett. Mr. Sterett was a comedy in coat and trousers; and Mr. Sterett was free. Even now I sigh for a return of Mr. Sterett; Dallas has him, and Dallas will not let him go.

With the brush of imagination one may paint for himself a picture of our earliest Senators as they came together more than a century ago. Those were happy days; five thousand dollars went fivefold as far as now. In that hour a serene joy sat on the brow of statesmanship, for the statesman was in the creditor and not the debtor class. But as year added itself to year, and prices added themselves to price, and nothing was added to that salary, a cloud descended to darken the Senate face, once so open, frank and free. Then it was our statesman began to irk and fret and pass bad laws. And wherefore no? Was it to be expected that any not a Socrates could think his best and vote his best when he began the day by an interview with an unpaid grocer and ended it with a visit from a meat merchant who presented a three months' bill? You ask too much. The poor Senator, hectored and pestered, became callous. He learned that his office was a trap, his stipend a delusion and a snare. There he sat in the midst of a law-arranged bankruptcy—a man whose business it was to pass statutes for every man's relief but his own. There was no help for it; no man may avoid his fate; with breaking heart your Senator began to vote himself things.

Your Senator voted himself a secretary; and then he voted himself the Maltby Building that he might have privacy wherein to think. Nor was that all. That you may know to what desperate passes a public parsimony has driven these harmless people—who are, you will remember, not cold commercialists, but ardent souls of sentiment, and therefore as dollar-helpless as a mocking bird—let me direct your glance to the contingent expense account of last year's Senate, as made by the secretary of that ill used body. There be items recorded which should bring the red to your cheek. And when you feel shame to merely read, think what your Senator must have suffered when he constructed that account!

Shame? A Senator can feel shame. Even a little will dislodge him from his balance and start the perspiration. I think it was Mr. Carmack who related an incident in point; although, to say truth, so many Senators have related so many incidents in point that sometimes I get them mixed. Mr. Carmack was electioneering in his State of Tennessee. It was the Sabbath day, and Mr. Carmack decided to brighten his prospects by attending church. He walked the length of the middle aisle, for he wanted all to know, and took his place in a foremost pew. He did well until about the close of the services, when the preacher bent his gaze in Mr. Carmack's direction and said, to the horror of that gentleman:

"Brother Carmack will lead in prayer."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Carmack when he told of this adventure, "I will not lay bare my feelings. I will simply say that I was never so covered with confusion since Mr. Lee's surrender. For a moment the desperate thought took me to get up, apologize for being a pagan, and withdraw from public life. I was hovering, as I may call it, upon the brink of this precipice, about to step over into eternal political obscurity, I who but the moment before owned the brightest prospects of any in Tennessee, when suddenly I heard a deep voice uplifted in prayer. It was from a gentleman in the pew to the rear of mine. I saw it all; there was another Brother Carmack, and I drew a deep breath as I realized the welcome fact."

By those accounts of the Senate's contingent expenses one finds that the Senators are driven to ask the Government to pay their telegraph bills, their daily newspaper bills, and bills for engraving their cards. In addition to the Maltby Building and the secretaries, the Senate has allowed to each member a fixed sum for stationery. I cannot say what this sum is, but it is large, since your Senator is an inveterate letter writer. It must be fairly tidy; as most Senators, however voluminous their correspondence, are unable to exhaust it. No, the Government is not ahead by that. When a Senator does not use the whole of his allowance he draws the overplus in money for his pocket's good. This will seem an odd manœuvre. However, I am confident it is the thing to do, since I read how, upon June 30, 1903, being the close of the session, forty of the purest names in the Senate received, variously, sums ranging from nineteen dollars to one hundred and nine dollars as the fruits of their stationery economy.

The contingent expense list is valuable also as showing what props a statesman leans on, and what lights may guide, when he seeks the needs of the people and passes laws to fill them. For example, on December 11, 1902, Mr. Jones, of Arkansas, cannot see his path without the help of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, and the Government sensibly buys him one. The next day, the twelfth, Mr. Daniels asks for Charm of Birds and Marcus Aurelius, while Mr. Morgan, perhaps with some final intention of adapting a handful of sonnets to the wants of the Darien Canal, demands a set of Keats.

There are, I confess, a collection of items which baffle me. I would account for them if I could; but even as I fail, I would be understood as saying they in nowise shake a trust in the Senate that I have ever fostered and which is the growth of years. Others may take what course of pessimism best pleases them; I, even if I cannot penetrate to justice in these items, shall regard them as wholly proper, taking them on faith. I allude not to the scores of "pocketbooks" which are bought and monogramed at prices running from four dollars to eight dollars each, since a Senator may need a pocketbook as much as other men. Indeed, his little salary might make the necessity the more urgent. No, I do not speak of those pocketbooks; nor yet of the manicure sets, for I would have the nails of legislation trimmed. Those items, to meet me face to face and stare me out of countenance, are a multitude of "wrist bags" at figures straggling from two dollars to thirty dollars per wrist; "card cases" at one dollar to seventeen dollars a case; "chatelaine bags" at one dollar to twelve dollars a bag.

There be now and again a clump of items to spring up in that account, for all the world like a bunch of fatal loco in the healthful green of the prairies, that touches my heart like ice. They go to teach one how frail is the health of statesmanship, and what a ravage legislation works upon the constitution of the legislator. There is one such threatening cluster, a specimen of many, where one reads of vast quantities of quinine, cologne, bay rum, tonic, salts of tartar, dandruff cure, shoe polish, bath sponges, soap, Jamaica ginger, toothache wax, court plaster, hoarhound drops, pepsin tablets, soda mints, oil of bergamot, attar of roses, quince seed, glycerine, a world and all of soap of every sort save soft, benzine, witch hazel, alcohol, lavender salts, cough drops, and finally more soap. Does not the purchase of this portentious cartload make one fear the worst?

If I could think that I had made plain my point I should conclude this letter with a feeling of satisfaction. You see what you do. You pay your Senators in the aggregate a niggardly four hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars in salaries; and what is the sequel? Do you save money? I should not say so. You drive the Senate to an added expenditure for "contingencies" of eight hundred and eighty-nine thousand dollars. Better be honest; better do right. Pay them each twelve thousand dollars, and make them buy their own bergamot, their own cough drops, their own chatelaines, their own wrist bags and their own soap.

Perhaps there could be no wiser way to end this chapter than just to tell a pathetic little story of the dowry of a statesman's daughter and a Senator who could give no more.

It was when Mr. Blackburn's daughter was married. The wedding party was at the station; the happy pair were about to take the train. At the last Mr. Blackburn approached his child. Placing in her hands his six-shooters, he said:

"It is all I have to give." Then, after a pause, he added: "Take them; they are the family jewels of the Blackburns."

It is proper to explain that the closing phrase was not without its warrant. It is among the traditions of Kentucky that the guns of the Blackburns, in every age, have been worn only for ornament.

Anderson Crow, Detective

A Chronicle of Complications

By George Barr McCutcheon

PART TWO

"SHIP ahoy!" shouted the coatless stranger between his palms.

"Surrender, or we'll fill you full of lead," called Anderson Crow.

"Who are you? Pirates?" responded the fugitive with a laugh that chilled the marrow of the men on the raft.

"I'll show you who we are," bellowed Anderson Crow. "Send her ashore, boys, fast. The derned scamp sha'n't excape us. Dead er alive, we must have him."

As they poled toward the bank the woman grasped the man by the arm, dragging him back among the trees. It was observed by all that she was greatly terrified. Moreover, she was exceedingly fair to look upon—young, beautiful, and a most incongruous companion for the bloody rascal who had her in his power. The raft bumped against the reedy bank, and Anderson Crow was the first man ashore.

"Come on, boys; follow me. See that your guns are all right. Straight up the hill now an' spread out a bit so's we can surround him," commanded he in a high treble.

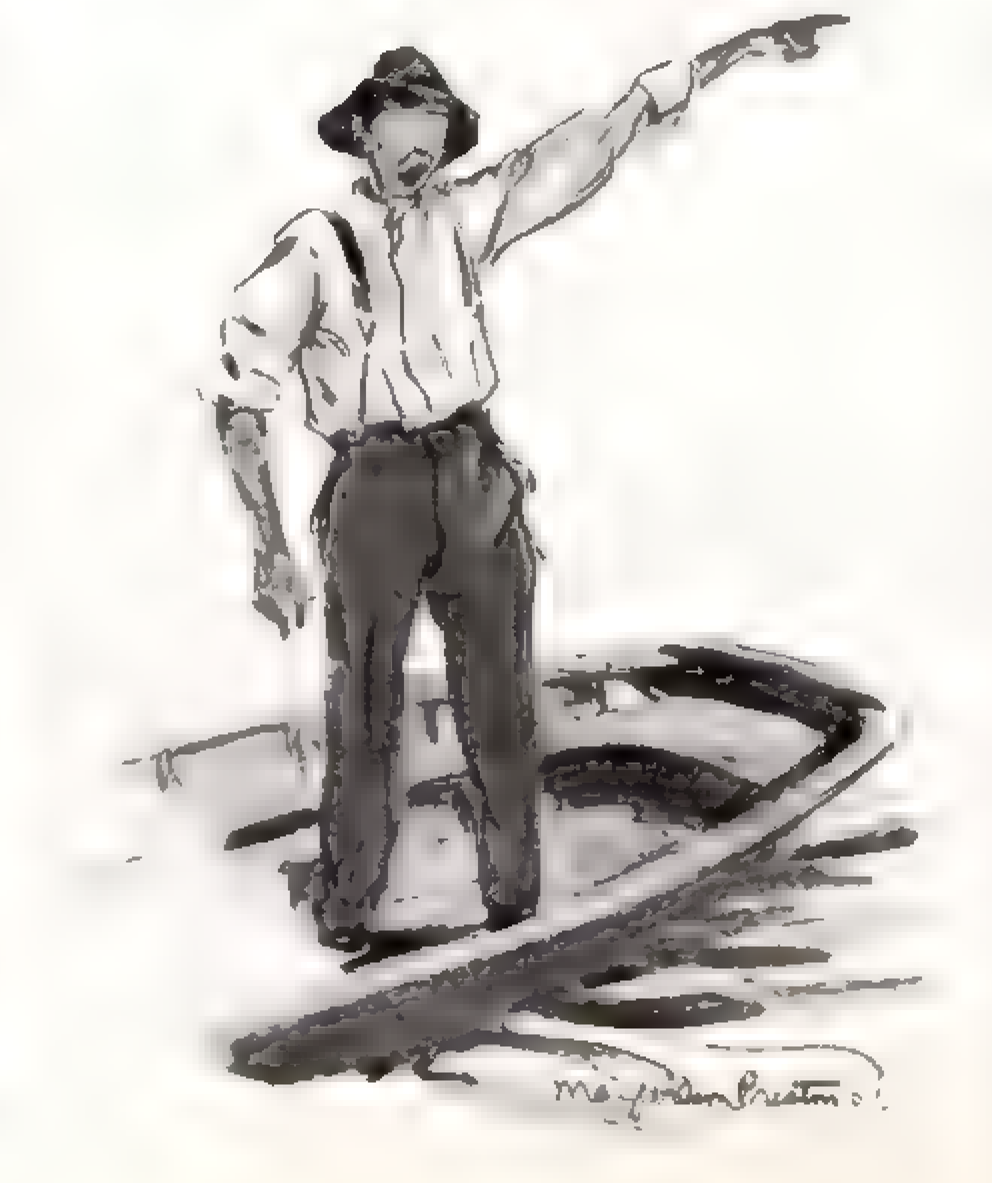
"But supposin' he surrounds us," panted a cautious pursuer, half-way up the hill.

"That's what we've got to guard against," retorted Anderson Crow. The posse bravely swept up to and across the greensward, but the fox was gone. There was no sight or sound of him to be had. It is but just to say that fatigue was responsible for the deep breath that came from each member of the pursuing party.

"Into the woods after him," shouted Anderson Crow. "Hunt him down like a rat."

In the mean time, a coatless young man and a most enticing young woman were scampering off among the oaks and underbrush, consumed by excitement and no small degree of apprehension.

"They really seem to be in earnest about it, Jack," urged the young woman insistently, to offset his somewhat sarcastic comments.



"How the dickens do you suppose they got on to me?" he groaned. "I thought the tracks were beautifully covered. No one suspected, I'm sure."

"I told you, dear, how it would turn out," she cried in a panic-stricken voice.

"Good Heavens, Marjory, don't turn against me. It all seemed so easy and so sure, dear. There wasn't a breath of suspicion. What are we to do? I'll stop and fight the whole bunch if you'll just let go of my arm."

"No, you won't, Jack Barnes," she exclaimed resolutely, her pretty blue eyes wide with alarm. "Didn't you hear him say they'd fill you full of lead? They had guns and everything. Oh, dear, oh, dear! Isn't it horrid?"

"The worst of it is that they've cut us off from the river," he said miserably. "If I could have reached the boat ahead of them they never could have caught us. I could distance that old raft in a mile."

"I know you could, dear," she cried, looking with frantic admiration upon his broad shoulders and brawny, bare arms. "But it is out of the question now."

"Never mind, sweetheart; don't let it fuss you like all that. It will turn out all right. I know it will."

"Oh, I can't run any farther," she gasped.

"Poor little chap! Let me carry you."

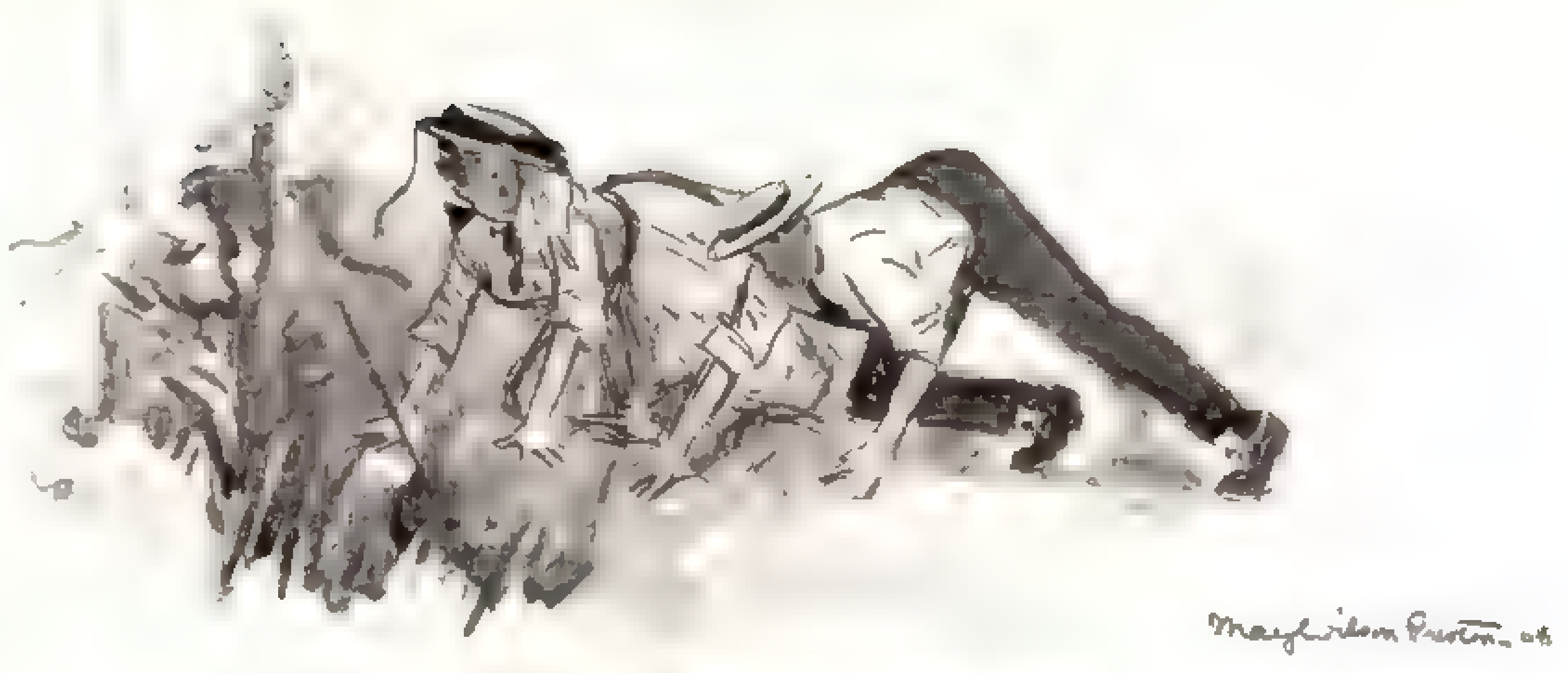
"You big ninny!"

"We are at least three miles from your house, dear, and surrounded by deadly perils. Can you climb a tree?"

"I can—but I won't!" she refused flatly, her cheeks very red.

"Then I fancy we'll have to keep on in this manner. It's a confounded shame, the whole business. Just as I thought everything was going so smoothly, too. It was all arranged to a queen's taste—nothing was left undone. Bracken was to meet us at his uncle's boathouse down there and—Good Heavens, there was a shot!"

The sharp crack of a rifle broke upon the still, balmy air, as they say in the "yellow-backs," and the fugitives looked



WITH MUCH LESS DIGNITY THAN HASTE

at each other with suddenly awakened dread

"The fools!" grated the man

"What do they mean?" cried the breathless girl, very white in the face.

"They are trying to frighten us, that's all. Hang it, if I only knew the lay of the land. I'm completely lost, Marjory. Do you know precisely where we are?"

"Our home is off to the north about three miles. We are almost opposite Crow's Cliff, and this is the wildest part of the country. There are no houses along this part of the river. All of the summer houses are farther up or on the other side. It is too hilly here. There is a railroad off there about six miles There isn't a boathouse or fisherman's cot nearer than two miles. Mr. Bracken keeps his boats at the point—two miles south, at least."

"Yes; that's where we were to have gone—by boat. Hang it all, why did we ever leave the boat? You can never scramble through all this brush to Bracken's place. It's all I can do. Look at my arms! They are scratched to——"

"Oh, dear! It's dreadful, Jack. You poor fellow, let me——"

"We haven't time, dearest. By thunder, I wouldn't have those Rubes head us off now for a whole county. The jays! how could they have found us out?"

"Some one must have told."

"But no one knew—except you and I and the Brackens. I'll wager my head Bracken is saying hard things for fair down the river there."

"He—he—he doesn't swear, Jack," she panted.

"Why, you are ready to drop! Can't you go a step farther? Let's stop here and face 'em. I'll bluff 'em out and we'll get to Bracken's some way. But I *won't* give up the game! Not for a million!"

"Then we can't stop. You forget I go in for gymnasium work. I'm as strong as anything, only I'm—I'm a bit nervous. Oh, I knew something would go wrong!" she wailed. They were now standing like trapped deer in a little thicket, listening for sounds of the hounds.

"Are you sorry, dear?"

"No, no! I love you, Jack, and I'll go through everything with you and for you. Really," she cried with a fine show of enthusiasm, "this is jolly good fun, isn't it? Being chased like regular bandits——"

"Sh! Drop down, dear. There's somebody passing above us—hear him?"

They crawled into a maze of hazel bushes with much less dignity than haste. Two men sped by an instant later, panting and growling.

"Safe for a minute or two, at least," he whispered as the crunching footsteps were lost to the ear. "They won't come back this way, dear."

"They had guns, Jack!" she whispered, terrified.

"I don't understand it, hanged if I do," he said, pulling his brows into a mighty scowl. "They are after us like a pack of hounds. It must mean something. Lord, but we seem to have stirred up a hornets' nest."

"Oh, dear, I wish we were safely at——" she paused.

"At home?" he asked quickly.

"At Bracken's," she finished, and if any of the pursuers had been near enough he might have had the unmistakable suggestion of a kiss.

"I feel better," he said, squaring his shoulders. "Now, let me think. We must outwit these fellows, whoever they are. By George, I remember one of them. That old fellow who bought the horse is with them. That's it! The horse is mixed up in this, I'll bet my head." They sat upon the ground for several minutes, he thinking deeply, she listening with her pretty ears intent.

"I wonder if they've left anybody to guard our boat?" he said suddenly. "Come on, Marjory, let's investigate. By George, it would be just like them to leave it unprotected."

Once more they were moving cautiously through the brush, headed for the river. Mr. Jack Barnes, whoever he was and whatever his crime, was a resourceful, clever young man. He had gauged the intelligence of the pursuers properly. When he peered through the brush along the river bank he saw the skiff in the reeds below, just as they had left it. There was the lunch-basket, the wee bit of a steamer trunk with all of its labels, a parasol and a small handbag.

"Goody, goody!" Marjory cried, like a happy child.

"Don't show yourself yet, dearie. I'll make sure. They may have an ambuscade. Wait here for me."

He crept down the bank and back again before she could fully subdue the tremendous thumping his temerity had started in her left side.

"It's safe and sound," he whispered joyously. "The idiots have forgotten the boat. Quick, dear; let's make a dash for it. Their raft is upstream a hundred yards, and it is also deserted. If we can once get well across the river we can give them the laugh."

"But they may shoot us from the bank," she protested as they plunged through the reeds

"They surely wouldn't shoot a woman," he cried gayly.

"But you are not a woman!"

"And I'm not afraid of mice or men. Jump in!"

Off from the reeds shot the light skiff. The water splashed for a moment under the spasmodic strokes of the oarsman, and then the little boat streaked out into the river like a thing of life. Marjory sat in the stern and kept her eyes upon the bank they were leaving. Jack Barnes drove every vestige of his strength into the stroke; somehow he pulled like a man who had learned how on a college crew. They were half-way across the broad river before they were seen from the hills. The half-dozen men who lingered at the base of Crow's Cliff had shouted the alarm to their friends on the other side, and the fugitives were sighted once more. But it was too late. The boat was well out of gunshot range and making rapid progress downstream in the shelter of the high bluffs below Crow's Cliff. Jack Barnes was dripping with perspiration, but his stroke was none the feebler.

"They see us!" she cried.

"Don't wriggle so, Marjory—trim boat!" he panted. "They can't hit us, and we can go two miles to their one."

"And we can get to Bracken's!" she cried triumphantly. A deep flush overspread her pretty face.

"Hooray!" he shouted with a grin of pure delight. Far away on the opposite bank Anderson Crow and his sleuths were congregating, their baffled gaze upon the man who had slipped out of their grasp. The men of the posse were pointing at the boat and arguing frantically; there were decided signs of dispute among them. Finally two guns flew up, and then came the puffs of smoke, the reports, and then there were little splashes of water near the flying skiff.

"Oh, they are shooting!" she cried in a panic.

"And rifles, too," he grated, redoubling his pull on the oars. Other shots followed, all falling short. "Get down in the bottom of the boat, Marjory. Don't sit up there and be——"

"I'll sit right where I am," she cried defiantly.

Anderson Crow waved to the men under Crow's Cliff, and they began to make their arduous way along the bank in the trail of the skiff. Part of the armed posse hurried down and boarded the raft, while others followed the chase by land.

"We'll beat them to Bracken's by a mile," cried Jack Barnes.

"If they don't shoot us," she responded. "Why, oh, why are they so intent upon killing us?"

"They don't want you to be a widow and—break a—lot of hearts," he said. "If they—hit me now you—won't be—dangerous as a—widow."

"Oh, you heartless thing. How can you jest about it? I'd—I'd go into mourning, anyway, Jack," she concluded, on second thought. "We are just as good as married, you see."

"It's nice—of you to say it, dear—but we're a long—way from—Bracken's. Gee! That was close!" A bullet splashed in the water not ten feet from the boat. "The dirty cowards! They're actually trying to kill us." For the first time his face took on a look of alarm and his eyes grew desperate. "I can't let them shoot at you, Marjory, dear. What the dickens they want I don't know, but I'm going to surrender." He had stopped rowing and was making ready to wave his white handkerchief on high.

"Never!" she cried with blazing eyes. "Give me the oars." She slid into the other rowing seat and tried to snatch the oars from the rowlocks.

"Bravo!" he cried. "I could kiss you a thousand times for that. Never say die is the motto now. Come on, you Indians! You're a darling, Marjory." Again the oars caught the water, and Jack Barnes' white handkerchief lay in the bottom of the boat. He was rowing for dear life, and there was a smile on his face

The raft was left far behind and the marksmen were put out of range with surprising ease. Fifteen minutes later the skiff shot across the river and up to the landing of Bracken's boathouse, while a mile back in the brush Anderson Crow and his men were wrathfully scrambling in pursuit

"Hey, Bracken! Jimmy!" shouted Jack Barnes, jumping out upon the little wharf. Marjory gave him her hands, and was whisked ashore and into his arms. "Run into the boathouse, dear. I'll yank this stuff ashore. Where the dickens is Bracken?"

The boathouse door opened slowly, and a sleepy young man looked forth.

"I thought you'd never come," he yawned

"Wake up, you old loafer. We're here and we are pursued. Where are George and Amy?" cried Mr. Barnes, doing Herculean duty as a baggage-smasher.

"Pursued?" cried the sleepy young man, suddenly awake.

"Yes, and shot at!" cried Marjory, running past him and into the arms of a handsome young woman who was emerging from the house.

"We've no time to lose, Jimmy. They are on to us, Heaven knows how. They are not more than ten minutes behind us. Get it over with, Jimmy, for Heaven's sake. Here, George; grab this trunk."

In a jiffy the fugitives and their property were transferred to the interior of the roomy boathouse, the doors bolted, and George Crosby stationed at a window to act as lookout.

"Is it your father?" demanded the Rev. James Bracken, turning to Marjory. Young Mrs. Crosby was looking on eagerly.

"Mr. Brewster is at home and totally oblivious to all this," cried Jack Barnes. "I don't know what it means. Here's the license, Jimmy. Are you ready, Marjory?"

"This is rather squeamish business, Jack——" began the young minister in the negligee shirt. He was pulling on his coat as he made the remark

"Oh, hurry, Jimmy; please hurry," cried Marjory Brewster.

"Don't wait a second, Jimmy Bracken," cried Amy Crosby, dancing with excitement. "You can't go back on them now."

Three minutes later there was no Marjory Brewster, but there was a Mrs. John Ethelbert Barnes, and she was kissing her husband rapturously.

"Now, tell us everything," cried Mrs. Crosby after the frantic congratulations. The Reverend "Jimmy" Bracken, of the Eleventh Presbyterian Church, was the only one who seemed uncertain as to his position. In the first place, old Judge Brewster was a man of influence in the metropolis from which all had fled for a sojourn in the hills. He and his daughter were Episcopalians, but that made them none the less important in the eyes of "Jimmy" Bracken. In the second place, Jack Barnes was a struggling lawyer and possessed of objectionable poverty. The young men had been roommates at college. Friendship had overcome discretion in this instance, at least. The deed being done, young Mr. Bracken was beginning to wonder if it had not been overdone, so to speak.

"I wish somebody would tell me," exclaimed Jack Barnes with a perplexed frown. "The beastly jays shot at us and all that. You'd think I was an outlaw. And they blazed away at Marjory, too, hang them."

Marjory, too excited to act like a blushing bride, took up the story and told all that had happened. George Crosby became so interested that he forgot to keep guard.

"This is a funny mess," he exclaimed. "There's something wrong——"

"Hey, you!" came a shout from the outside.

"There they are!" cried Marjory, flying to her husband's side. "What are we to do?"

"You mean what are they to do. We're married, and they can't get around that, you know. Let 'em come," cried the groom exultantly. "You don't regret it, do you, sweetheart?" quite anxiously. She smiled up into his eyes, and he felt very secure.

"What do you fellows want?" demanded Crosby from the window. Anderson Crow was standing on the river bank like a true Napoleon, flanked by three trusty riflemen.

"Who air you?" asked Anderson in return. He was panting heavily, and his legs trembled.

"None of your business. Get off these grounds at once. They're private."

"None o' your sass, now, young man. I'm an officer of the law, an' a detective to boot. We sha'n't stand any nonsense. The place is surrounded, and he can't escape. Where is he?"

"That's for you to find out if you're such a good detective. This is David Bracken's place, and you can find the gentleman at his home on the hilltop yonder."

"Ask him what we've done, George," whispered Barnes.

"We ain't after Mr. Bracken, young feller, but you know who we *do* want. He's in there, and you're shielding him. We won't parley much longer. Send him out," said Anderson Crow.

"If you come a foot nearer you'll get shot into the middle of kingdom come," shouted Crosby defiantly.

The inmates gasped, for there was not a firearm on the place.

"Be careful, George," warned the Reverend "Jimmy" nervously.

"Goin' to resist, eh? Well, we'll get him, don't you worry; an' that ornery female o' his'n, too."

"Did you hear that?" exclaimed Jack Barnes. "Let me get at the old rat." He was making for the door when the two women obstructed the way. Both were frantic with fear.

"But he called you a female!" roared he

"Well, I *am!*" she wailed miserably.

"Who is it you want?" asked Crosby from the window.

"That's all right," roared Anderson Crow. "Purduce him at once."

"Is this the fellow?" And Crosby dragged the Reverend "Jimmy" into view. There was a moment's inspection of the cadaverous face, and then the sleuths shook their heads

"Not on your life," said Mr. Crow. "But he's in there. Ike Smalley seen him and his paramount go up the steps from the landin'. 'Twon't do no good to hide him, young feller; he's——"

"Well, let me tell you something. You are too late. They're married," cried Crosby triumphantly.

"I don't give a cuss if they're married an' have sixteen children," shouted the exasperated Crow, his badge fairly dancing. "He's got to surrender."

"Oh, he does, eh?"

"Yes, sir-ee-o-bob; he's got to give up, dead or alive. Trot him out lively, now."

"I don't mind telling you that Mr. Barnes is here, but I'd like to know why you are hunting him down like a wild beast, shooting at him and Miss—I mean Mrs. Barnes. It's an outrage."

"Oh, we ain't the on'y people that can kill and slaughter. She's just as bad as he is, fer that matter. An' so are you and that other lantern-jawed outlaw in there." The Reverend "Jimmy" gasped and turned a fiery red

"Did he call me a—say!" and he pushed Crosby aside. "I'd have you to understand that I am a minister of the gospel. I am the Reverend James Bracken, of——"

A roar of laughter greeted his attempt to explain, and there were a few remarks so uncomplimentary that the man of cloth sank back in sheer hopelessness.

"Well, I'll give them reason to think that I am something of a desperado," grated the Reverend "Jimmy," squaring his shoulders. "If they attempt to put foot inside my uncle's house I'll—I'll smash a few heads."

"Bravo!" cried Mrs. Crosby. She was his cousin, and up to that time had had small regard for her mild-mannered relative.

"He can preach the funeral," shouted Ike Smalley. By this time there were a dozen men on the bank below.

"I give you fair warning," cried Anderson Crow impressively. "We're goin' to surround the house, an' we'll take that rascal if we have to shoot the boards into sawdust."

"But what has he done, except to get married?" called Crosby as the posse began to spread out.

"Do you s'pose I'm fool enough to tell you if you don't know?" said Anderson Crow. "Just as like as not you'd be claimin' the thousand dollars reward if you knowed it had been offered. Spread out, boys, an' we'll show 'em dern quick."

There was dead silence inside the house for a full minute. Every eye was wide and every mouth was open in surprise and consternation.

"A thousand dollars reward!" gasped Jack Barnes. "Then, good Lord, I *must* have done something."

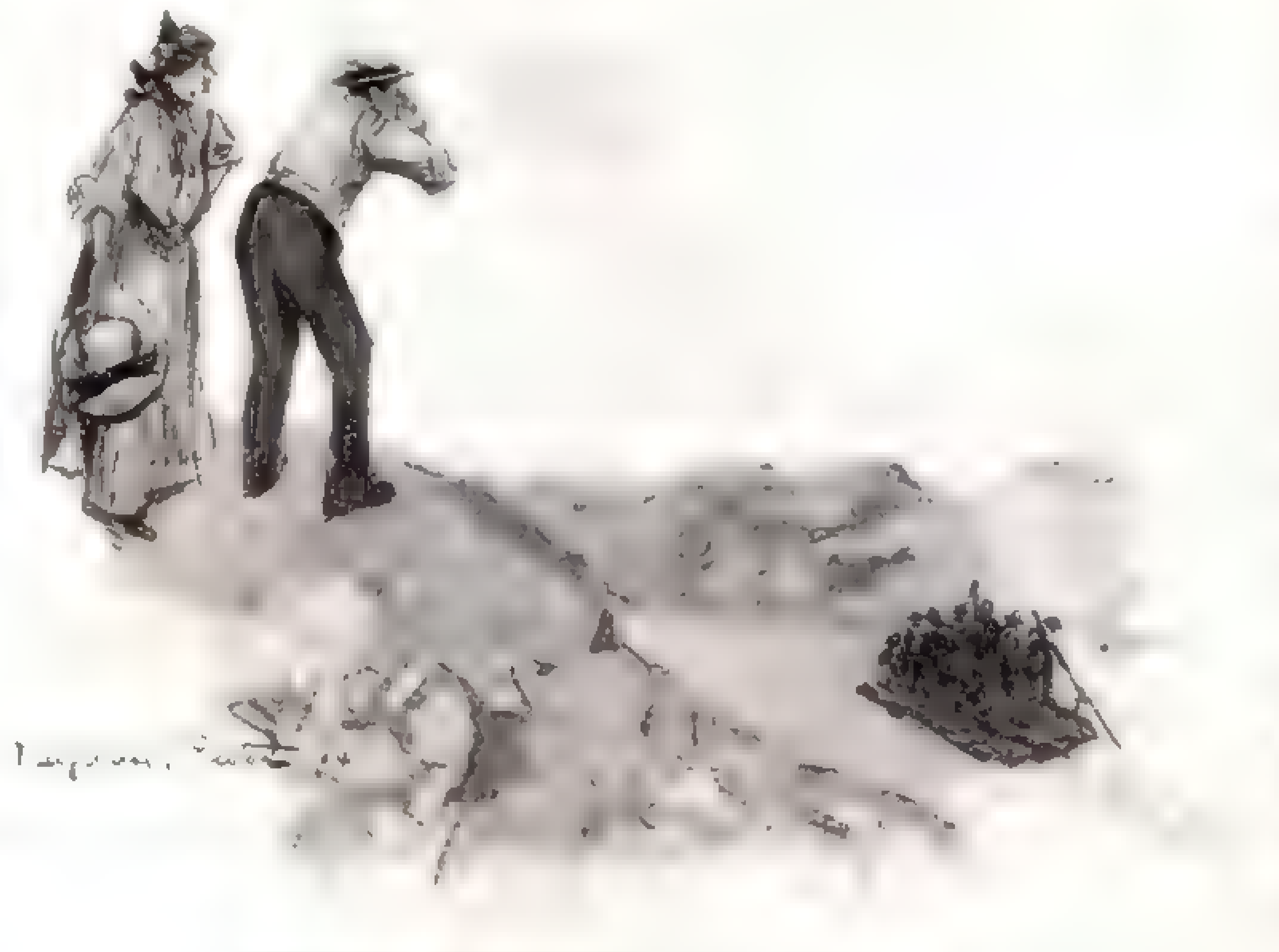
"What *have* you been doing, Jack Barnes?" cried his bride, aghast.

"I must have robbed a train," said he dejectedly.

"Well, this is serious, after all," said Crosby. "It's not an eloper they're after, but a desperado."

"A kidnaper, perhaps," suggested his wife.

"What are we to do?" demanded Jack Barnes.



"SHIP AHOY!" SHOUTED THE COATLESS STRANGER

"First, old man, what have you actually done?" asked the Reverend "Jimmy."

"Nothing that's worth a thousand dollars, I'm dead sure," said Barnes positively. "By George, Marjory, this is a nice mess I've led you into."

"It's all right, Jack; I'm happier than I ever was before in my life. We ran away to get married, and I'll go to jail with you if they'll take me"

"This is no time for kissing," objected Crosby sourly. "We must find out what it all means. Leave it to me."

It was getting dark in the room, and the shadows were heavy on the hills. While the remaining members of the besieged party sat silent and depressed upon the casks and boxes, Crosby stood at the window calling to the enemy

"Is he ready to surrender?" answered Anderson Crow from the shadows.

Then followed a brief and entirely unsatisfactory dialogue between the two spokesmen. Anderson Crow was firm in his decision that the fugitive did not have to be told what he had done, and George Crosby was equally insistent that he had to be told before he could decide whether he was guilty or innocent.

"We'll starve him out," said Anderson Crow.

"But there are ladies here, my good man. You won't subject them to such treatment"

"You're all of a kind. We're going to take the whole bunch."

"What do you think will happen to you if you are mistaken in your man?"

"We're not mistaken, dang ye!"

"He could sue you for every dollar you possess. I know, for I'm a lawyer."

"Now I'm sure you're in the job with him. It's a nest of thieves and robbers. Say, I'll give you five minutes to surrender. If you don't we'll set fire to the derned shanty."

"Look here, boys," said Jack Barnes suddenly, "I've done nothing, and am not afraid to be arrested. I'm going to give myself up." Of course, there was a storm of protest and a flow of tears, but the culprit was firm. "Tell the old fossil that if he'll guarantee safety to me I'll give up."

Anderson was almost too quick in promising protection.

"Ask him if he will surrender and make a confession to me. I am Anderson Crow, sir," was the marshal's tactful suggestion.

"He'll do both, Mr. Crow," replied Crosby.

"We've got to take the whole bunch of you, young man. You're all guilty of conspiracy, the whole caboodle."

"But the ladies, you darned old Rube—they can't——"

"Looky here, young feller, you can't dictate to me. I'll have you to——"

"We'll all go!" cried Mrs. Crosby warmly.

"To the very end," added the new Mrs. Barnes.

"What will your father say?" demanded the groom.

"He'll disown me anyway, dear, so what's the difference?"

"It's rather annoying for a minister——" began the Reverend "Jimmy," putting on his hat.

"We'll beg off for you," cried Mrs. Crosby ironically.

"But I'm going to jail, too," finished he grimly.

"All right," called Crosby from the window. "Here we come."

And forth marched the desperate quintet, three strapping young men and two very pretty and nervous young women. They were met by Anderson Crow and a dozen armed men from Tinkletown, every one of them shaking in his boots. The irrepressible Mrs. Crosby said "Boo!" suddenly, and half of the posse jumped as though some one had thrown a bomb at them

"Now, I demand an explanation of this outrage," said Jack Barnes savagely. "What do you mean by shooting at me and my—my wife and arresting us, and all that?"

"You'll find out soon enough—when you're strung up fer it," snarled Anderson Crow. "An' you'll please hand over that money I paid fer the hoss and buggy. I'll learn you how to sell stolen property to me."

"Oh, I'm a horse-thief, am I? This is rich. And they'll string me up, eh? Next thing you'll be accusing me for killing that farmer up near Boggs City"

"Well, by gosh, you're a cool one!" ejaculated Anderson Crow. "I s'pose you're goin' to try the insanity dodge."

"It's lucky for me that they caught him," said Barnes as the herd of prisoners moved off toward the string of boats tied to Mr. Bracken's wharf.

"Come off!" exclaimed Squires, the reporter, scornfully. "We're on to you all right, all right."

"What! Do you think I'm the man who—well, holy mackerel! Say, you gravestones, don't you ever hear any news out here?. Wake up! They caught the murderer at Billsport, not more than five miles from your jay burg. I was driving through the town when they brought him in. That's what made me late, dear," turning to Marjory.

"Yes, and I'll bet my soul that here comes some one with the news," cried George Crosby, who had heard nothing of the tragedy until this instant.

A rowboat containing three men was making for the landing. Somehow Anderson Crow and his posse felt the ground sinking beneath them. Not a man uttered a sound until one of the newcomers called out from the boat:

"Is Anderson Crow there?"

"Yes, sir; what is it?" demanded Crow in a wobbly voice.

"Your wife wants to know when in thunder you're coming home." By this time the skiff was bumping against the landing.

"You tell her to go to Halifax!" retorted Anderson Crow. "Is that all you want?"

"They nabbed that murderer up to Billsport long 'bout 'leven o'clock," said one of the men eagerly. "We thought we'd row down and tell you so's you wouldn't be hunting all night for the feller who—hello, you got him, eh?"

"Are you fellers lyin'?" cried poor Anderson Crow.

"Not on your life. We knowed about the captcher over in town jest about half an hour after you started 'cross the river this afternoon."

"You—four hours ago? You—you——" sputtered the marshal. "An' why didn't you let us know afore this?"

"There was a game o' baseball in Hasty's lot, an'——" began one of the newcomers sheepishly.

"Well, I'll be gosh-whizzled!" gasped Anderson Crow, sitting down suddenly.

. . . . . .

An hour and a half later Mr. and Mrs. John Ethelbert Barnes were driven up to Judge Brewster's country place in Mr. David Bracken's automobile. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. George Crosby, and were carrying out the plans as outlined in the original program.

"Where's papa?" Marjory tremulously inquired of the footman in the hallway.

"He's waiting for you in the library, miss—I should say Mrs. Barnes," replied the man, a trace of excitement in his face.

"Mrs. Barnes!" exclaimed four voices at once.

"Who told you, William?" cried Marjory, leaning upon Jack for support.

"A Mr. Anderson Crow was here not half an hour ago, ma'am, to assure Mr. Brewster as to how his new son-in-law was in nowise connected with the murder up the way. He said as how he had personally investigated the case, miss—ma'am, and Mr. Brewster could rely on his word for it, Mr. Jack was not the man. He told him as how you was married at the boathouse."

"Yes—and then?" Marjory cried eagerly.

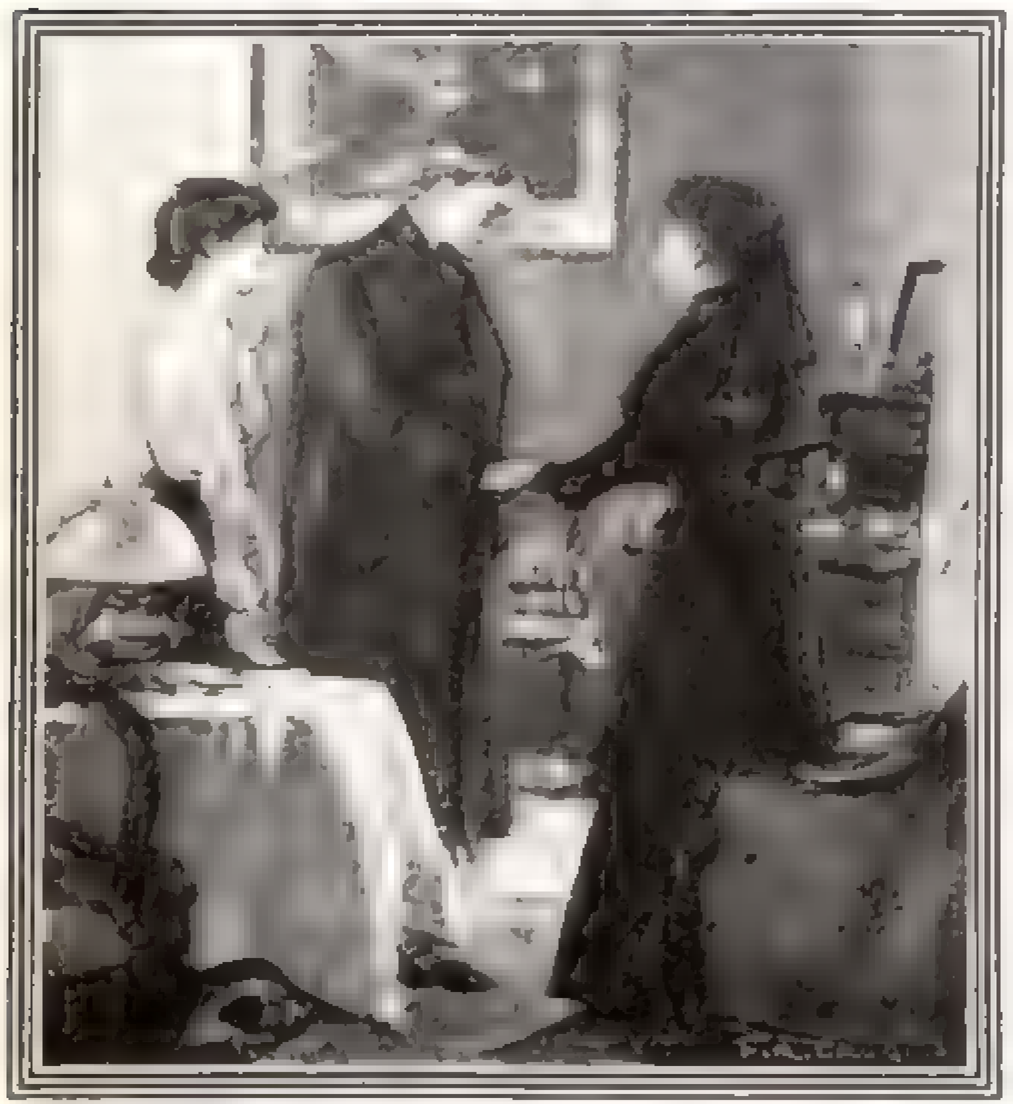
"Mr. Brewster said that Mr. Jack wasn't born to be hanged, and for me to have an extry plate laid at the table for him to-night," concluded William with an expressive grin.

(THE END)

The Troublesome Truth

A Story of Business Honesty

BY WILL PAYNE



"I CAME TO THANK YOU WITH ALL MY HEART"

OWENS' flat was six rooms and not steam heated. They had already provisionally picked out the steam-heated apartment to which they would move in the spring for his wage had been raised to $90 a month; but since the Great Western Pottery Company had gone into the hands of a receiver they were rather unsettled as to the apartment

Owens sat in the dining-room, where dinner was just over, holding the baby, abstractedly, and staring into the red coals in the base burner. The baby stood in his lap, leaning against his chest, now trying to lift off his collar, now tugging industriously at his ear, under the impression that it was both detachable and edible, and every now and then venting its enthusiasm by spasmodic jumping motions with its legs.

Mrs. Owens went briskly back and forth to the kitchen, clearing the table and doing the dishes. Every trip she stopped to whistle or cluck to the baby, sometimes flourishing a plate menacingly, to the infant's gurgling delight But Owens was only vaguely aware of what was going on. Absent-mindedly he rescued his collar or ear just in time, and stared on at the coals

After the dishes were done and the baby put to bed Mrs Owens came over to her husband.

"Well"—he blinked his dark eyes hard and pulled himself together to talk to her—"Doane told me to-day that the company was going to be reorganized and go on, and they'd want me to stay right along, and they'd probably find a chance to advance me

"Then it's all settled!" she cried. "But—aren't you glad?"

He scowled hard and put his thumb to his mouth to bite the nail, as he had the bad habit of doing when perplexed She took the hand away and kept it prisoner.

"There's a queer business going on down there, Mame, and I can't make up my mind what to do," he said "Doane and Teller saw the company was going to fail all right. I guess they sort of nudged it along. They wanted to freeze out the small stockholders and reorganize. But Mr. Swift, you see, believed in the company. He tried to support the stock—buying it in the market. So when he died his affairs were pretty well tied up, from what I hear. Then the receiver was appointed. Now, it turns out that there's been an overissue of the company's stock—four thousand shares more issued than the company had any right to put out. There's going to be a hearing in court about it to-morrow, and I'm going to testify. Doane and Teller have got it all framed up to make it appear that Mr. Swift was responsible for that overissue—for which he could be put in the penitentiary if he was alive—and if I tell what I know it will make it look rather better than an even chance that Doane did it himself"

His doubting tone and abstracted air struck the young wife with a strange alarm. She bent toward him, wide-eyed "George!" she gasped. "Of course—of course, you'll tell the truth!"

He frowned impatiently. "Oh, as to telling the truth—why, everybody's going to tell the truth! There won't be any perjury. That would be too clumsy! And when you take Doane and Teller and Opdyke, their lawyer, you've got three about as smooth old boys as you'll find anywhere. I'll be asked some questions, and I'll answer 'em truthfully and when I get through it will still look as though Mr. Swift must have been responsible. It's a hundred-to-one shot they won't ask me a question that will give me a chance to tell all I know—unless I just naturally cut loose and tell it on my own hook. They'll have everything their own way, you know. There won't be any opposition, because Swift is dead and can't speak for himself." He ran his hand through his hair. "I suppose they'd fall dead, too, at the idea of a cheap clerk standing up in court and speaking for him

"Haven't you talked with any one about it?" she asked anxiously

"Why, I tried to talk to Brenner about it. Brenner was chief clerk under Mr. Swift, you know and when Mr. Swift died he was made secretary at double his old salary. I started to tell him, and he shut me up like a trap. He was scared stiff, you see, for fear he'd find out something that would make him uncomfortable unless he stood up against Doane and lost his fine job"

"Isn't he honest?" the young woman cried indignantly

"Oh, yes, he's honest," said Owens gloomily; "but what's the good of being honest if you're scared to death? That's just it, you see. Nobody has any interest in defending Swift. Everybody's interest is in pleasing Doane—mine, too, for if I displease him I'll lose my job and we'd have to sort of begin all over again; and we've got the baby now."

"Of course—I'd have you do what you thought was right, dear," said Mrs. Owens thoughtfully; "but it seems to me some of these other men, some men who have money and influence and can protect themselves better than you can, ought to take it up. It's pretty hard for a young clerk without any money ahead or influential friends to stand out against his employer—especially if he has a wife and child to care for

"I know," he muttered; "but the others wouldn't take it up. It ain't to their interest. Mr. Swift was mighty kind to me, Mame. He got me started right there and took more pains with me than a boss usually does with a youngster in a big office, and advanced me. You know—he lent us that money when we needed it mighty bad. I guess it ain't so much being honest; I don't know's that's so much what sticks in my crop. But I can just see how it will be: Smooth Mr. Doane and smooth Mr. Teller and smooth Mr. Opdyke—everybody else scared of 'em—and they, all bland and smiling as May, soaking this dead man to their heart's content. It makes me sick to think of it." He threw himself back and jammed his hands into his trousers' pockets, staring at the coals.

"Of course, it ain't as though I could positively prove that Doane did it," he went on in his perplexity. "I know Mr Swift left a wife and some children, and I suppose he's got relatives. If it was a matter of dead-open-and-shut proof I'd just go to them and let Doane flicker. But I can't absolutely prove it. I could give my testimony that will make it look as though Doane did it instead of Swift, and then I suppose they'd come back with some other testimony that would make me look like thirty cents out of a job. I hate to sit by and not say what I can for Mr Swift—still, I don't know what to do, Mame."

He did not know next morning when, obeying a telephone call to the office, he entered the courtroom. The hearing was already under way.

Mr. Teller, treasurer of the Great Western Pottery Company, was on the stand. Delaney, a stooped and ill natured looking lawyer who represented certain objecting stockholders, was cross examining. The usual sprinkling of "public" lounged in the rows of iron-framed chairs dedicated to their use Within the bar half a dozen lawyers and lawyers' clerks, several persons interested in the case and some witnesses sat about listening to the examination. The judge had turned sidewise to his high, pulpit-like desk, his back to the witness, and was comfortably sprawled in his big chair, his hands clasped over his stomach. Doane and Opdyke, his lawyer, sat together, listening

Mr. Teller's testimony was that after the sudden death of Swift, the secretary, in an accident at one of the plants, he had helped Brenner, the new secretary, check up the stock ledger, and they discovered an overissue to the amount of four thousand shares. All the details of issuing stock had been left to Mr. Swift, who had been quite careless. When a stock certificate came in for transfer he would direct a clerk to fill out a new certificate which he would sign and take to the president to be signed; but instead of canceling the old certificate and keeping the stock-ledger posted up, it appeared that his habit had been to drop the old certificate into a drawer in his desk. Then at the end of a week or a month or six weeks, or whenever he got around to it, he would cancel the accumulated certificates in the drawer and post up the ledger. At the time of his death certificates had been accumulating for nearly two months and the stock ledger had not been posted up. Hence no one could tell when the overissue was made, or whether all at one time or in several installments. They had tried to trace it down but found it impossible on account of the secretary's lack of method. Yes, it was true, they had found considerable confusion in the secretary's accounts with the company. After Mr. Swift's death it had developed that he was engaged in a speculation; he had been buying the stock of the company on margins, and the stock had been going down, so he was cramped for funds.

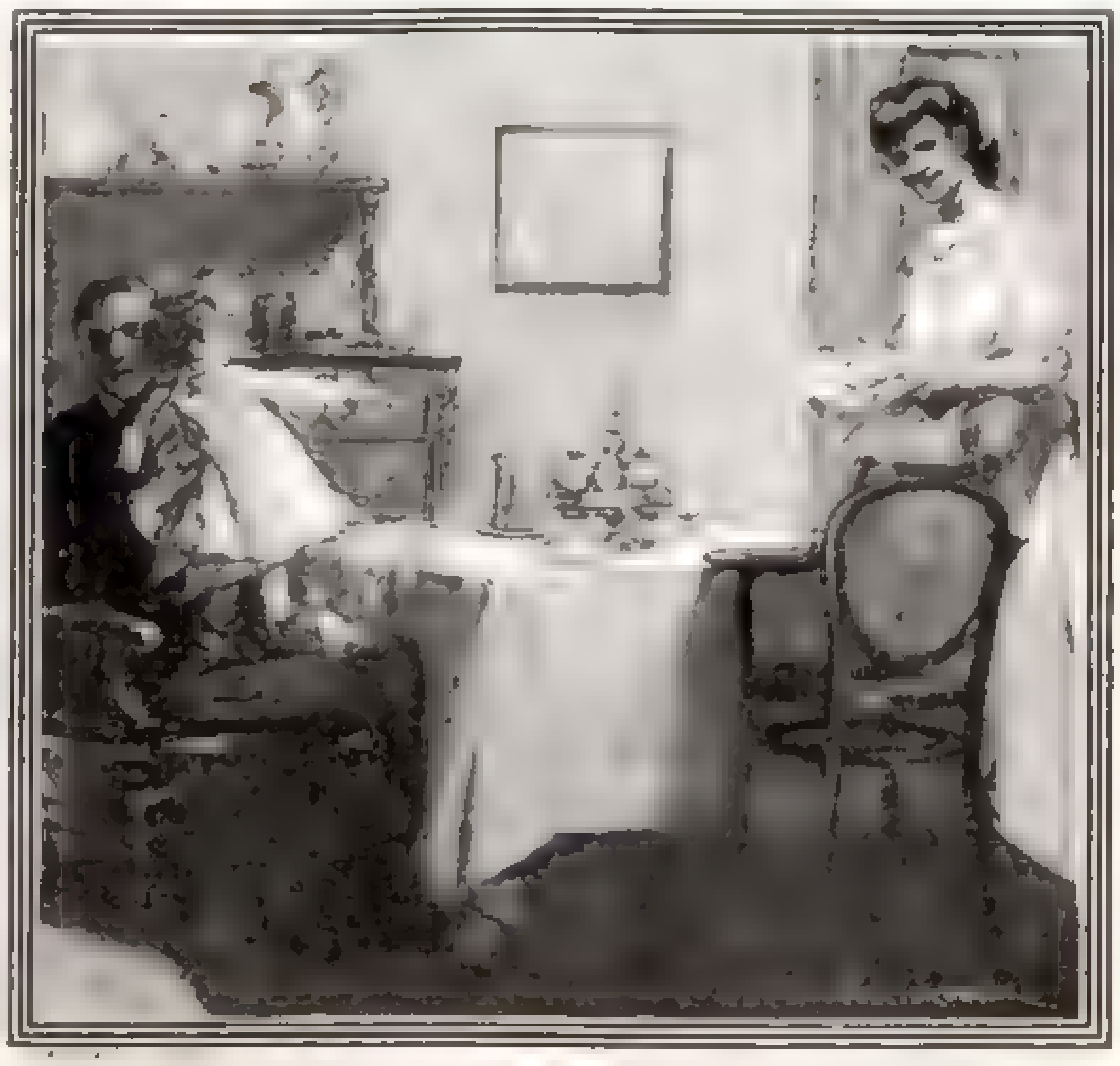
Mr. Teller sat stiffly upright in the witness chair, his large hands precisely on its arms, and he looked steadily at the lawyer, answering every question with quiet deliberation. When it came to telling of the dead secretary's speculation and tangled accounts the treasurer lowered his voice as though he would keep it as confidential as possible. Doane, too, sat upright at the table, his stomach spreading over his fat legs. He looked down mournfully as the evidence of the secretary's weakness came out

When Teller left the stand Opdyke arose leisurely

"Call George Owens," he said

The judge turned his head to glance at the boyish figure that came forward; then resumed his comfortable contemplation of the window Others looked at the witness with languid interest

He gave his age as twenty-four, kept his eyes on Mr. Opdyke and answered steadily The stout and bland lawyer



NOW TRYING TO LIFT OFF HIS COLLAR, NOW TUGGING INDUSTRIOUSLY AT HIS EAR stood close to him, looked at him with benevolent encouragement, and put the carefully framed questions in throaty tones of a genial, conversational quality.

Witness had been employed as a clerk in the secretary's office for the last two years. Latterly he had filled out the stock certificates under Mr. Swift's direction. He thought all the certificates issued the last six months had been filled out by him. It had been the practice to let old certificates accumulate two or three weeks or more. The stock ledger was posted up at odd intervals as they got around to it.

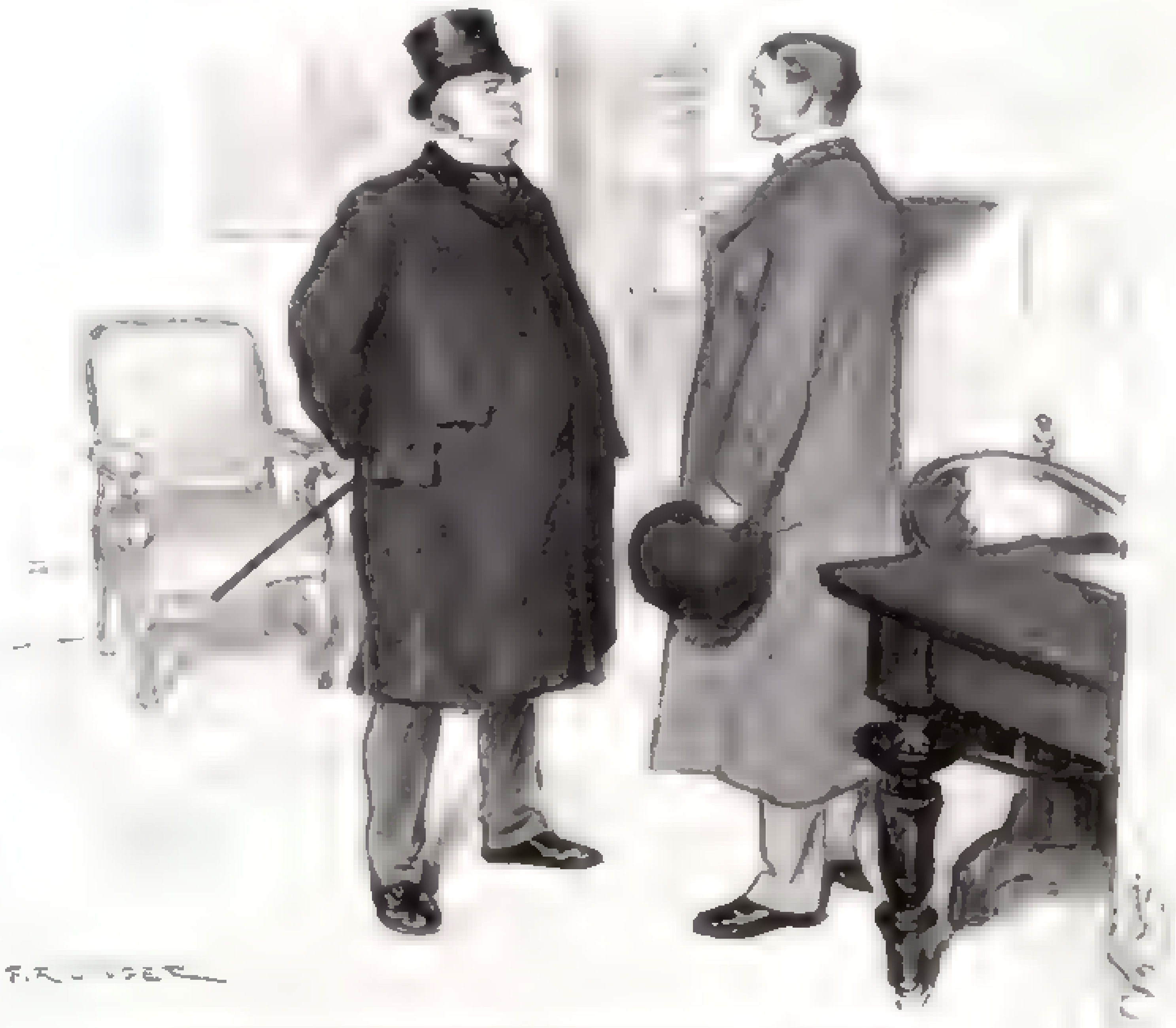
"Then, as I understand you, the way the thing was done, Mr. Swift would instruct you to fill out such and such certificates, or give you a memorandum of certificates to fill out, and you would do as he instructed you and he would take the certificates, then, some time, when you got around to it, the old certificates would be canceled and the stock-ledger posted up?"

Owens' nerves had been growing tighter as he perceived that they were approaching the crucial points. He did not know what he was going to do; but there was still a stubborn heart of combativeness in him. Involuntarily he gripped the arms of the chair.

"Yes, sir," he said promptly, his eyes on Opdyke.

Opdyke turned calmly away. "That's all," he said, and sat down.

Owens was astounded. He thought, "Why, no; it can't be over!" Then, in bewilderment, he saw the cross-looking Delaney turn in his chair and fix him with a coldly angry eye. Owens thought, "It will come on the cross-examination," and gripped the arms of the chair again.



EYING THE APPROACHING YOUNG MAN COLDLY, RESOLVED TO BE RID OF HIM AT ONCE

Delaney regarded him a moment with ill favor; then turned back. "I have no questions to ask," he said impatiently.

The clerk got up mechanically and walked to the rows of iron framed chairs. He sat down in one of them, scarcely knowing what he was about.

It was all over!

He realized that, and at first he felt an immense relief. There was no blame. He had had no opportunity. And it was all over! It occurred to him that he should have gone on back to the office; but they were calling another witness and he tarried.

Brenner, the new secretary, took the stand—a slim and nervous man of forty, already getting bald, already near-sighted and round-shouldered with much bending over a desk. For twenty years he had been struggling to maintain his family suitably, and now, for the first time, found himself in comfortable circumstances. He, too, kept his eyes on Mr. Opdyke and answered with a high-strung quickness. He retold how they had checked up the ledger and discovered an overissue of stock and had tried in vain to find just how or when it occurred. Mr. Swift's personal account with the company was overdrawn. Evidently he had been hard pressed for funds. When they called in the stock for reorganization they found that all Mr. Swift's holdings were pledged to a broker as security for what he had bought on margins. Cross-examined, he said the company had made no demand on the estate of Mr. Swift for the value of the overissued stock because he had left no estate; the speculation had swallowed it.

Owens listened and felt an acute pang of pity. They were going further with Brenner than they had gone with him, and the poor devil of a witness was helpless. Doubtless Mr. Doane's testimony would add the finishing touch.

The clerk looked at the placid judge, at the setting of the scene, the lawyers and interested stockholders. A monstrous lie was being built in the dignified quiet of the court, and none of these people cared particularly. They had no interest in Swift. The poor dead man seemed to die again in that calm, indifferent air.

Owens went out, but he could not bear to go back to the office. Some people on the street, as he walked aimlessly along, may have noticed his youthful face, with belligerently squared jaw and a deep frown.

Presently he stopped and thrust out his under lip like a youngster that is going to fight. "I won't stand for it! I won't stand for it!" he repeated doggedly, and faced around to the county building. He was rather vague as to what he was going to do; but he was going to do something.

When he reached the courtroom he found it empty. The hearing stood adjourned for lunch. Without pausing, he opened the door of the judge's chamber.

Judge Markey had put on his hat and overcoat and was drawing on his gloves. His walking-stick lay on the window sill. He looked around, impatient of an interruption.

The judge was just turned fifty. His florid, smooth-shaven face told of a fondness for good living and good company. He liked the dignified ease of the judicial position; but he abhorred the necessity of putting himself up before the people for reelection at the end of every term, dickering and paltering with the political bosses like a poor dog after a bone depending upon the unstable will of the mob. Several of his colleagues had been defeated at the last election. Besides, the salary was too small. Now, something more to his taste opened before him—the position of general counsel of a corporation, with three times his present salary and practically a life tenure. He was even then on his way to a luncheon at the Chicago Club where several of the directors would be present.

Looking around, he recognized the young man who had testified, and that increased his impatience. He knew that this Pottery affair was a dirty mess, and he wished to get it off his hands as cleanly and expeditiously as possible. He took up his stick, eying the approaching young man coldly, resolved to be rid of him at once.

But Owens was too full of his own business to notice the forbidding manner. Hat in hand, he went straight to the point in a breathless plunge.

"I just testified in that Pottery case in there. My testimony didn't go far enough. I filled out four stock certificates of a thousand shares each for Mr. Doane and Mr. Doane took 'em away. Mr. Swift had charge of issuing the certificates, just as said, only one day when he was out at one of the plants Mr. Doane came in in a hurry with some old certificates in his hand and asked for Mr. Swift. I told him Mr. Swift had gone to the plant. It was the day the accident happened and he was killed. Mr. Doane told me to make out the four certificates, and I did. Mr. Swift had already signed 'em up in blank and Mr. Doane sat down at the secretary's desk to sign them, too. He asked me what we did with the old certificates and I told him they were in the drawer. He looked in the drawer. There were a lot in there. He said it was very careless. After a minute he went out. I looked in the drawer and I don't believe he'd put any old certificates for four thousand shares in there."

"Why didn't you say so when you were on the stand?" the judge demanded sternly.

"They didn't give me any chance. They just asked me what was usually done and so on. You'll see by my testimony."

"Well, why do you come to me with this? What do you expect me to do?" The judge spoke angrily, lifting his voice.

"Well, I don't know," Owens muttered. "This is the truth—and you being the judge—Mr. Swift was a good friend to me."

"He's dead now, isn't he?" the judge demanded.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk; "that's the reason."

The judge found the young man more irritating than ever. "But what do you really know? What can you prove? Can you swear that Mr. Doane did not turn in old certificates to balance the new ones—at that time or some other?" He used the manner of a cross-examiner.

"Of course I couldn't swear to that. It's just as I have told you."

"Are you ready to take the stand and accuse your employer of a felony on your mere guess or opinion?"

"I'm ready to take the stand and swear to what I've told you at any time you wish."

"That I wish! Good Heavens!" The judge became plaintive with vexation. "What have I to do with it? I'm the court that's hearing the case, not the attorney that's trying it. Why don't you go to Delaney? He represents the only objectors."

"I don't believe Delaney would care," said Owens stubbornly. "I think I've done my duty in coming to you. It's the truth."

The judge was thoroughly aggrieved. If only the blundering young man had gone to Delaney—to anybody—and let him get this mess swiftly and cleanly off his hands without antagonizing Doane. He was above a bribe. He would not have given a dishonest judgment; but Doane and Teller might have influence enough to upset his cherished plan just at that ticklish moment, and it was very irritating to be presented with a necessity of disobliging them. The judge looked out of the window a moment, acutely aware, meanwhile, of the young man, hat in hand, who asked an opportunity to tell his truth.

"Well, come back here at ten minutes to two," he said gloomily. "I've got an appointment now."

It was a little before the appointed time when Owens returned to the chamber, but the clock was on the stroke of two when the judge entered, bringing Delaney with him. He looked decidedly vexed. He had proposed that Delaney call the clerk as his own witness and let him tell his story, thus his honor would not be under the disagreeable necessity of launching an attack against Doane of his own motion.

But Delaney had declined. The ill-natured lawyer had been having some negotiations with Doane and Teller and he believed they were ready to offer his clients a settlement, giving them all they asked. He did not propose to do anything that would put Doane in bad humor and spoil the prospect of this advantageous bargain. Besides, he comprehended the judge's predicament and had no mind to pull chestnuts out of the fire for him.

The two men stood at the window arguing, the judge heated, the lawyer sardonic, while Owens in his corner watched them and understood each proposed to dodge any responsibility for his disclosure.

"This testimony is offered to you. It's on your side," said the judge.

"Thank you. I have no use for it," said the lawyer.

"I suppose you're making a settlement with Doane," Judge Markey retorted bitterly.

"Perhaps," Delaney grinned. "My settlement is as important to me as another man's to him."

"Oh, very well!" said the judge, turning gloomily away, and as Delaney walked out he called, "Come here."

Owens obeyed.

"I'm going in to open court now," he said. "You come up to the bar and I'll give you a chance to make that statement if you want to."

"Yes, sir," said Owens.

It was past the hour for convening court. The judge strode in, frowning, and the bailiff rapped. Owens entered the front door and came up to the bench.

"This witness informs me that he wishes to correct his testimony of this forenoon," said the court impatiently. "He has been sworn and will be heard."

Owens stood up by the witness chair and repeated what he had told the judge.

"You don't know that old certificates to balance the new ones were not turned in?" Opdyke asked.

"I've told all I know about it," said the clerk.

Opdyke sat down placidly. Delaney gave no sign. The court looked down at the witness. "That's all," he said. "Call the next witness."

Owens walked out. He felt that those men flung him from them as a nuisance and a blockhead. No sensation had resulted. Nobody had paid any attention to his statement. It seemed to have gone for nothing. He supposed it was

(*Concluded on Page 32*)

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The Untold Truth

JAPANESE and Russians are reluctant to let the war correspondents get to the front or even to the rear., If these correspondents should be admitted to the zone of war they would either tell lies or tell the truth.

If they told lies they would only add to the complications already existing: complications which threaten to involve other nations in the welter of debt and blood and misery in which Japan and Russia are wallowing. If they told the truth—how many more wars would the scrupulous statesmen that have so much to say about human affairs be able to wage for their own selfish ends if the world heard and believed the truth about war, that hideous truth of the beast in man released, of rapine and murder, and of mangled men in agony, and widows and orphans in woe unspeakable?

The Vital Union

THE two great parties in the contest now going on in the world between labor and capital should come and are to come together in close relationship. The coming together will result not from formal rules but from the application of great human principles. The union will be vital, and not made of by-laws.

Among the principles which both the capitalist and the laborer are to recognize in their relations are:

(1) Each man is to make the most of himself. His body is to be strong, his mind able to think clearly, his conscience to decide moral questions rightly, his will prompt to act, and his heart able to love. Each man is to be the largest man.

(2) A second principle is the principle of liberty. This principle allows and demands the development, not only of one's self, but also of others' individualities. Under the principle of liberty exists the right of combination of either capital or labor.

(3) Another great principle relates to the appreciation of values. Both the laborer and the capitalist are to recognize that character is more than money. Ideas, feelings, knowledge, the sense of the beautiful represent forces of greater worth than money.

Shall We Dry Up Niagara?

A CANADIAN power company at Niagara has bored an observation tunnel behind the Horseshoe Fall, with glass windows through which tourists sitting in easy chairs can watch the tumbling cataract outside.

It is a good idea, but does it not come a little late in the day? An observation tunnel for Niagara Falls would be a needless expense if there were no Niagara Falls left to observe; and that seems to be the sure prospect for the near future.

The census report of 1880 on water-power remarked: "It is difficult to imagine that the estimate of the total power of the Niagara River will ever be of practical importance." That was written only a little over twenty years ago, and already the means by which the whole mighty flood may be swallowed up are plainly in sight. All that is necessary is to repeat often enough what has already been done. If one tunnel will gulp 7300 cubic feet of water per second, thirty-two tunnels will have no trouble in disposing of the whole 230,000 feet that constitute the normal flow of the river. If 100,000 horse-power can be profitably used by a certain number of factories and car lines, demands forty times as great will absorb all the 4,000,000 horse-power that could be developed if every drop of water going over the Falls were made to work its passage.

Clearly the time has come when we should squarely face the question whether the æsthetic value of Niagara Falls as a spectacle and its commercial value as an attraction for tourists balance the profit to be gained by its destruction. If the people do not make that decision promptly it will be made for them by the private interests that are steadily gnawing away the cataract.

Already the American Fall seems to be doomed. As it is nearly nine feet higher than the Horseshoe Fall the water will stop flowing over it long before the volume on the Canadian side is noticeably diminished. The State of New York bought up the little mills that used to take imperceptible sips of water from the Falls, made a park to preserve the sublimity of the scene, and then gave away the flood by the hundred thousand horse-power. The American Fall belongs technically to New York, but actually to the whole American people, if not to all mankind. If the people have any opinions concerning its impending destruction it might be well for them to make them known before it is too late.

The Fearful Price

DIVIDENDS—profit—conquest of markets—these and similar phrases are the sacred passwords nowadays. In the minds of too many, any course that tends or seems to tend to the production of material wealth is not only excusable but actually right. Cutting wages, employing children who should be at school, unsanitary factories and stores, defiance of law, bribery and corruption—anything and everything, provided only that wealth is produced.

What a miserable, bestial blindness! What a loathsome confusing of means and end! What a repulsive forgetfulness that wealth is only valuable, only desirable, only tolerable, in so far as it produces and tends to produce men and women clothed in the full dignity of the human race!

Commercialized Husbands

WE HEAR many complaints—more of them from the big cities—that the wives and daughters, kept at home in ease by the toiling males of the family, improve their minds, become "cultured" and "refined," and so grow above and beyond the aforesaid grubbing, "commercialized" males, to the great discomfort of all concerned. On the other hand, we hear much news—most of it from those same large cities—about the "commercializing" of women through their entrance into business competition with the men who are either unwilling or unable to marry and maintain a wife in "refined" ease and "cultured" shelter.

Perhaps these two conflicts somehow strike a balance between the "cultured" woman and the "commercialized" woman. Perhaps the multiplication of the one somehow produces a multiplication of the other. However that may be, certain it is that any one who is too refined to make a comfortable home for a common grubber for a living ought to be too sensitive to eat in ingratitude unearned bread.

A Lesson from Japan

AMERICANS pride themselves upon being particularly efficient in dealing with material difficulties, but the Japanese are giving them a good deal of food for humble thought. For instance, when Shafter's army landed in Cuba there were a few boards on rickety piles—the remains of the only apology for a wharf in the vicinity. It never occurred to our military authorities to do anything to improve the landing facilities. Some of the men scrambled ashore over the string-pieces of the pier; others waded out on the beach. Absolutely necessary stores were slowly and precariously landed, and the things that could be dispensed with, along with some that could not, were left on the transports. In the face of an enemy of any enterprise the landing would have ended in disaster.

When the Japanese landed at Chemulpo every arrangement was made in advance. Timbers for piers were measured, cut and numbered. The engineers did their work in a few hours, and the disembarkation of men, horses, guns and stores proceeded as smoothly and swiftly as an exhibition drill.

There is no better fighting man than the American soldier—we think there is none so good. But for a businesslike nation we have handled our soldiers heretofore in a most unbusinesslike way. We have wasted their toil and their lives as wantonly as we have wasted the money of the taxpayers. We sent them to take El Caney and San Juan with their bare hands—a thing the European observers declared impossible—because in the confusion of our landing arrangements the guns that should have supported them were left behind. We have "muddled through" heretofore because we have always confronted opponents at least as shiftless as ourselves.

We have never yet collided with a military power trained in the precise methods of modern war. Our enemies have been Spaniards, Mexicans, Indians, Englishmen—whose officers have not yet learned the lesson of Braddock's defeat—and our own people. Perhaps, now that we have a general staff and a reorganized army, we may be lucky enough to be prepared for the demands of modern war by the time we are called upon to meet them.

The Loaf and the Dollar

IT IS a good phrase which Justice Brewer gave us in a notable address on the better life. "I have little respect for one who has no ideals in life," he said: "for one who measures the whole purpose and scope of his existence by the loaf and the dollar."

But, at the same time, is it not possible that we may be unjust to the worker for the loaf and the dollar? Do we not lose sight of the actual struggle involved in the making of a decent living? All around us to-day the conditions are hard. Food and rent come close to the limits of respectable incomes. The wolf may not be at the very door, but imagination sees him just beyond the slender sum in the savings bank. There are thousands of good men and women who would enjoy culture but must have bread, and the dutiful solving of the practical problem means a kind of heroism that keeps civilization on the right track.

Shops are unromantic working places, but high thought has made some of them temples and shrines. All honor to the high thinkers! Honor, too, to the patient plodders who kept at their work—and who probably did more than their share of the work while the high thinkers were engaged in their thinking!

Those Curious Curies

MONSIEUR CURIE, who helped his wife to discover radium, recently refused the decoration of the Legion of Honor; and as he is an extremely simple, unworldly, uncommercial person, it was supposed that this was another evidence of his democracy. But now it has come out that his reasons were, first, that his wife, the real discoverer, could not be decorated, and second, that his father, who had spent a long life in giving great medical skill free, or almost free, to the poor of a certain quarter of Paris, has never had the decoration offered him.

Really, these Curies are far stranger than their radium, strange beyond imagination though that is. Are they really products of this age of grab and blow, or are they miraculous survivals from the mythical golden age—or are they among those few and splendid heralds and prophets of the golden age to come, the age when men will really believe, instead of only canting, that work, work for others, is honor and dignity and happiness?

The College Man and the Trust

THE trust represents fewer administrative and executive officers than were numbered in the several individual corporations which constitute a trust. The college man, therefore, is not able to look forward to positions of direction and of administration as he could under a more individual system of control. He accepts a place as a subordinate in a great company. He is not so able as was his father to secure a high place in the small concern.

The condition, therefore, is one which, on the whole, is not so favorable to the happiness or the power of the graduate of ordinary ability as the condition of a score of years ago. But the trust system *is* favorable to the college graduate of exceptional ability. He finds a most fitting opportunity for the use of his largest power.

"Threescore and Ten"

THE age of seventy is no longer significant. Many men of eighty of to-day are as well able to work as the men of seventy were a half a century ago. Sir William Harcourt is retiring from public life at the age of seventy-seven. At this age Gladstone was in the thick of a great contest and continued in it for almost a decade. One of the great citizens of the State of Kansas, Dr. Richard Cordley, of Lawrence, is entering into the second half century of a pastorate.

In the current discussion regarding the frequent breaking down of men who carry the administrative burdens of the world, it is not to be forgotten that the average length of human life increases and that the average of the term of service of many great workers lengthens. A better understanding of the laws of health which touch both the individual and the community represents the great cause of this prolongation.

SEQUIL

Or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

By HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of The Real Diary of a Real Boy

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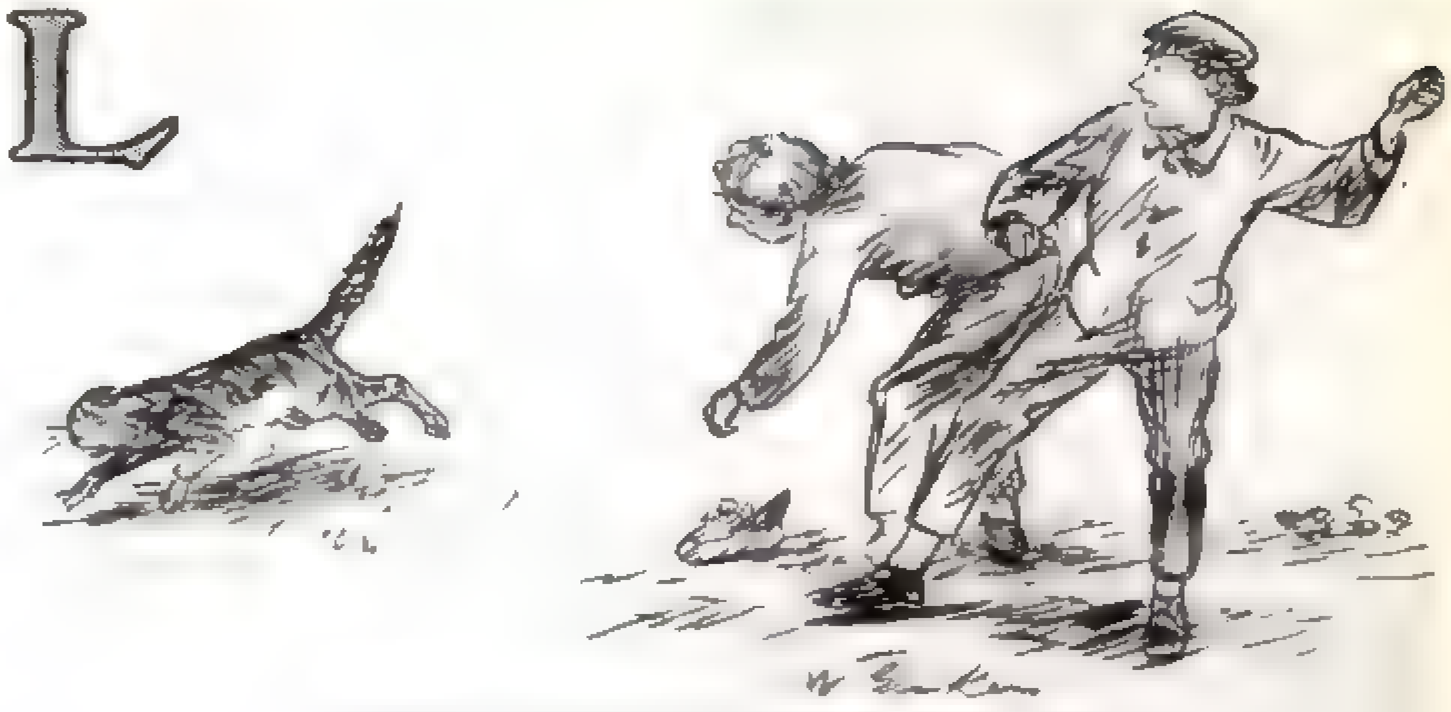
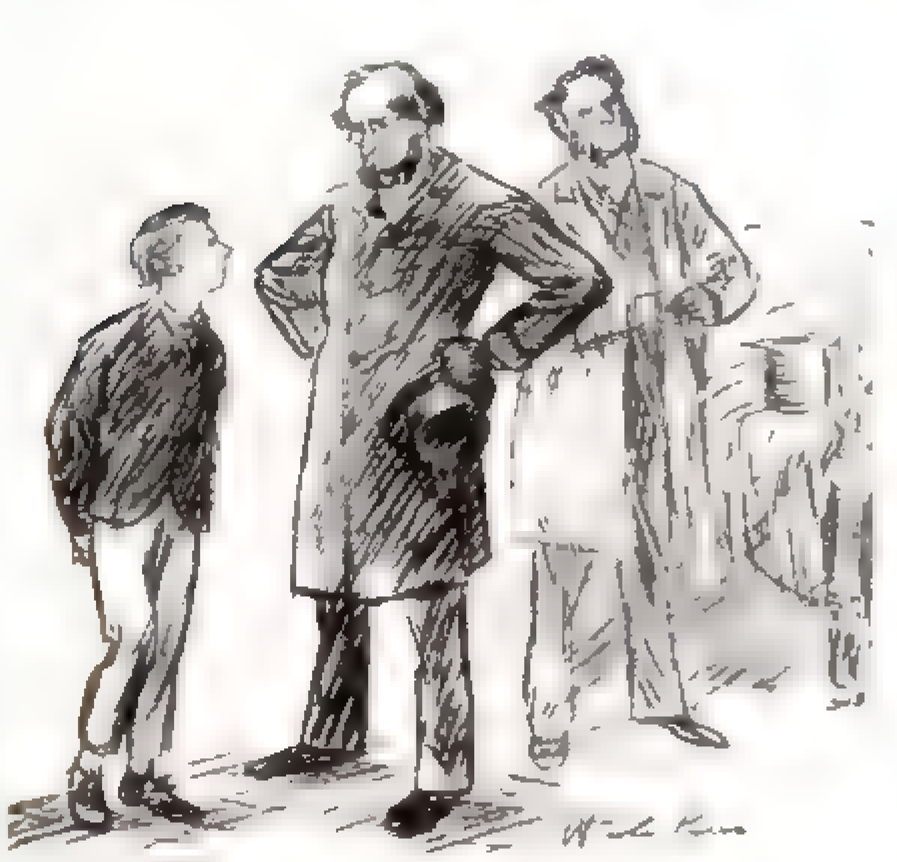


PLUGED HORSE CHESNUTS AT OLD PUTTYS CAT

OCT. 16, 186— today the hole town was full of ministers, most of them had long tailed coats and white necktis. Deekon Gooch came down to the house with 2 of them. aunt Sarah was wating in her best dress and when she saw them coming she said Murder Joanna they is 2 of them, what shall we do, and mother said, mercy sakes what will George say. well the bell rung and i went to the door and asked them in and Deekon Gooch said they was Mister Fernald and Mister Robinson, he said they was his brothers. then Deekon he went off and i showed them to the front room up stairs and one of them asked me if i loved the lord and i said yes sir and he said i was a good boy. and then he asked me if i went to church and sunday school and i said yes sir and he asked me what was the tex last sunday and i said i dident know what tex ment and he said what did he preech from and i said he preeched from the pulpit in church and from the platform in sunday school, and Mister Fernald he began to laff and Mister Robinson he said i woodent laff if i was you brother, and then he said what does the minister say after the first prair and I said o yes i know now, he says we will now take up the usual colection and then Mister Fernald laffed again, then Mister Robinson he asked me how many sisters i had and i said 4 and he asked if they went to church and i said Keene and Cele sing in the quire and Georgie goes but Annie and Frankie and the baby was two little, and then he asked if father went to church and i said not very often, only when Keene and Cele had to sing a duet, and then he asked me what else he did sundays and i said sometimes he made viniger down celler and sometimes he went over to see John Adams hens or down to Gim Melchers shop or up to Hirum Gilmores, and he said it is very deplooribie is it not, brother and Mister Fernald he laffed again and said he gessed he better not ask me any more questions, and perhaps my father woodent like to have me tell all about him, and i said father wasent afrade, and he said he dident give much for ministers ennyway and then Mister Fernald laffed as hard as he cood and Mister Robinson looked mad, then we went down stairs and they shook hands with mother and aunt Sarah, and Mister Robinson he set down by aunt Sarah and asked her about the church and prair meetings and why she dident always go and lots of things like that, and Mister Fernald he got the baby in his lap and he talked to mother about the children and told us stories and he was jest buly. then bimeby father he came home and he shook hands with them and he said he was glad to see them whitch was a auful lie. then mother said super was ready and we all went in to super and father kept talking and telling stories until mother said George and looked at him, and he shet up and turned red and then Mister Robinson began to pray and all of us kept still but Georgie who began to gigle, and mother looked scowly at her and she shet up two. then father looked at mother and winked and i had to put my hand over my mouth. mother she almost laffed to, and Mister Robinson he kept on praying till bimeby Frankie he said Mama i wish that man wood stop and Mister Fernald he began to coff i bet he wanted to laff. well ennyway Mister Robinson he stoped. then father helped them to chicking and bisket and gelly and coffy and everything and then he helped us and we all begun to eat and bimeby Annie said we have got some napkins tonite, and Frankie said we have got some little plates to put the butter on, and i saw them first, and Annie said we have got some new goblets two, so there, and Frankie run his tung out at Annie and she made up a face at him, and then father told them to stop and they stoped and mother and aunt Sarah turned red and Mister Robinson he looked auful sollum and Mister Fernald looked funny and then he looked at father and begun to laff and father laffed and then we all laffed as hard as we cood, and Mister Fernald he said, dont mind a bit Missis Shute, I have got children of my own. I like Mister Fernald. after super Frankie and Annie were sent to bed and we went into the parlor and father kept us all laffing telling stories, and then Keene and Cele sung now i lay me down to sleep, and there is a bank on whitch the wild time grows, and Cele sung flow gently sweet Afton and Georgie sung i wood i were a fary queen, and then Mister Robinson wanted us to sing a religious song and we sung shall we gather at the river. then they asked me to sing and i said i coodent and father said before he thought, that boy is bedeviled to play a cornet, then Mister Fernald he said let him play it, it wont hurt him, then father begun to tell some more stories and kept us laffin fit to die, and Mister Fernald he said he hadent laffed so much for years, and he said, to mother, Missis Shute i gess you have a prety good natured husband, and she said yes, and father he said he most never got mad and jest then the bell rung, and Keene went to the door and said that Mister Swane the poliseman wanted to see father and father he went to the door and in a minit we herd him swaring and herd him say it is a dam lie Swane and you know it and then Swane went away and father came in and said that someone had ridden horseback over the concreek sidewalk and they tride to lay it on me. Then it was bedtime and Mister Robinson he prayed some more and he prayed for those who took the name of the Lord in vane, and then we went to bed



ONE OF THEM ASKED ME IF I LOVED THE LORD AND I SAID YES SIR

OCT. 17, 186— Brite and fair. the old ministers has gone. I am glad of it. i liked Mister Fernald but i hated old Robinson. i gess he wont get invited here again. this morning at brekfast he prayed again until the brekfast was most cold and he prayed a good deal about takin the name of the lord in vane and i cood see that mother looked mad but she dident say ennything. bimeby he begun to talk to mother about father having a unfortunate temper, and said his laugage was shocking, and Cele she up and said, i gess my father is as good as you are and Keene stuck out her tung and mother sent them away from the table, and then old Robinson he said i am afrade your children are not well brought up, and mother looked rite at him a minit and then she said, i shood feel very badly if my children shood xcept hospitality from another person and crittisise that person to his face, at all events I cannot submit to have my husband or my children crittisized, and Mister Robinson he dident say ennymore you bet. after brekfast they went away, and Mister Fernald he shook hands with us all and he asked mother to let Cele and Keene come down to shake hands and she did. after they had went mother she gave us a peace of mince pie apeace and we all hoorayed for mother. none of us went to church today

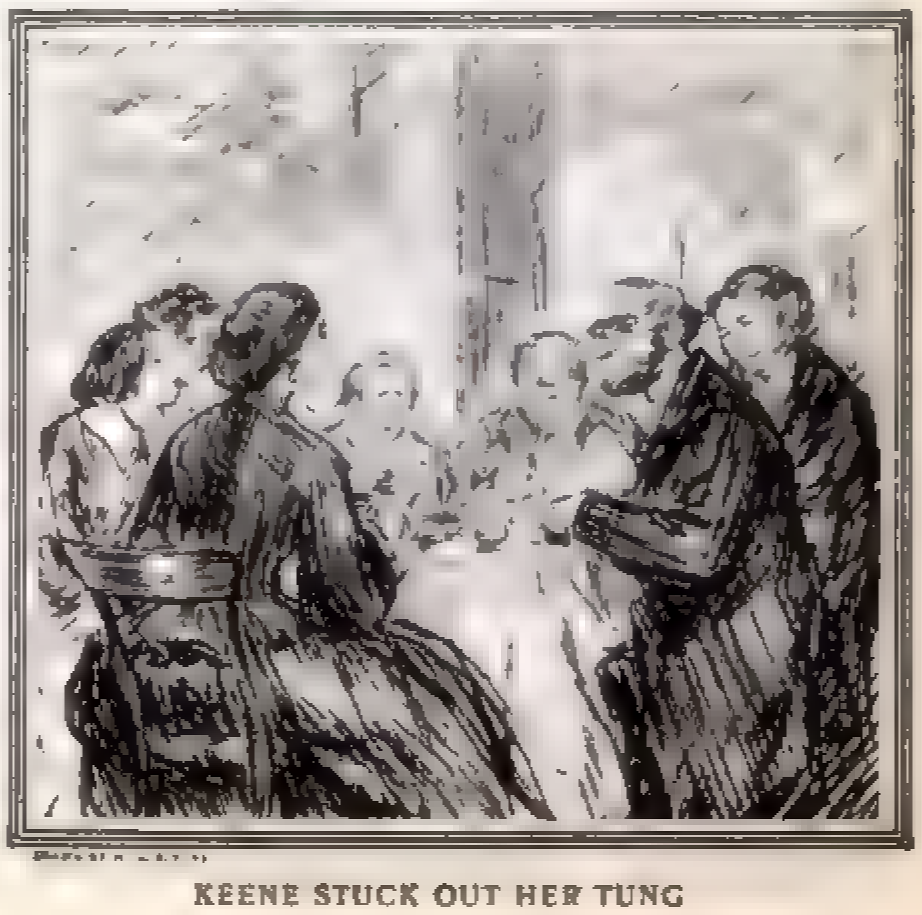
OCT. 18, 186— brite and fair. tonite father borowed Gim Loverings horse and wagun to go riding. Gim said it aught to be greesed? so father asked me to greese the wheals, and then he said i will do it myself, and then i will be sure it will be done rite. so he got the munky rench and the lantern and some lard and went out to greese the wheals, and when he had greesed them he come in and washed his hands and then he went out and told mother not to set up for him and he unhitched the horse and hollered gitap and when the horse started one side of the wagun went down whack and out came father. well he held on to the ranes and stoped the horse and mother said what is the matter, and father said that infernal boy dident screw up the nut and the wheal come of and nearly broke my neck, and as soon as i tie this horse i will give him a good whaling and aunt Sarah said George you greesed the wheals yourself and father said by thunder so i did. then i got the lantern and we looked for the wheal and it was leaning up against the apple tree and father said jest look at that, the wheal ran up to the tree and stoped, and then we hunted round for the nut and we coodent find it and i got down on my gnees and father held the lantern, and Cele and Keene came out and hunted and we coodent find it. bimeby father said he cood put on the wheal and hold it on till he got back to Gims and he lifted up the ex and i went to put on the wheal and there was the nut all screwed on the ex. father had put on the nut but had forgot to put on the wheal and had left the ex resting on the jack. i gess he hadent better say mutch about me.

OCT. 19, 186— I have got a new box of paper collers.

OCT. 20, 186— brite and fair. this afternoon me and Fatty Melcher wirked all the afternoon puting leafs in old Putty Lowjys barn. old Putty said he wood pay us but when we asked him for our pay he said we cood have all the horse chesnuts we wanted. so we got a baskit and picked it full and went back to Fattys and pluged horse chesnuts at old Puttys cat.

OCT. 21, 186— brite and fair. Skinny Bruce and Ben Rundlet got fiting today. old Bandbox Tomson came in to lern us some music and he left his fiddel in the entry and at resess Ben he put some sope on his bow and when old Bandbox tried to play on it he coodent make a squeak. then old Francis asked every feller in school who done it, and when Ben said he dident know who done it old Francis he up and whaled time out of Ben. I gess old Francis see Ben do it. ennyway after school Skinny he hollered Ben how did you like your licking, and Ben he hollered back Skinny Bruce is a redheaded goose, and Skinny he got mad and paisted Ben one in the eye and Ben he give Skinny a side-winder and then they fit from first base to Colbaths barn where Whack got stunted and old Polly Smith came out and said if they dident stop fiting she wood go for the polise, and so they stoped. i bet on Skinny.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



KEENE STUCK OUT HER TUNG

AN AMERICAN IN NEW YORK

By Opie Read

ALONE the Colonel sat in the Turkish room of the Stocks-Bonds Hotel. On a chair beside him were a number of newspapers rumpled into a jagged pyramid, showing that when he put them down the American's manner was not stately or composed. From them he sat back in a deep muse, oblivious of the comely girl who came in lightly to dust about the room, and the fact that to her he paid no attention proved him to be in a most unusual state of mind, for, as he himself was wont to say, the sudden appearance of "calico" always drove away the hawks and supplied their place with gentler birds of thought, the doves of the soul. It will require more of education to prove to the gallant Southerner that all women are not angels than it will to convince the average foreigner that any of them are worthy of that distinction. Once, at a hotel in Denver, a chambermaid was caught by the house detective in the act of robbing the Colonel's room. She was taken to court, a fifty-dollar banknote was found secreted in her sleeve, and the magistrate was about to pass sentence of imprisonment upon her when the Colonel spoke up. "Wait a moment, Judge. Let me see that bill," and when with pretended closeness he had looked at the note he started with surprise and cried out: "Why, this is the one I gave her, and she couldn't have stolen what was already her own."

"The one you gave her," said the magistrate, scratching his head

"Yes — for a debt. You see, my brother used to run a hotel out at Colorado Springs. He failed, on account of sickness, and I might say death — to be exact — to pay his help. He owed this girl — let's see, miss, what is your name?'

"Minnie Watkins," she whimpered.

From his left-hand pistol pocket the Colonel took a notebook, and after turning several leaves, cried out: "Ah, your honor, she is right. Minnie Watkins is the name. I paid her before I verified it, a careless habit I dropped into while engaged in raising cotton in the South, being somewhat busy at the time, and am now pleased to find that she is truthful as well as honest. Now, therefore, your honor, I move you, sir, in the absence of any other business before the house, that the prisoner be honorably discharged."

To this procedure the city prosecuting attorney objected to the extent that it was not in regular process, and upon him the Colonel turned in thunderous wrath. "Sir, is your soul no bigger than a technicality of the law? And, your honor, is justice to be crippled and made to go lame while attorneys indulge the jumping-jack quibblings of a dwarfed understanding? 'No, sir,' cries out the American people, and therefore I insist upon the motion."

The motion was carried, the prisoner discharged, and as the Colonel came up beside her in the street she said to him: "They gave me back the fifty dollars. What must I do with it?"

"Miss, you must retain it to prove that I am not a liar. And remember this: Never catch a gentleman in a lie if you can help it. It not only looks bad, but if by chance he is inclined to be sensitive it might worry him somewhat." He told her that he would talk to the hotel proprietor in her behalf, would demand, in fact, that she should not be discharged; and he did, and when everything had been adjusted he found opportunity to say to her: "My dear — pardon the familiarity, but you must know that financial relations are sometimes the closest of kin — I don't understand how one with so innocent a looking face could be dishonest, and if I were you I should make an attempt to live up to the promises of my countenance. Every lady ought to be honest. If she isn't, how can she expect her husband to be a gentleman?"

The girl promised that she would be honest, even if it killed her, and he replied that he didn't think it would be that bad; and it wasn't, for several years afterward, when he found her the wife of a well-to-do man in Seattle and the presiding genius of a hotel, she appeared never to have suffered from her effort. They were glad to see each other; the Colonel began to talk of old friends whom they had not known in common, of our old Jones and of Miss Elizabeth and the like, and while the reunion was at its height the husband broke in — well, not exactly into the conversation, being a man who seemed to hoard his words, but interrupted the proceedings long enough to hand fifty dollars to the Colonel, who, in an outburst of most gallant surprise, exclaimed:

"And may I ask what this is for?"

The husband blinked as if the sun were in his eyes, and said: "Money my wife owed you when you worked for her in Denver."

He dropped back, to hoard up his words, and the wife, being more extravagant, gushed forth: "Oh, it's all right, Colonel. I told him all about it even before he gave me a position of trust — noticed that I was successful in my attempt to be honest, and about six months afterward he got together words enough to ask me to be his wife." The husband blinked as if he had reached the summit of the greatest joke of his life, the very Pike's Peak of humor; but the Colonel hemmed and hawed, believing that he ought to say something appropriate, and finally he remarked: "Madam, if he knows all about it there is no further need of polite disguise, and now permit me to say that I am convinced you took the money to administer to the distress of a mother or of some other near relative"

"No," she spoke up; "I wanted to buy a cloak with it. Every other woman appeared to have one, and I felt that I had been cheated; but I know now that such a garment would freeze me, and I thank you for my ability to keep warm."

"Warm," said the husband, throwing away a word that he had intended to keep. She was standing beside him at the time, and affectionately she ran her hand through his brush-broom hair, and a ring on her finger gleamed like a glowworm in the autumn grass. It was but natural that this should make a deep impression upon the Colonel, and he went his way, glad when he thought of the part he had played in the little drama. And it was natural, too, that this experience should in the future soften him toward all women accused of crime, if indeed he could be made softer than he was, and it is undeniably responsible for his creed that all women are honest, more or less, according to the degree of fascination in which they are held by cloaks and other articles of finery. He often declared that no woman would steal without sufficient cause, or without what she honestly believed was sufficient cause; that she was not naturally depraved, but was irresistibly influenced by the gorgeous appearance of her more fortunate sisters, that her sisters were gorgeous to please man, and that, therefore, man was the cause of it all.

So when the Colonel did not look up from his set-eyed abstraction upon the coming of the chambermaid something unwonted must have arisen to throw him deep down into a state of forgetfulness. The girl was disappointed, as she was accustomed to receive a tip whenever she smiled at the American, and she coughed, a modest little distress she had cultivated for the Colonel's benefit, but he did not look up. She went out, wondering what the matter could be; and then along came a doctor, not the house physician, but a man who had practiced in New York years ago, who had married a wealthy girl, lost her money in speculation, and who now made a show of prosperity by appearing regularly at the Stocks-Bonds. He knew the Colonel well — that is, as well as a man of his pretentious stamp cares to know one not belonging to the golden circle — and he halted and spoke to the American. With a flounce the Colonel tumbled out of his muse, arose, dusted his trousers, a habit the Southerner has from his long continued custom of sitting upon the stumps and stones of his plantation, grasped the Doctor by the hand and shook it with fervor. "Doctor," said he, "I beg your pardon for not seeing you sooner. Sit down."

Editor's Note — This is the fourth of a series of papers by Mr. Read. The next will appear in an early number.

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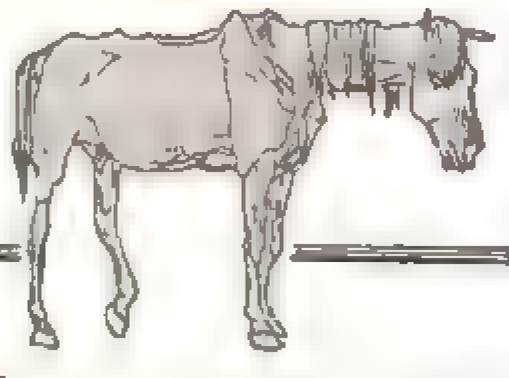

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Detroit, Mich

The Doctor said that he was very, very kind, sat down and inquired as to how the world was using him, which meant if he were well in London and New York. The Colonel said that he was well, or would be in America, but that as he was still a stranger in New York he didn't know exactly how he felt. This was a humor too sly for the Doctor, for no matter how refined the New Yorker may be, there are little sun glints of drollery too delicate for him. This was not always so, and it has come latterly from his habit of cultivating British dullness.

"You seemed just now to be completely in the possession of some hypnotic force," said the Doctor, and the Colonel snorted and swore that he had been. "Look here," said he, shaking his fist at the pile of newspapers. "Look at these things that some people call the leading newspapers of America. There are five of them, and out of the hundreds of columns there is scarcely a word about America. Look at this one: five columns on the first page from London — parties, receptions, scandals of dukes and lords; three-quarters of a column about a storm in Devonshire where no one was mortally hurt, and only a few lines given to a town out West completely destroyed by the wind."

The Doctor smiled. "Newspapers print what they have reason to know will please their readers," said he.

"Yes," cried the Colonel, "and they have been educated to want foreign stuff. How can you expect people to be patriotic when they know nothing about their own country?"

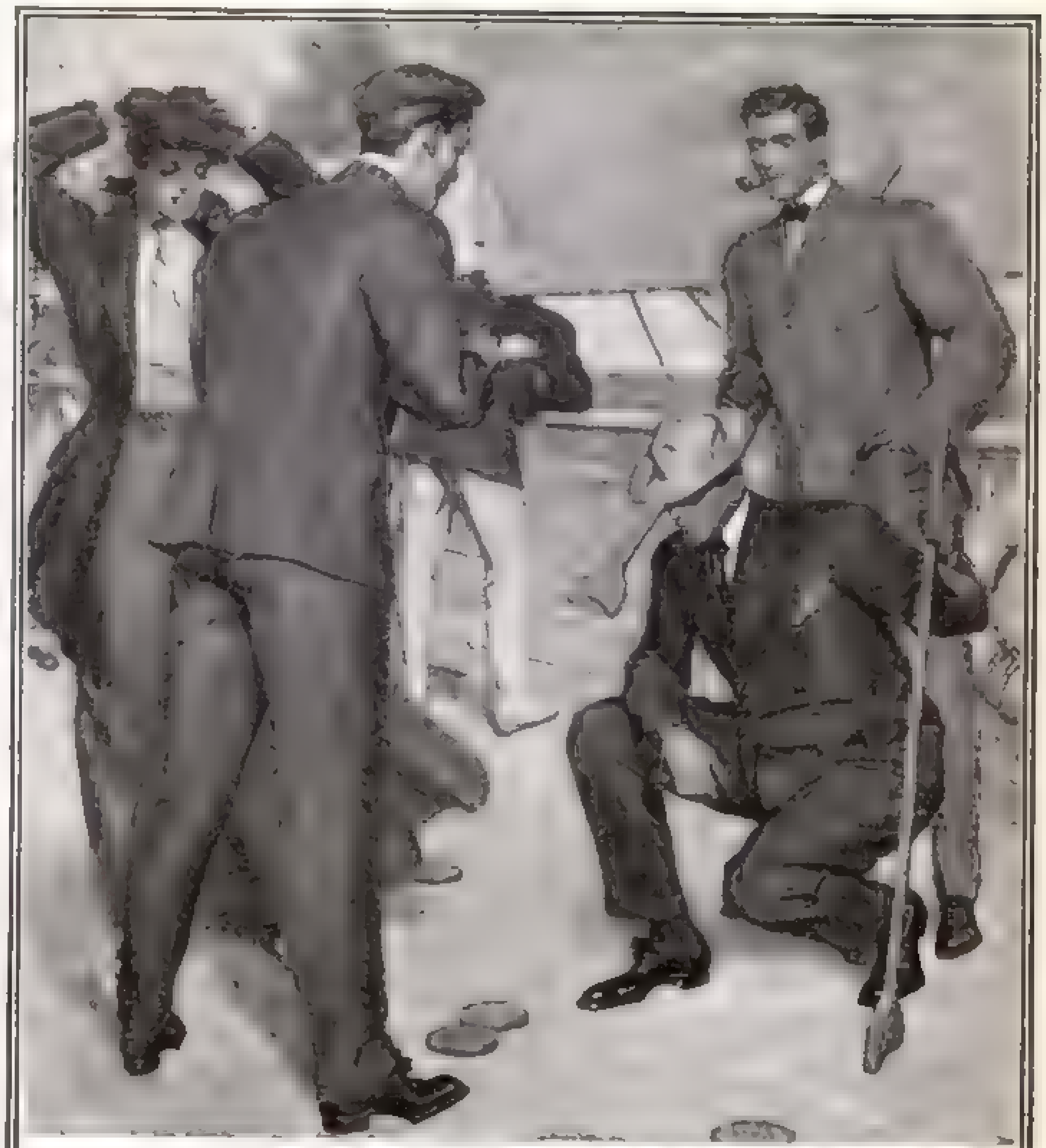
The Doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, patriotism," said he, "is a mere matter of narrowness. It is an evidence of the fact that a man has not traveled. Indeed, you might say that it is a lack of education. To be what is usually known as a patriot one must believe that his country, his home, is the best spot on earth, and that his friends and neighbors are the best people in the world. Traveling dispels that notion."

The Colonel clapped his hand over his mouth to keep from roaring. "And, sir, when a man travels he must make it an object to find that all other countries are better than his own, and that the country which is most aristocratic is the one most worthy of imitation."

"Not necessarily," the Doctor yawned. "But I should like to ask if it isn't well to imitate the one that has the most experience in the affairs of life and is therefore the most remote from crudity?"

"I grant you," cried the Colonel, "that is, if we are to imitate at all — but why imitate? Isn't it shallow and a sign of inherent weakness to strive toward a catching of what others possess, only in so far as we can copy their wisdom and their virtue? But isn't it a fact that when we copy we find that we have gathered only a foolish harvest of foibles? America is great to-day not because she has aped but because she is original. And though out in America we have a most profound admiration for respectability, yet we have learned to know that a man is not respectable or wise or a useful citizen simply because he is the offshoot of a family that was prominent in society. I have had a few of my own prejudices knocked on the head, and I have learned that work and accomplishment are the true virtues of civilization. But in this town the boast is not of work but of a class that scorns employment, both of the hands and of the mind. I hear your people speaking of a gentleman as in distinction from one who has something to do. In England it isn't quite that bad. A statesman has much to do and may still be rated as a gentleman, but here he would find that he belonged to a class a little lower than the inheritors of wealth and of idleness. Some of the newspapers, knowing this, print news they believe to be especially interesting to that class, and they are right in their judgment, for nothing of truly an American nature could arouse them to the activity of more than a passing comment. Sir," and the Colonel began to walk up and down the room, "you regard the Government patronage of this town as of more importance than all the affairs in Washington, and many of you cast your votes accordingly. I met a well-known politician the other day who boasted that he had never been West. Has ignorance become a virtue, and is your blue-book rating of a man governed by his narrowness of view?"

"Sit down, Colonel. You people from the outside take yourselves too seriously. You've got a sort of intellectual indigestion. Mountains and alkali water have made you nervous, and you look at New York with your accustomed grain of sand in the eye. There may be some truth in your wrath. In



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Suits like these $12.50 to $20.00; our Style Book shows other clothes; sent for six cents

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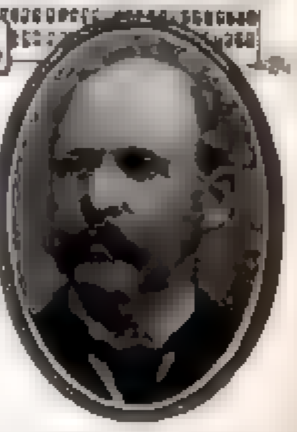

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W. L. Douglas High-Grade Boys' Shoes, $2.00 and $1.75

Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his $3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded everywhere to be the finest patent leather yet produced.

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Is where you save time, bother, danger, work.

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Safety Razor
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Guaranteed to shave all faces under all conditions. [illegible] Twelve [illegible] double-edged blades [illegible] with each razor; each one will give an average of twenty smooth, satisfactory shaves. When one gets dull put in another; when all are dull we sharpen and return them all ready to use for fifty cents.

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Forty edges ready to use with each [illegible] get one four hundred shaves. No guards to fasten, no pulling, no scraping. You can shave yourself in the time used to reach the [illegible] Write for **free descriptive booklet.** Sold direct if not carried by your dealer. Money refunded if you are not satisfied after 30 days trial. **References:** Continental National Bank, Chicago, Dun and Bradstreet Agencies

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Thousands of ladies in every section of the United States purchase from us every season [illegible] styles are [illegible] materials are the latest [illegible] that can be desired.

One lady who has [illegible] several years writes:

"I have been so perfectly satisfied with the suits I have had from you that I am ENTIRELY FREE NOW FROM THE DREAD OF SHOPPING FOR A SUIT. It is so easy to sit down and drop a few lines, choose samples and a style and then with a little measuring and another letter I am ready to fold my hands and wait. My suit which I bought last Spring served all Winter and is almost as fresh as new."

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Tailored Suits,	$8 to $50
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Rainy-day Suits and Skirts, Light Weight Jackets, Rain Coats, etc.

We prepay express charges to any part of the United States.

Our stock of materials contains all the newest fabrics imported for this season, [illegible] light weight materials particularly adapted for the Summer season.

We Make Everything to Order, Nothing Ready-Made

Our perfect system of making garments from measurements sent us by mail, affords entire relief from the usual dressmaking troubles.

You make your selection from our catalogue and samples, send us your measurements taken according to our new and simple diagram and we will guarantee to fit you.

If a garment which we make for you is not entirely satisfactory, return it promptly and we will refund your money.

Write to-day for catalogue No. 61 and a selected line of samples of the newest materials; you will get them free by return mail. When requesting samples [illegible] state [illegible] and **about the price you desire to pay for your garment,** we will send a full assortment of just what you wish.

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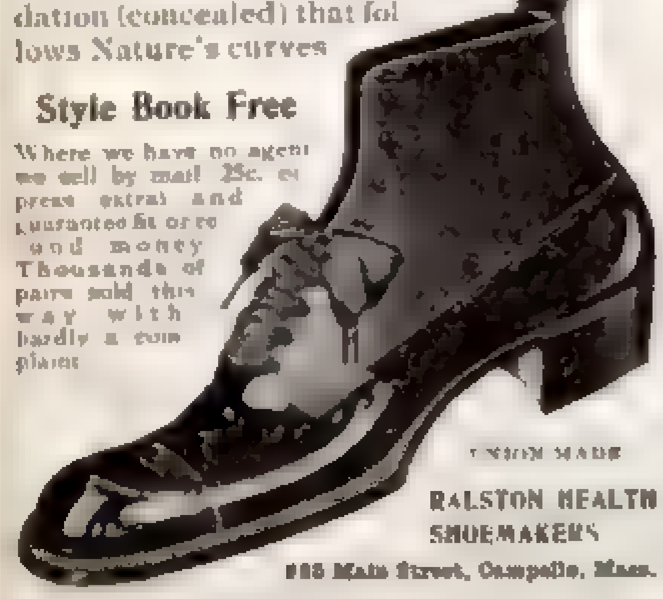
Your Sole is a Net-work of Nerves

The smallest object in a shoe is unbearable. The ordinary shoe must be "broken in." In the

Ralston HEALTH Shoes $4.

the sole is so constructed that the foot lies on a shaped foundation (concealed) that follows Nature's curves.



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Patent Corona Colt Kid used in all our Patent Shoes

O'Sullivan Rubber Heels are now described as the missing link between wings and shoes. Their buoyancy is due to the elasticity of new rubber. 35 cents, and small sum for attaching. Buy of your dealer, or

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., LOWELL, MASS.

all madness there is truth, just as there is a sort of philosophy in all religion. But you are compelled to go away from New York, feeling that here is where the heart of the nation beats."

"Sir," exclaimed the Colonel, "this is a gambling house, and in such places the heart does beat fast, I tell you. I remember a fellow named Brady that came into Deadwood. He had with him a small bag of Black Hills gold, and he had nerves of steel wire. From the very start he began to win. They changed dealers on him time and again, but luck was with him. Sitting beside him was a man that had lost everything. He tried to follow Brady's bets, but lost just the same. After a while he shoved back and said: 'Well, I'm broke.' That wasn't an announcement so startling as to cause any unusual excitement—i' gad, I was broke myself, but said nothing about it. But this chap kept on insisting that he was done for. A Chinaman stood behind him, and the dealer said to him, 'Git up and let the *gentleman* sit down.' The fellow looked around and saw the Chinaman, and as he arose remarked to the dealer: 'I'll take that, as I'm broke, but if I had ten dollars I'd maul you for it.' Brady did not look up, but reaching back he said: 'Here's ten. Maul him.' The fellow took the ten, bought chips with it, and then struck the dealer a blow between the eyes and tumbled him out of the chair. But that made no difference, as it was about time to change dealers again. For a time the unlucky chap won, but along came a swipe that swept him off the board. 'Pardner, you seem to be pretty well fixed,' he said to Brady.

"'Yep; doing fairly well.'

"'You don't know me, do you?'

"'Hope not,' said Brady.

"'Well, a man can know a good many worse fellows than I am.'

"'Well, he might,' said Brady. 'What's your name—at the present?'

"'Joe Cates. Ever hear of me?'

"'Might have.'

"'Ever hear of me strong enough to lend me a hundred?'

"'No; my hearing ain't that good since I had the yaller janders.'

"'How about fifty?'

"'Good-night,' said Brady. But the fellow wouldn't go. It's harder to pull up the white oak sapling that the little black bull whets his horn against than it is to jerk a fellow out of a gambling house as long as even the vaguest hope tells him that there's a chance to get back into the game, and he continued to stand there. Brady asked him if he had anything he could put up. 'No,' he said: 'I've lost everything. Wish I hadn't stopped here. Was on my way through this wolf-den to git married out about fifty miles beyond. Had to stop to get the license.'

"'Got it with you now?' Brady inquired, and the fellow said he had. Brady took the license, and as he was throwing his eye on the document the fellow said: 'You ought to have sentiment enough about you to let me have at least a hundred on that piece of paper.' Brady studied a while, paying no attention to the game, and said, 'Yes, marriage is a lottery, and this is the ticket.' Then he added: 'I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you have a hundred if you'll agree to give me this paper and give me the option on your life if you go back to the clerk and get out another draft of the same statement.'

"'I love the girl,' the fellow moaned, and Brady held forth the paper, but he didn't take it. 'Give me the hundred,' he said, and Brady gave him the chips. The deal went on, but Brady didn't play long after that. He cashed in, and as he and I were going along the street he said to me: 'Didn't give myself away when I looked at that license, did I?'

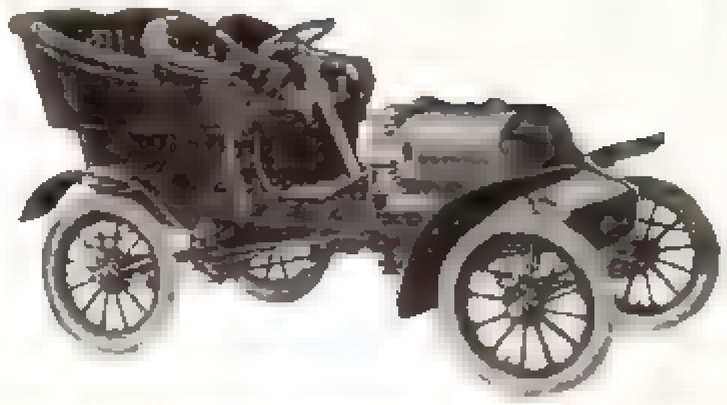
"'How?' I asked.

"'Didn't start nor nothing?'

"'No. What makes you ask?'

"'Why, as soon as I looked at the document I saw that the lout was going to marry my sister. And as I've got the drop on him I reckon I've saved her a lifetime of trouble.' And it turned out to be a fact, for this fellow, Joe Cates, was as woolly a scoundrel as ever crossed a sheep ranch; murdered a pedler, sir, and I had the pleasure of reading an exceedingly well written account of the ceremonies incident to his hanging.

"What became of Brady's sister? Well, some time later I met her in Denver, at a hotel, but didn't know who she was until several years afterward. At the time I met her she called herself Minnie Watkins, and she is now the fortunate wife of a hotel man who has as few words as the protagonist of a



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That part is easy to prove. Anyone can see that doing away with the weight and complication of the water-cooling system, gets more speed and better hill-climbing out of your horse-power. Not quite so easy to prove why *Franklin* motor-cars are more flexible, easier to manage and keep in order, have less vibration, and more joy than any other motor-car. But the proof is there—and the car shows the facts without question.

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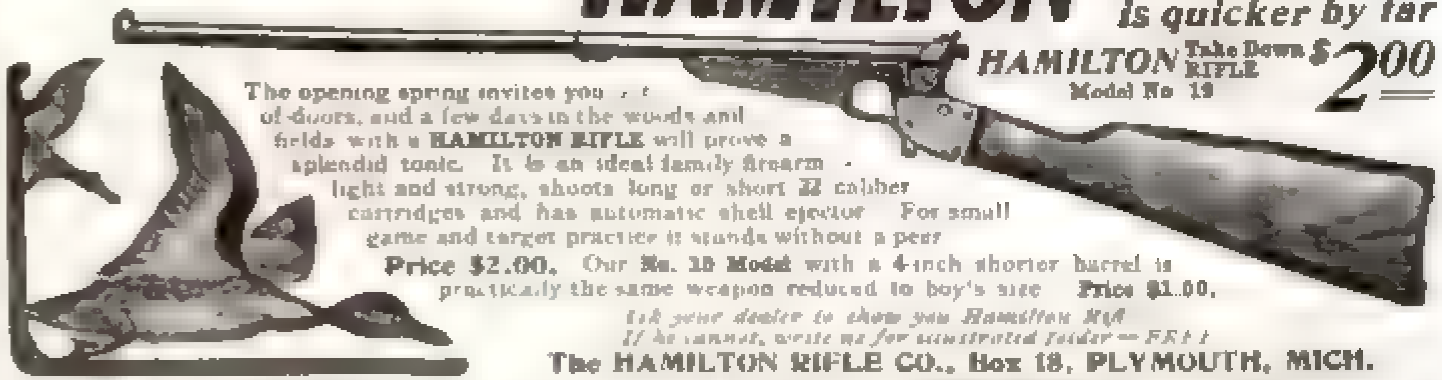
Tho' their flight be as swift as a falling star THE **HAMILTON RIFLE** *is quicker by far*



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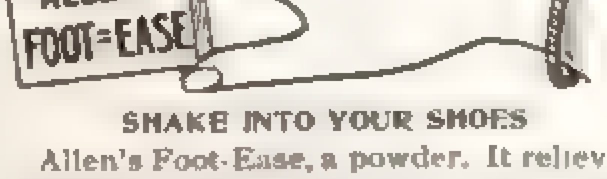

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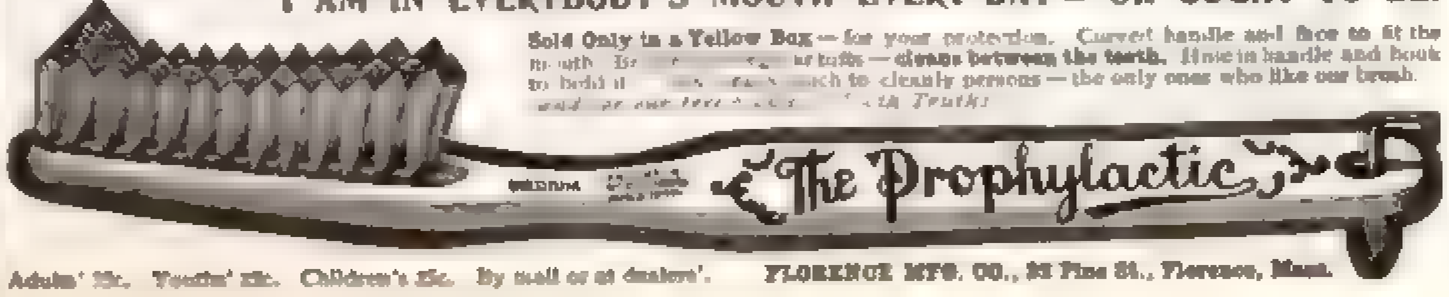
I AM IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH EVERY DAY—OR OUGHT TO BE.

Sold Only in a Yellow Box—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. [illegible] tufts—**cleans between the teeth.** Hole in handle and hook to hold it. [illegible] much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush. *[illegible] Truths*



Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers'. FLORENCE MFG. CO., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

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RADCLIFFE Shoes are the equal in service—more than the equal in shapeliness and beauty of shoes that cost a dollar more. That extra dollar brings nothing extra to the wearer. A woman won to RADCLIFFE through the price is held thereafter by beauty, style and comfort. Ask for them at your dealers or write for *free* Style Book

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A Shoe for dress occasions.

$2,500
TO BE GIVEN AWAY
149 prizes to be awarded as follows:
Capital prize $500.00
One prize $300.00 5 prizes $50.00 each
" " 200 00 10 " 25.00 "
" " 100 00 50 " 10.00 "
Eighty prizes $5.00 each

These prizes will be given to those ladies making the nearest estimate to the number of Kid Skins used by THE RADCLIFFE SHOE CO. in the manufacture of [illegible] to June 1st, 1904. In the same time the previous year 253,352 skins were used. The one making nearest estimate [illegible]. Should more than one person make the same estimate, then the prize to which they are entitled shall be divided equally between them.

In order to compete for these prizes it will be necessary to [illegible] RADCLIFFE SHOES [illegible] estimate on an addressed card which the dealer selling the shoes will hand you. Place one cent stamp on card and mail as addressed.

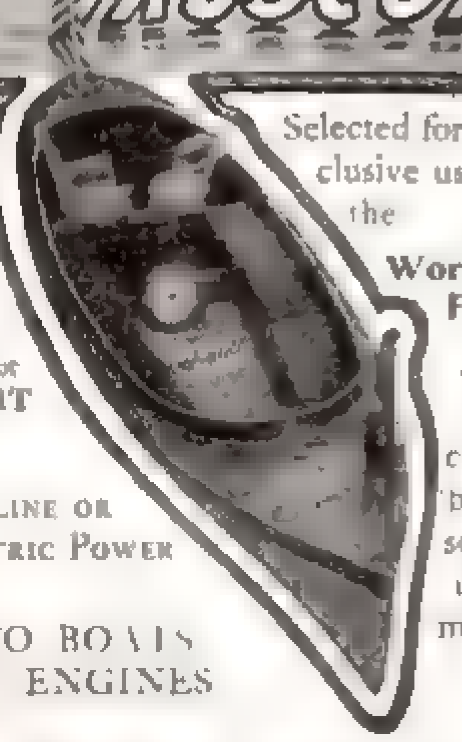
For every pair of RADCLIFFE SHOES bought you get the [illegible] estimate. [illegible] to June 1st, 1904; prizes will be paid July 1st.

Names of winners will be published in magazines coming out in August, 1904.

If your dealer does not carry them write us and we will send Style Book [illegible] where you can get the RADCLIFFE $2.50 SHOES.

THE RADCLIFFE SHOE COMPANY
Dept. 20, Boston, Mass.

The Peerless TRUSCOTT



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pantomime. Brady was quite a character, first and last, and I hear that he's going to bring out a book of his sermons pretty soon. Yes, he is a preacher, and he makes sinners think that it is a constant show-down, and I reckon it is. But that has nothing to do with our argument, and I beg your pardon for drifting off. A man who is a citizen of a country and is not proud of it is not entitled to share in the glory of his nation. When you speak of New York as America, as the Parisian speaks of Paris as being France, you are ridiculous. You set no fashions, but get your customs from abroad."

"Not all, Colonel, for in some things you must admit that we are original."

"Yes; in a very few things, and in justice to you I must make a correction of the statement that your social customs are foreign. A few of them have been most strikingly original, such, for instance, as the tailoring of a monkey into the semblance of a man and making him the guest of honor at a dinner. It is not recorded that London was ever so wantonly new, and we may with certainty set it down as a fact that Paris would not indulge in so fitting a parody upon its own physique. Sir, I am told that where there is great wealth there must also be great eccentricity, and this reminds me that it was a Frenchman and not a monkey who said that monarchies are ruined by poverty and republics by wealth. And I wish to observe that when wealth becomes so aimless and so thoughtless as to be eccentric it is almost a moral criminal. And with her wealth, is it New York's province to ruin the republic? I know that such questions are ancient, but ancient Commonwealths were ruined. I don't know what you adhere to, sir, but out in the 'broad bosomed air' of true America we still believe in the immortality of the soul."

"Crude," yawned the Doctor.

"We believe in the eternal life of the beautiful."

"Of the prairie dog," said the Doctor.

"Ah, and that is the way you answer all of our arguments, sir."

"No, not all," said the Doctor. "The fact is that New York doesn't make a pretense of answering half of the questions put to her by—well, let us say, the provinces. And that is a term that sticks in the crop of you out-of-towners. But before you rage against me, let me ask if all barbarians who went to Rome didn't criticise her?"

"And let me ask if all of them didn't have cause?"

"But, Colonel, haven't you made friends in New York?"

"Friends? Sir, I haven't made even an enemy."

The American strode out of the room, scowled at the dustgirl who coughed pathetically for a tip, repented, gave her twenty-five cents, and went away grumbling; but his mutterings were more like the humming of an old tune than a complaint, and he went out into the street to be jostled and shouted at and to ponder over the past, the sunlight on the meadow and of the moon gleaming on the path that ran down to the murmuring spring so many years ago.

* * *

Only a Pair

IN HIS early practice Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, the eminent New York specialist, one day received a letter from a man living in a remote part of Connecticut. The writer explained that he was afflicted with growing deafness, and that a summer visitor to the neighborhood had suggested his going to New York and consulting Doctor Roosa. After describing the symptoms the man ended by asking what was the probable nature of his trouble. Doctor Roosa suspected from the tone of the communication that the case was not for him, but he of course replied, advising the man to consult a local physician, and adding in answer to his direct inquiry, "From what you say I should presume that your difficulty arises from a diseased condition of the middle ear."

Two days later the doctor found this among his mail:

> *Dear Sir:* Yours received and contents noted. What do you take me for—a ring-streaked willipus-wallipus? You talk about my middle ear; how many ears do you think I've got—three? or five? My ears may be pretty long, and I guess they are, or I wouldn't be writing to no New York doctor for advice, but I'd have you to understand that I've got just two of them, and no more, like other folks, so there ain't no middle one. Don't get fresh!

A Wing Style. 45 Other Styles to Select From

The WING PIANO

"For 36 Years a Standard Piano"

Sold From the Factory at Wholesale Price

Save from $100 to $200 We make the Wing Piano and sell it ourselves. It goes direct from our factory to your home. We do not employ any agents or salesmen, and do not sell through dealers or retail stores. When you buy the Wing Piano you pay the actual cost of making it and our one small wholesale profit. This profit is small because we sell thousands of pianos yearly. Most retail stores sell no more than twelve to twenty pianos yearly, and must charge from $100 to $200 profit on each. Think for yourself, they cannot help it.

Sent on Trial We will send any Wing Piano to any part of the United States on trial. We pay freight in advance and do not ask for any advance payment or deposit. If the piano is not satisfactory after twenty days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense. You pay us nothing unless you keep the piano. There is absolutely no risk or expense to you. Old instruments taken in exchange.
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NO MONEY IN ADVANCE
EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS

Instrumental Attachment imitates perfectly the tones of the mandolin, guitar, harp, zither and banjo. Music written for these instruments with and without piano accompaniment can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by a [illegible]. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us and it cannot be had in any other piano. Beware of imitations.

In 36 Years over 38,000 Pianos We refer to over 38,000 satisfied purchasers in every part of the United States. Wing Pianos are guaranteed for twelve years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material.

Prominent Purchasers United States Governor Sayres of Texas, Governor Longino of Mississippi, Governor Bliss of Michigan, United States Senator Cameron, General W. R. Miles, Supreme Court Justice James, are among those who endorse the Wing Piano.

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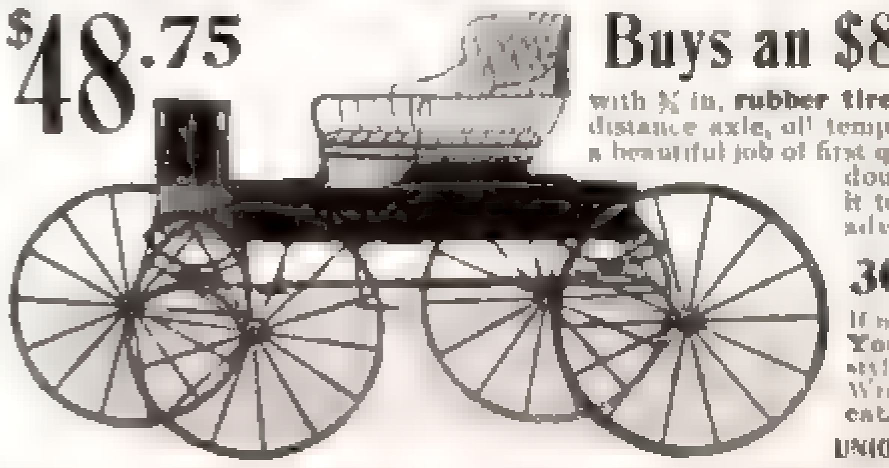

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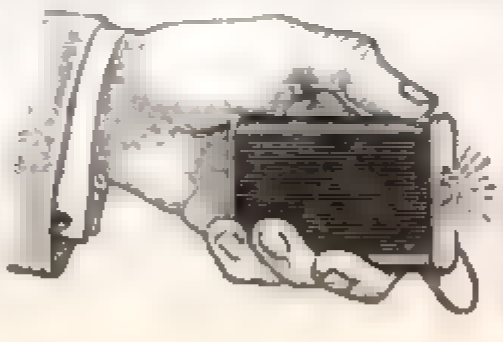

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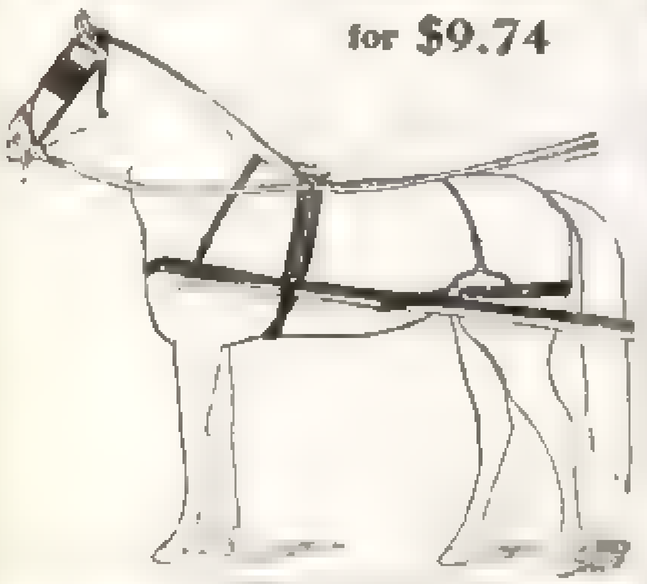

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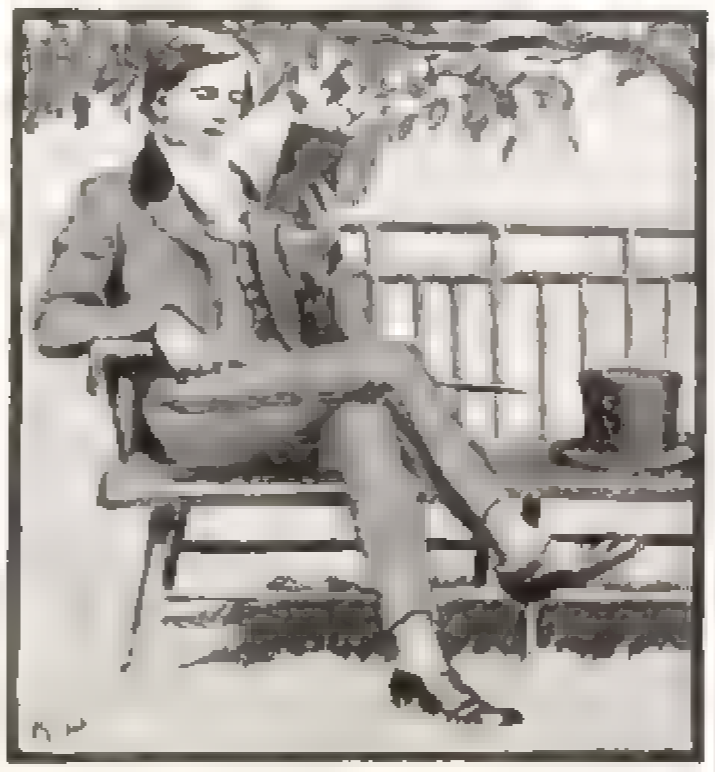

A RARE EDITION—Eugene Field owned the only expurgated edition of Felicia Hemans' poems.

¶ One of Eugene Field's favorite jokes, out of a long repertoire, was to enter a bookstore where he was not known, call for the proprietor, and then in a solemn, almost sepulchral, manner ask for a copy of an expurgated edition of Mrs. Hemans' poems. On the bookseller's reply that he had never heard of such a thing Field would look at him with an expression of mingled sadness, surprise and mild indignation, and then solemnly stalk out.

One day, a few years after going to Chicago, he visited Milwaukee and chanced to fall in with his newspaper friend, George Yenowine. They were walking along the street when Yenowine suddenly halted in front of a bookshop and said:

"Eugene, the proprietor of this place is the most serious man I ever knew. He never saw a joke in his life. Wouldn't it be a good chance to try again for that expurgated Mrs. Hemans?"

Without a word Field entered, his friend staying outside, asked for the proprietor, who certainly appeared to be all that Yenowine had pictured him, and then made the usual request.

"That is a rather scarce book," came the reply. "Are you prepared to pay a fair price for it?"

For just a second Field was taken aback, then he said: "Certainly, certainly. I—I know it's rare."

The man stepped to a case, took out a cheaply bound volume, and handed it to Field, saying: "The price is five dollars."

Field took it nervously, opened to the title-page, and read in correct print:

THE POEMS OF MRS. FELICIA HEMANS

Selected and Arranged, with All Objectionable Passages Excised

By George Yenowine

Editor of Isaac Watts for the Home, The Fireside Hannah More, etc

with the usual publisher's name and date at the bottom.

Field glanced up at the bookseller. He stood there the very picture of sad solemnity. "I'll take it," said Field faintly, producing the money. Outside Yenowine was missing. At his office the boy said that he had just left, saying that he was going to Standing Rock, Dakota, to keep an appointment with Sitting Bull. Field took the first train for Chicago. On the way a careful examination of his purchase showed that the original title-page had been removed and the present one skillfully inserted.

A LITTLE GARRISON—The book that won its author six months' imprisonment and dismissal from the German army.

¶ The English translation of A Little Garrison (translated by Wolf von Schierbrand: *Frederick A. Stokes Company*) was not brought out until January of this year. By that time we already knew a good deal about it. The author, Lieutenant Fritz von der Kyrburg, who had hidden under the pen name of Bilse, had been discovered, court-martialed, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and dismissal from the service "for libeling his superior and commanding officers by the publication of writings in a peculiarly offensive

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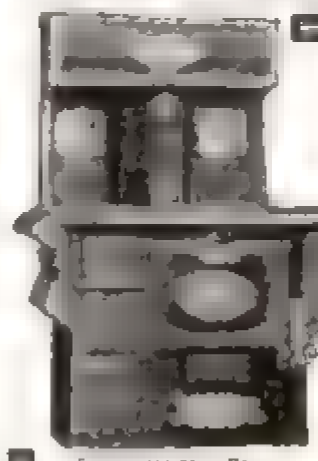

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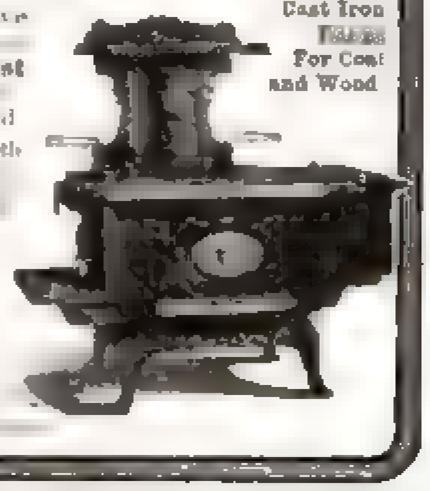

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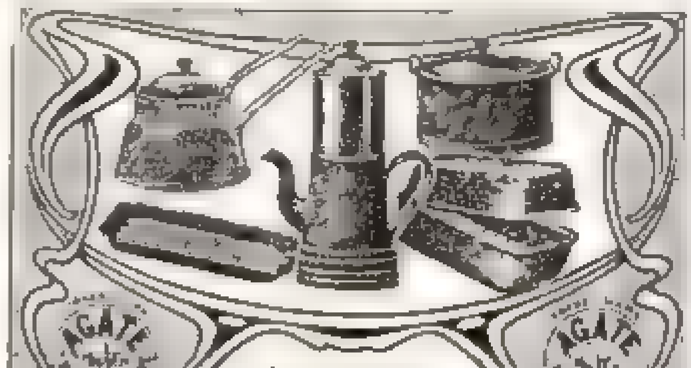

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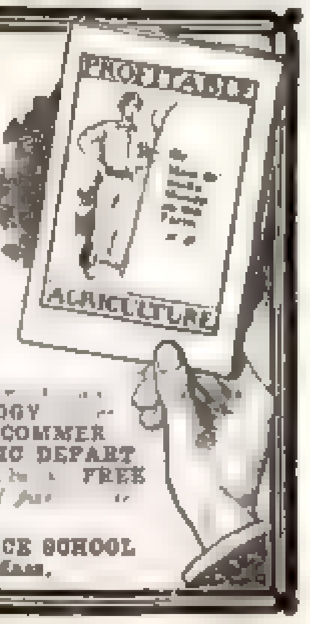

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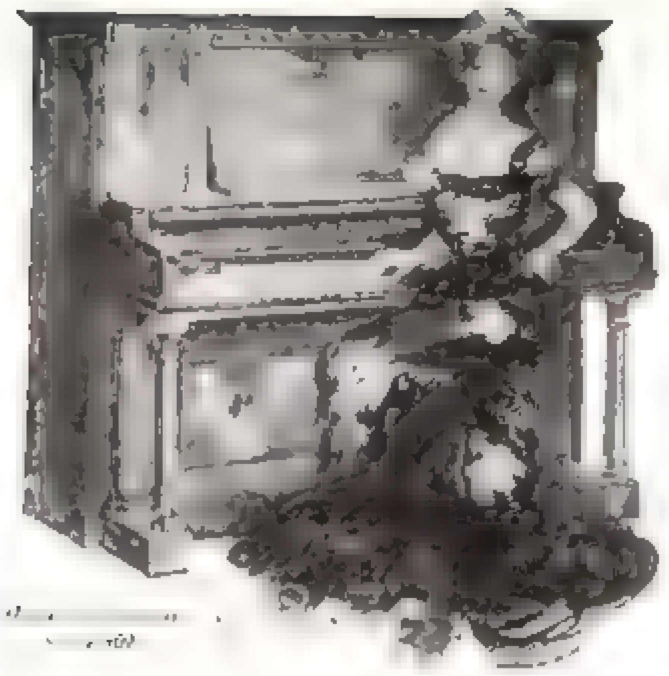

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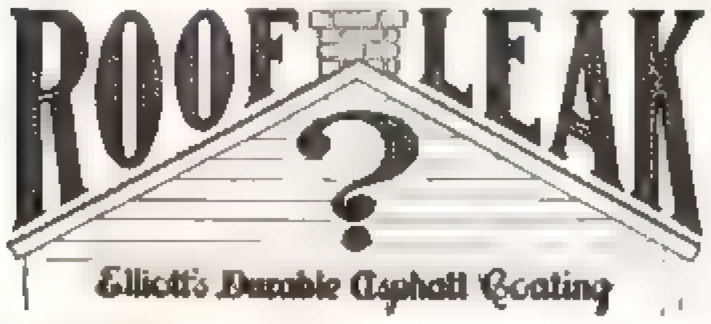

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and damaging form, and also for a breach of regulations." The regulations forbid that any officer shall publish under any other than his true name

Not all the details of the trial were made public, but even such as were not withheld attracted grave notice in the press, became subject of serious debate in the Reichstag, and found immediate and eager notice in France, Russia, Austria, Italy and at home We knew from the news dispatches and the foreign journals of some of this, but the translator — who will be remembered for a recent work in two imposing volumes on Germany — supplements it with an independent estimate of the true and permanent significance of Lieutenant Bilse's book, apart from the immediate notoriety of the trial and sentence. On that subject he is better qualified to speak with authority than will be the most part of his critics. He believes that the low moral tone of the book — the gambling, hard drinking, loose living, arrogance and cruelty to subordinates, scandal-mongering, fortune-hunting and money-lending — is reflective of actual conditions in army life at many posts, more especially the frontier posts, where the traditional garrison boredom settles and sours. Certain unsavory details the translator has suppressed. The book, as now presented, has nothing to appeal to prurient minds. There is nothing salacious about it. It is simply the picture — there is very little story — of unpleasant conditions unsparingly revealed. It has no literary charm, there is nothing to show the artist in it, but for that very reason, perhaps, it is more effective as documentary evidence of the inward corruption that history has always shown to overtake great armies in the sloth of peace

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The Man Who Pleases and The Woman Who Charms, by John A. Cone (from the same publisher), is one of those useful little books in everybody's way. No man learns to speak correctly from the grammar but from the associations of his childhood, and good breeding is not taught in the schools. They tell an excellent story of a woman who came into her riches with more suddenness than grace and promptly ordered a brougham from the oldest and best maker of the town. It was delivered complete in every particular — even to a manual of etiquette in the little rack where the cardcase goes. . . . No, courtesy is the one rule of good breeding, and courtesy is an attitude of mind, not a code. As for the minor usages of good society, like Topsy they have "jest growed," and to grow into them by contact is the only way to learn them

THE THEORY OF INVESTMENT AND SPECULATION — An analytical handbook of practice and precept.

¶ Any adequate review of The Theory of Investment and Speculation, by Rollin E Smith, would necessitate a philosophical disquisition of at least the length of one of Mill's chapters. It would not have the brilliancy of Mill, and if it had, this is not the place for it to shine

The book itself is on a subject that receives too little consideration, and is of a nature to appeal to practical men. The author is a member of the Chicago Board of Trade and the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, and publishes under his own imprint at Minneapolis.

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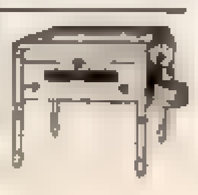

Practical Points in Business Correspondence

BY FORREST CRISSEY

IN RECENT years business correspondence has expanded to imposing proportions. From a comparatively simple and direct task it has grown, in its larger development, to a vast and complex agency for the discharge of affairs demanding the application of those principles of method and system which have been essential in bringing other phases of modern commercial life to their present high state of development. This expansion of business correspondence, however, has been so rapid that, generally speaking, it has not received the serious and practical study it deserves and demands. Consequently, it has been the field for much haphazard effort, blind groping and costly experimenting.

The old-time merchant wrote his own letter in a methodical, careful manner. Upon what he said his distant correspondent would base actions that might involve serious consequence if wrongly interpreted. He realized that he must make his statements complete, clear and comprehensive, because, owing to distance and the uncertainty and infrequency of mails, too much valuable time would be lost if it again became necessary to exchange letters to elucidate obscure or ambiguous paragraphs. He was not lacking in brevity, where brevity was permissible and essential, but he did not permit it to degenerate into hurry and curtness. He was exceedingly observant of the proprieties, and was, withal, pleasingly courteous, if somewhat formal, in his style and diction.

It must be admitted that in some respects there has been a decided decline in the art of letter-writing. We write millions more letters than did our grandfathers, but the increase in volume has brought with it an automatic, artificial, machine-like ring that adds neither strength nor utility.

Then the fact that a vast volume of important correspondence must, in the complex nature of a modern business house, be delegated to correspondence clerks who are not supposed to have either the experience or the judgment of a trained executive, involves one of the most perplexing problems in the work of business letter-writing. How may the army of clerks in a large establishment be so instructed, guided and inspired as to grasp the policy of the house and pitch their letters in a tone that will reflect that policy and give to the entire correspondence of the establishment a certain uniformity and individuality?

So pressing has this question become that one of the watchwords of the business world to-day is the terse demand: *Key up your correspondence!*

Again, the immense volume of latter-day business letters has compelled the devising of mechanical helps, to the end of facilitating the rapid and accurate discharge of affairs. Though the most admirable and complete "system" can never take the place of "good business brains," these mechanical helps can and do accomplish wonders in the economy of time, in the prevention of mistakes, in the relegation of mere routine details to subordinates, and in the sharp focusing of essential information upon the desks of executives. Thousands of business men at the head of comparatively large establishments are eagerly seeking information regarding the most advanced and practical methods and devices of this kind.

Though it is impossible, in the space of one short paper, adequately to outline even the most important features of such a system, this article will suggest some of the more interesting and effective "mechanical" means for the accomplishment of the desirable results which I have named. No branch of business correspondence offers a better opportunity for the successful operation of these devices than that which is confined within the organization of "the house" itself. Under this classification may be listed general "internal" and departmental correspondence, agency and branch office correspondence, "multiple" letters and "referred" letters.

It is just as essential that the internal correspondence of a business house—the letters

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers by Mr. Crissey on the proper conduct of a business correspondence. The next will appear in an early number.

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Try what thousands have tried before you to their own material advantage. * Try what will bring to you a cigar which will suit you a little better than any you have tried before. * Try the modern, up-to-date method of business, which eliminates the unnecessary in-between profits and expenses, and

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[illegible]	4½ in. [illegible]	.60		3.00

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PITTSBURG, PA., March [illegible] 1904.
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1904 Tonneau $2550. 1904 — Light Touring Car $1450.

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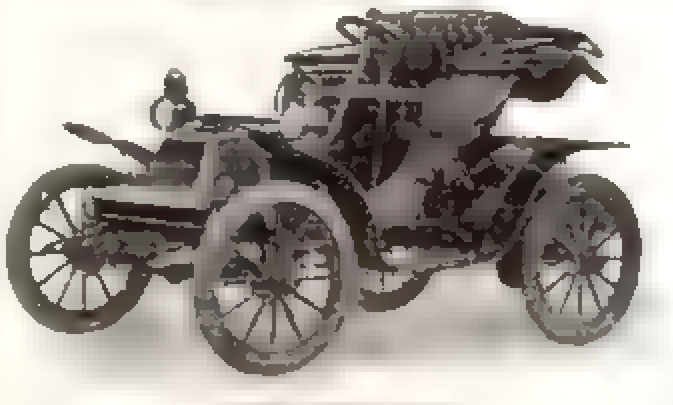

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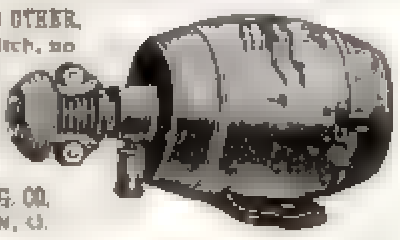

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between the various departments and between the company and its agencies — be completely systematized as it is that the mechanical features of the shop or office be systematically conducted. Much of the success with which a large and involved correspondence is dispatched depends upon the system with which it is handled. Certain *machinery* of correspondence is as vital as the right mental qualifications for this peculiar branch of business letter-writing. Specially prepared forms and colors of stationery are essential to a complete system of internal correspondence. A theoretical discussion of the subject will not throw much light on the subject. The purpose is better served by minutely describing a thoroughly practical system devised for the use of a large manufacturing establishment embracing numerous departments and having a number of agencies and branch offices.

At the start let it be understood that all sheets intended for internal and agency correspondence should be cut exactly to the standard size (8½ x 11 inches), and no deviation from this should be allowed under any circumstance, either in "originals" or carbon copies. The modern method of vertical filing makes this absolutely necessary. It is a most excellent idea, and almost the only successful method, for a general office to supply not only its branch offices, but its more or less independent agencies, with letter-heads and forms intended for internal work. This will insure uniformity in size, weight and color scheme, and will contribute greatly to the facility of handling letters either singly or in mass.

The system as planned for the manufacturing company referred to was extremely simple, yet it was the means of obviating many complications, delays and letters of controversy.

For general correspondence the letter-heads were "blocked" alternately with the sheets for duplicate copies. The letter-heads were numbered consecutively, the copy sheets being numbered in duplicate. When writing, the stenographer pulled off the "original" and the duplicate sheets, slipping the manifolding carbons between them.

One subject only was treated in a letter. Confining each letter to a single subject is of the greatest importance in agency or departmental correspondence. It avoids confusion, oversight and delays. When each letter deals with a specific and single subject it can be referred to the proper department without danger that any part, special point or question will be overlooked or delayed. Too much emphasis cannot be put on this single feature, and branch offices and agencies should be carefully coached in this detail.

Numbering the letters has this advantage: Frequently several letters are written to branch offices or agencies each day. The usual conventional reply, "We have your favor of the . . . . ," is not specific enough to indicate the exact letter referred to unless the *subject* of the letter is also mentioned. Reference to the communication by number identifies it instantly and beyond the possibility of error.

Putting a *subject heading* on each letter is also of much benefit and should be consistently practiced. If intelligently done it is of material assistance. However, the reference by number is vital and definite and should be insisted upon, even with the extra precaution of a "subject" key. Here is the manner in which an answer under this method identifies the letter to which it refers:

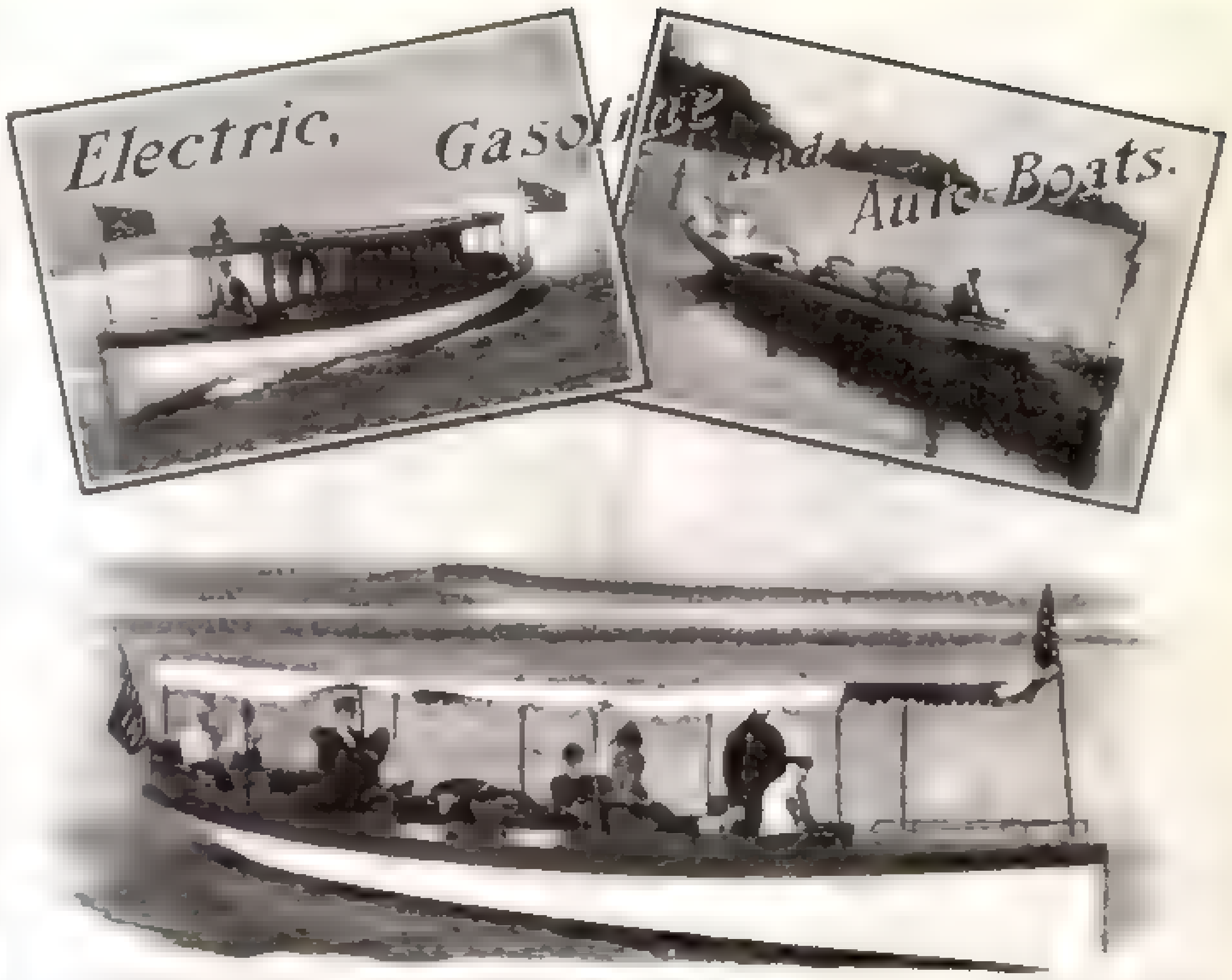
"We have yours of the 10th inst., No. 1640, relating to discounts, and in reply . . ."

The company to which I refer carried on a heavy correspondence with a factory some miles distant. Numerous special forms for transmitting shipping orders were devised. A form of factory letter-head like the following was used:

LETTER TO FACTORY

Subject .... *No* ....
Mr .... *Date*

Two carbon copies were made of every letter to the factory. One was sent to the regular filing clerk to be filed as usual; the second copy was punched and filed in a convenient binder which was kept on the sales manager's desk. This gave him an instantaneous means of reference to current matters likely to become the subject of inquiry or controversy: promises of delivery, delayed shipments, complaints, reports on returned goods and so on. A binder was also kept for the letters *from* the factory. This was found to be more convenient than putting the letters immediately in the regular filing department. It avoided considerable clerical work and loss of time in getting letters from



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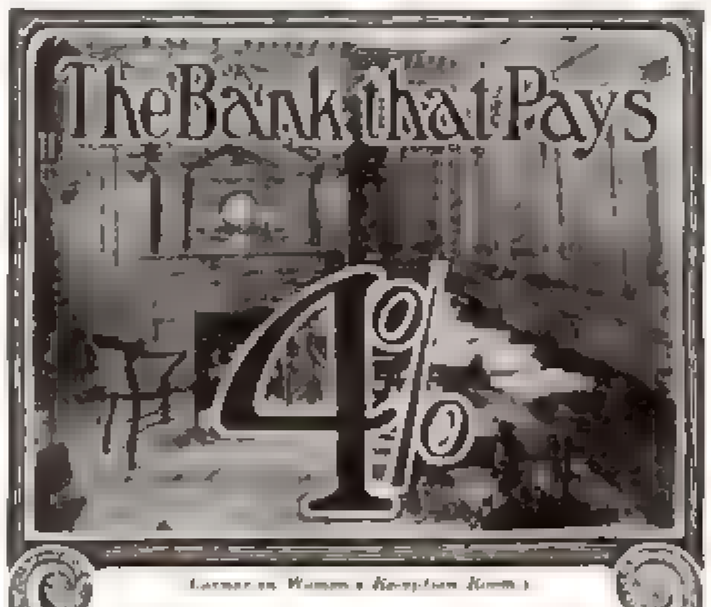
[illegible] IN BUILDING ELECTRIC LAUNCH



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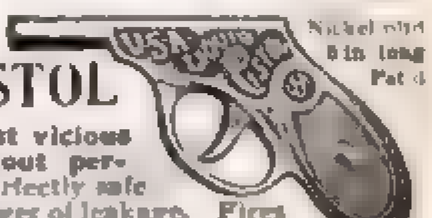

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and returning them to the regular file. As soon as the matters involved in this correspondence were disposed of the letters from the factory covering the points in question were removed from the binder and sent to the filing department. This kept the "*live*" matter only in the desk binder. The file kept in this manner served also as a "tickler," or daily reminder, as it was self-evident that the letters in that binder represented subjects still undisposed of and under current consideration. Again, it proved an invaluable aid in preventing oversight and delays. The same weeding-out process was followed with the "carbon copy" file of letters *to* the factory.

When a matter was disposed of the carbon copy was removed from the "live" file and transferred to a "dead-letter" file. These were not sent to the regular file department because the first carbons were already filed there, and also because it was often necessary to reopen a case and refer to matters that were supposed to have been finally settled. Correspondence at this desk was heavy, involving contracts and orders amounting to thousands of dollars daily. The aim was to secure a method and system of work which should save every minute possible and contribute in the highest degree to facility and exactness. The plan of keeping the active copies and originals of letters to and from the factory in binders was not followed with other departments because the correspondence with them was not so heavy or important. However, this method will apply to any department with which the executive office has a heavy correspondence

A binder file was also kept of all quotations, price lists, changes, stock lists and instructions sent to each branch office and agency. These also were numbered consecutively and dated

With each outgoing letter of the latter description a postal-card, having a blank form of acknowledgment printed on the reverse side, was inclosed. This form was as follows

POSTAL CARD

Form 8. *Date*
Town
I hereby acknowledge receipt of your letter (No...), dated referring to with inclosures (if any)
(Signed)

On the reverse side of this card was printed the name and address of the company.

This served as a notice to the sending office that the advice had reached its destination promptly, and it also served as a check against possible claims on the part of agents and salesmen that they had not been supplied with certain prices, instructions, notices of changes and other information.

With each letter to a salesman on the road a similar card was inclosed for acknowledgment. These cards were signed and returned by agents and salesmen entirely independent of any regular letter that might be necessary in reply. As the signed cards came back they were checked off on the list of agents' and salesmen's names to which the circular information had been forwarded If any failed to return the card they were at once written to for an explanation of the delay. In this manner the fact that the letter had been misdirected or had miscarried was quickly made apparent and the proper steps taken to duplicate the information

Special letter-heads for use between the general office and agents and salesmen were designed as follows

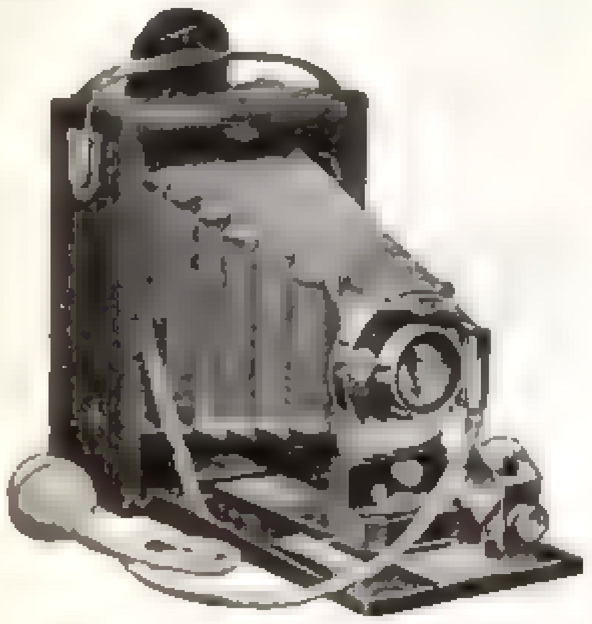
From Special Mfg. Co. *No*
Chicago. *To*
Date

Subject ....
Answering yours of (*etc*)

A supply of similar sheets was furnished to each agent and branch office These were printed on paper of a different color. With a limited number of agents, say ten or under, it is helpful to have each furnished with paper of a different tint. But where there are a large number of agents this elaborate color scheme becomes impracticable, and in this case it is better to have a uniform color for all agents. An excellent form for printing agency letters is as follows:

Use Separate Sheet for Each Subject
From
Jones, Smith & Co. *To Special Mfg. Co*
Pittsburg. *Chicago.*
Date.................

Subject
Answering your No. *etc.*



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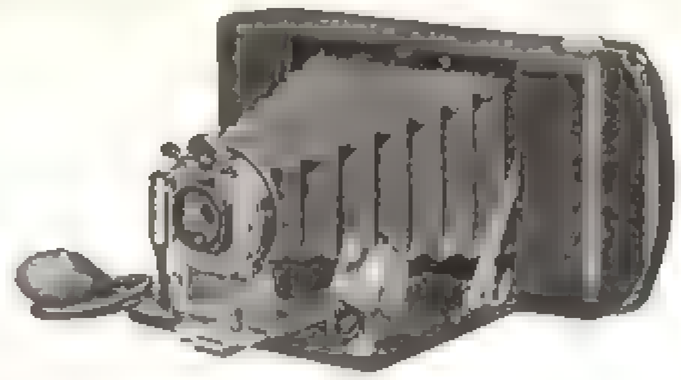

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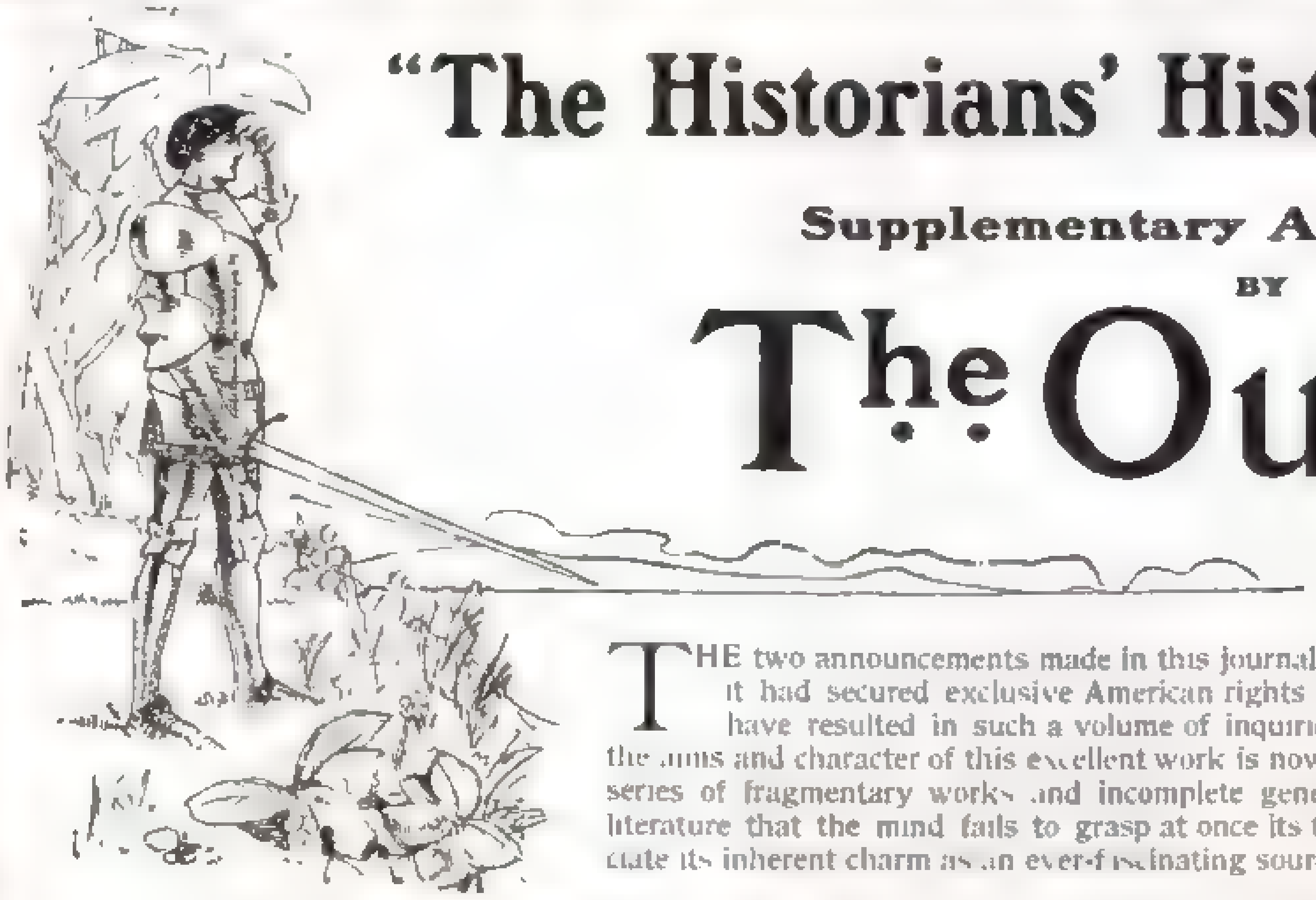

"The Historians' History of the World"

Supplementary Announcement

BY

The Outlook

OF NEW YORK

THE two announcements made in this journal by The Outlook Company, of New York, to the effect that it had secured exclusive American rights of issue and sale of *The Historians' History of the World*, have resulted in such a volume of inquiries from all parts of the country that a further statement of the aims and character of this excellent work is now necessary. The History is so radical a departure from the series of fragmentary works and incomplete generalizations which have hitherto constituted our historical literature that the mind fails to grasp at once its tremendous possibilities as an educational force, or to appreciate its inherent charm as an ever-fascinating source of relaxation and amusement.

"The Historians' History" in Brief:

The Historians' History of the World is a complete, accurate and dramatic story of all nations from 7000 B.C. to 1904 A.D. It occupies 25 richly illustrated volumes of about 660 pages, and an average of 435,000 words each, a total of 16,500 pages and nearly 11,000,000 words. The history of each country is complete in itself, and no country is omitted that ever had an important history, among those most fully treated being Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Israel, Persia, India, Greece, Rome, Arabia, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, France, Russia, Japan, China, Turkey, England, the Spanish-American Republics, and the United States.

While the work reads with the breathless interest of a great novel, it is composed of the writings of 2,000 of the master historians of all times and countries, welded together into one uninterrupted narrative, and supplemented with original essays by the chief living authorities. More than 1,500 of these passages have been translated from foreign languages especially for this work. The larger epochs of man's advance or decline are marked out by eminent authorities; brief accounts are given of the geography of each country as it has affected the history of each people; the origins of each race and its primitive state are discussed. Where possible, the picturesque events are told by contemporaries or even eye-witnesses; beautiful old legends that are now discredited as history are given with critical comment; the literature, drama, art, and science of the countries are studied, as well as curious features of their manners, customs, costumes, laws, political institutions, and religions. The ancient peoples are described in the light of the most recent excavations, and the modern in the light of the most intelligent observation.

Embodied in the narrative are the noblest pages of historical literature: the most stirring battle-scenes, as Victor Hugo's famous Waterloo picture, Cæsar's account of his own most desperate battle; the fierce duels of Crusader and Moslem; the sea-fights of Nelson, Van Tromp, Paul Jones, and Dewey; the memorable sieges; court intrigues, conspiracies, insurrections, assassinations, martyrdoms, executions; character studies of great men by great writers; vivid portraits of the celebrated women of all types, as Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Mary Queen of Scots; the solution of famous mysteries, the Man in the Iron Mask, the Diamond Necklace, and the like; the picturing of historic moments, as the last hours of Socrates described by Plato, the Fall of the Bastille by Carlyle; Bismarck's story of how he founded the German Empire with blood and iron; the grand crises where the fate of nations hung on the verdict of an hour; struggles of patriotism against despotism, of justice against ambition, of race against race. All in fact that could make history dramatic and keep it true, has been told in the language of the masters of every period and every tongue.

From the very nature of its materials it is the most comprehensive and accurate as well as the most interesting history that has yet been offered to the public.

Its Appeal to the Casual Reader

Schiller once said: "Had I begun earlier and spent thirty years in reading history, I should be far different and a far better man than I am." He realized, as do all of us, its value as an educational force and as a practical guide in every-day life, but in his early days it presented to him the same obstacle that most of us find insuperable — a lack of consecutive, sustained interest. The average history is undeniably monotonous. Now and then it strikes sparks of interest which kindle our imagination, but for the most part it is prosy or technical or discursive.

Bovee in his delightful "Summaries of Thought" says: "Truth comes to us from the past, as gold is washed down from the mountains of Sierra Nevada in minute but precious particles, and intermixed with infinite alloy, the débris of centuries." Is it possible to separate this gold from its alloy? And is it possible to weld it into a consecutive, absorbing story? The Historians' History, a vast work of international collaboration, is the triumphant answer.

For the Student

The plan upon which the work is built commends itself to every student of history. In these days of minute specialization, no man can hope to master more than one small portion of the world's history. For the rest he must depend upon the deductions of his confrères. The Historians' History tabulates the ultimate results of research in every field, and places them before the student in a tangible, readable form. Furthermore, when any given authority is cited, an impartial estimate of that writer's importance as a historian is also given; so that the reader can judge who are the accepted specialists in any given branch of history. Thus the reader is supplied at once with critical information which it would take him years of independent study to acquire. The bibliographies which cover every epoch and nation also have a unique value. To none will their completeness, accuracy, and timeliness be of such immediate importance as to the general reader, who through them is enabled to explore at his leisure the byways of history.

The Historians' History is the only modern world-history in English. The last work of this character was *An Universal History*, published in London in 1779. Since then historians have grown more and more to be specialists, and the task of compiling an adequate, comprehensive, up-to-date world-history has become increasingly more difficult and at the same time more necessary.

To accomplish this great task it was necessary to engage not only the best living historical scholars but also to organize their labors in a highly ingenious and scientific manner. The editors and contributors organized themselves under the title of The History Association of London. Their first task was to search the national libraries and archives of England, France, Germany, Spain, Russia, Italy, and other countries. The work was begun in Germany, where the science of treating world-history has reached its highest development. Then it was resumed in Paris, where the Bibliothèque Nationale and the public museums contain priceless historical treasures. Finally it was carried on for three years in London, where the greatest library in the world, that of the British Museum, affords unique advantages for historical research.

The leading universities of the world furnished the editors and contributors. They include professors and graduates of Oxford and Cambridge in England, of the University of France, of the University of Berlin, and of the other principal universities of Europe and America

The Outlook's Guarantee

The History is offered at prices which apply only to subscriptions received now or during the period of publication. The volumes are either in press or in the editorial stage. The Outlook guarantees to deliver an average of three volumes every two months, and The Outlook further guarantees a future advance in price, either during or at the end of the period of publication. Each of these guarantees goes with every order taken now. The prices have been fixed low in order to induce early orders with a view of introducing the History later to a much wider circle of buyers at the higher price. They are based on the lowest possible estimates of the final editorial and manufacturing cost, without regard to the usual bookseller's profits.

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American subscribers are therefore placed in the most favorable position for the purchase of the History, having, first, the assurance of The Outlook that the work is all that is now or ever will be claimed for it, and second, an opportunity to subscribe on the plan of deferred payments and at a price *which will hereafter be advanced.*

Two pamphlets have been prepared by The Outlook, one of which deals in a most interesting manner with the plan of sale of the History and how The Outlook proposes to introduce the work to the alert and intelligent book buyers of America; the second is a booklet which gives an account of the History itself, how it was made and with what purpose in view, and why it will appeal to the whole American people. The Outlook will be pleased to send these two pamphlets free on receipt of the following form of application, which should be sent, *not to the main Outlook office,* but to 225 Fourth Avenue.

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Name

Occupation

Address

Stranger than Fiction

By S. E. KISER

Constance Brown

Kenneth Gray loved Constance Brown,
  A maiden fair and proud,
Ah, heartlessly she threw him down
  When he his love avowed.

He had not won renown, but gave
  His widowed mother joy
By working hard and being brave;
  He was a worthy boy.

Constance Brown was wooed and won
  By dashing Lawrence Hayes,
Who never in his life had done
  A thing to merit praise.

A dozen years have passed since then,
  And he whose lot she shares
Is numbered with the common men
  Of every-day affairs.

But Constance does not sit and mourn,
  She claims no vain regret
The poor young man she chose to scorn
  Is merely drudging yet

William and Amos

Little Willie Chisholm
  Went to Sunday-school,
Learned the catechism
  And the Golden Rule;
Never stole a cooky,
  Never disobeyed;
Such a thing as hooky
  Willie never played.

Little Amos Beecher
  Was an awful child;
Wouldn't mind his teacher,
  Drove his parents wild;
Stoned the dogs and chickens,
  Wouldn't earn a cent,
Raised the very dickens
  Everywhere he went.

William's rich and famous,
  And, to bless his life,
Has the girl that Amos
  Wanted for his wife:
William travels in a
  Splendid private car;
Amos tries to win a
  Living tending bar.

The Miller's Daughter

There was a miller whose child was fair,
  And the miller was wide awake;
He contrived to become a millionaire
  For the lovely girl's sweet sake

He bought a mansion and made her glad
  With all that money would get,
Because of the wealth and beauty she had
  She entered the smartest set

She traveled abroad with her stately ma,
  This maiden so rich and fair,
And many a titled man she saw
  In her wanderings over there.

Many a titled man she met
  Whose tailor longed to be paid,
But she married a Hoosier from Lafayette
  Because he was nobly made.

Tommy and Bobbie

When Tommy Gibbs was ten years old
  And Bobby Dix thirteen
Poor Tommy in the dust was rolled
  And chased athwart the scene;
Whenever Bobby got a chance
  He mauled the younger lad,
Or managed with a wicked glance
  To mar the joys he had.

But Tommy's parents moved away —
  A dozen years had flown
When Thomas Gibbs returned one day
  To scenes his youth had known:
He met his old tormentor there,
  And after they had fought
His former neighbors had to bear
  Poor Thomas from the spot.

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No matter where it is — any city, state or territory — may be obtained through me.

There are two kinds of real estate brokers — those who DO things and those who SAY they do things.

If you find a man who has been in business twenty years, occupying the same little office he occupied when he started, you can feel pretty sure that he belongs to the SAYING KIND.

On the other hand, if you find a man who is constantly increasing his office room and his force of assistants, you KNOW that he belongs to the DOING KIND.

A few years ago I had one office and one assistant. To-day I have offices in fourteen leading cities (including over six thousand feet of floor space in Philadelphia alone), over seventy-five capable assistants on salary and hundreds of able representatives throughout the country on commission.

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If you want to sell your real estate, no matter what kind or size or price, or in what part of the country it is located, send me a brief description to-day, including your lowest cash price. I will then write you a FREE LETTER OF ADVICE, stating just exactly what I expect to do for you and how and why I can do it.

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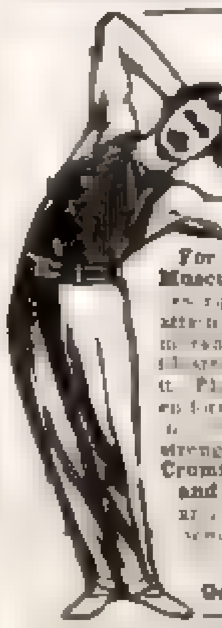

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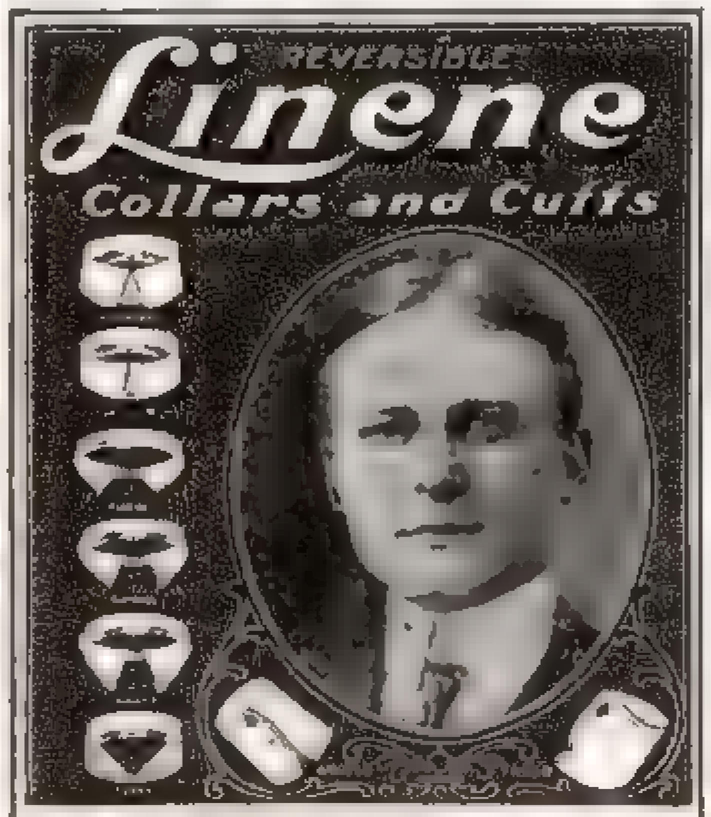

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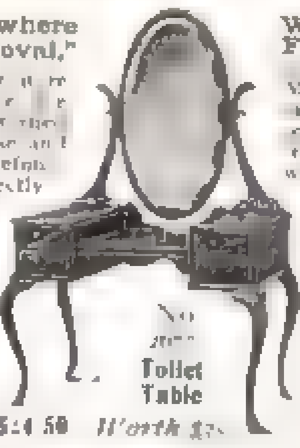

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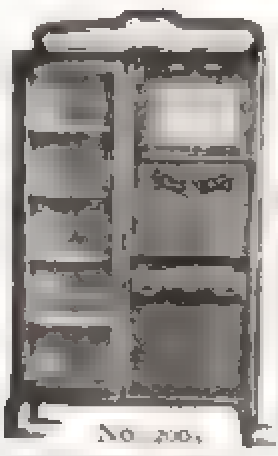

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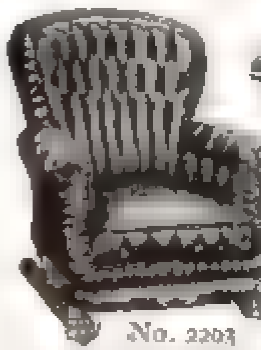

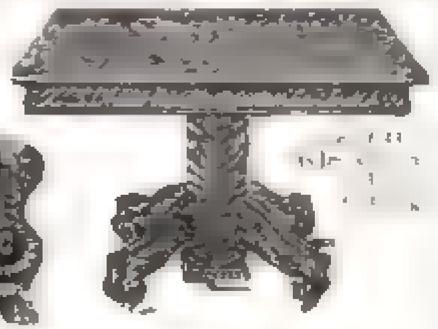

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Hezekiah's Venture

Hezekiah Hopkins, much excited, said one day,
As he entered his wife's presence in a most impulsive way
"Mother, listen: I'm a-goin' to invest in minin' stock,
I've a chance to make a million, here's a sample of the rock;
I can git it now for twenty cents a share, and in a year
Close it out for twenty dollars, which is nineteen-eighty clear

"Don't you do it, Hezekiah, them is only idle dreams:
Think of all the folks we've heard of that got beat on minin' schemes.
Thus his good wife sagely counseled, but he laughed at her advice.
And he sold the spotted heifer at a painful sacrifice,
Sold the roan mare and the filly, scraped up all the cash he could,
And invested it as only a deluded bumpkin would

Hezekiah Hopkins still is toiling for his bread.
All the hopes he had of winning wealth in golden heaps are dead;
He has learned a costly lesson, it is seldom that he smiles.
And he says hard things concerning glib promoters and their wiles
But weep not for Hezekiah, his is not a crushing woe,
For the gentle wife who warned him never says: "I told you so

Little Henry and Little Mickey

Little Henry Hammersley
Had a nurse to guide him;
Everywhere he ventured she
Also went beside him

Little Mickey Horrigan
Ate whatever pleased him;
Up and down the street he ran
As the fancy seized him

Little Henry, spick and clean,
Often envied Mickey
As he munched things that were green
And got smeared and sticky

Henry couldn't climb up where
He might tear his panties
Mickey scrambled, free from care,
Over sheds and shanties.

Henry's nurse was never lax,
He was kept from danger
Mickey played on street-car tracks,
Unto fear a stranger

One of them has passed away,
Leaves above him rustle —
Henry's well and strong to-day.
He has brains and muscle.

Uncle Abner on Kicking

By Nixon Waterman

What you got to kick about?
Ain't your limbs all good an' stout?
Ain't you got two big, strong hands
To enforce your mind's commands?
Ain't you got a lot o' health —
Better'n piles an' piles o' wealth?
Let's sit down an' figger out
What you've got to kick about

Say you ain't a chump? Well, then,
Better off than some fool men
Hear all right an' got good eyes?
Them air things you ort to prize.
Got a stummick, lungs an' heart
Purty good in every part?
Say, I'm jest chock full o' doubt
What you've got to kick about.

Makes me fightin' mad to see
Men as blest as they can be
Go a-growlin' round as though
Life is all a cloud of woe;
Lookin' sulky all the while
When there ort to be a smile
Come! let's try to figger out
What you've got to kick about.

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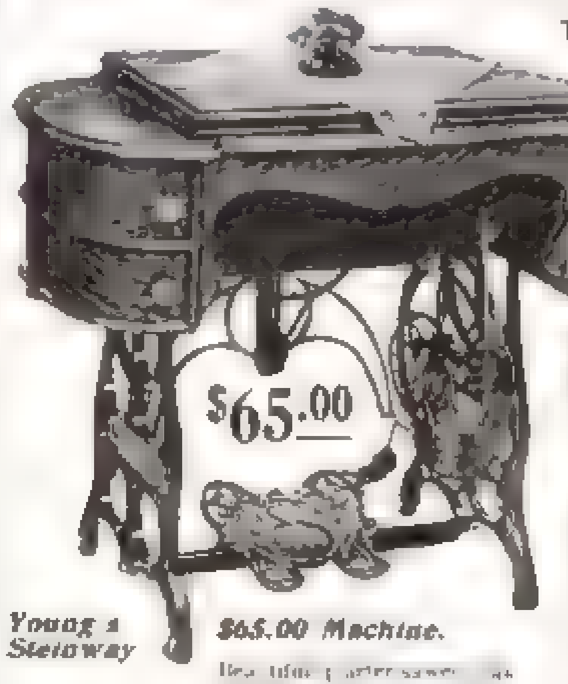

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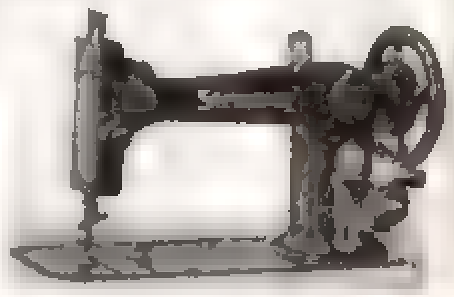

The person sending us the greatest number of English dictionary words (not proper names) made from these 14 letters will receive this *High Grade* Sewing Machine

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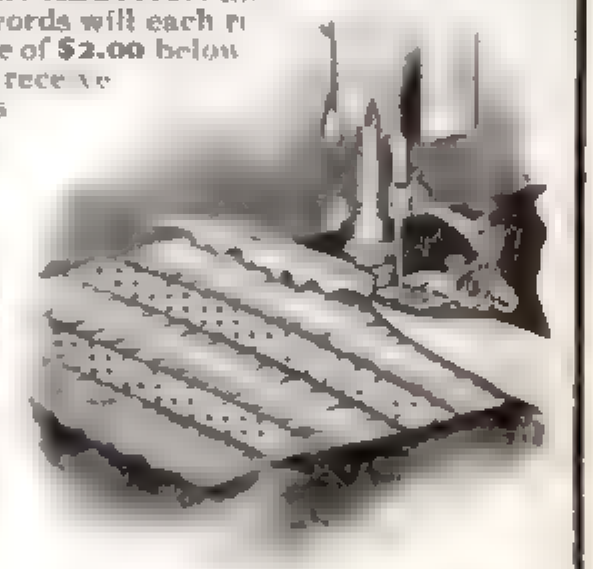

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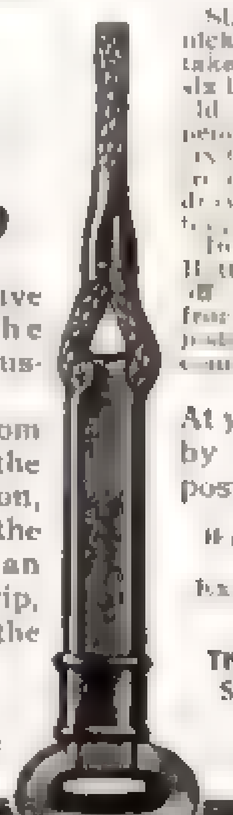

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Brave Heart

(Continued from Page 5)

Lewis tore the note open, and a frown hung like a heavy cloud above his sharp, hooked nose. He got off the stool, saying, "See here," and moved around behind the cashier. "What's this?"

"Don't you read English?"

"This isn't English—this is a nigger trick. What's wrong?"

Begg thought for a minute; he might as well save Hedley trouble, as that young man had been amenable to reason. "There's a leak. I'll tell you about it some day." Begg felt sure that Hedley would revile Lewis for having made the mistake in identity.

"Give me back that Gallantry ticket, then. You can't stand to win on them both to nothing."

Begg became possessed of a brilliant idea. "That's right. You lay me two to one to five hundred Brave Heart, and mark it paid—I'll give up this ticket. It's worth that to you to know just where you're at."

"Say, Mr. Hedley, you ought to quit the mug layers and make a book—you'd make your fortune. I'll do it, though—here it is."

"And here's your Gallantry ticket, Mr. Lewis."

As Begg walked away he muttered, "I've robbed the king looter to help the peasant thief. That's not so bad—Hedley has got a soft bet in spite of himself." And he continued out through the gate, across the drive, and over to the paddock, where a small building containing the weighing and dressing rooms nestled among tall, slim-growing pines.

As Begg disappeared from the betting ring Lewis turned to a small, swarthy man and said: "You've got it down pretty fine, Pietro; it was a straight throw-down for me. That's five thousand to the good," the bookmaker continued, tearing up the Gallantry ticket; "and Mr. Smooth-Aleck—what d'you say his name was, Pietro?"

"Begg."

"Well, Mr. Begg is welcome to that thousand on Brave Heart, when he gets it. How'd you catch on, Pietro?"

"Dis mornin' I flights meself to de hotel t'see de gen'l'man jock—de straight Mr. Hedley. I gits de layout of his room an' waltzes up. I sees two of 'em chinnin' at de door. Gee! but dey was like two twins. Dey goes in, an' of course 'tain't fer me to interrupt two gents as is talkin' pretty loud, an' I sashays up an' down close to de door. De transom's open, an' as dey's puttin' up a job agin straight people I knobbles de whole chin music an' gallops meself to you wid de woman's."

"You made a ten strike, Pietro. We're on the fluffiest kind of velvet. That five thou' Gallantry was botherin' me a bit—now I've got it. You play oyster, an' I'll make an oldtime hog killin' over Gallantry; we'll just whip saw this thing both ways. I'll take all this wise Adage money on Brave Heart, an' I'll go down the line on the mare Gallantry. If she wins on her merits we don't say nothin', see? If Brave Heart wins I'll put a man up to object that Hedley didn't ride. I'll teach 'em to monkey with Ab Lewis. They'll play twins ag'in me no more, I don't think. I thought there was somethin' queer about that duck when he was talkin' at the club, but I thought he'd been havin' a bit too much wine. But don't tell your own mother, Pietro; this is too good a thing. Just go and sit in the stand and fall asleep; when you wake up you'll be richer by—well, I'll do what's right; I don't have to tell *you* what Ab Lewis does to men that stay by him."

Meaning to obey these orders to the letter, Pietro went to the stand. There a brilliant idea struck him. He jumped up and went around to the other side of the betting ring to a bookmaker who was making a combination book.

"What'll you lay me, Hermes for de firs' an' Gallantry for de Foxbrook, Fred?"

"Fifteen to one the combination."

Pietro handed out a hundred dollar note, saying, "I'll take it to dat;" and as he returned to the stand he muttered: "Dem's juicy odds. Hermes is a pipe, an' when Ab gits to work de mare'll be cut to twos."

Unobserved of Pietro, his master, Pierce, had seen the betting transaction. "What's Pietro backing with you, Fred?" he asked.

"Who's gettin' the double cross, Pierce?"

"As to how?"

"Well, you're gettin' it, or you're givin' it to your people," answered the bookmaker.

"You've got the floor, Freddy."

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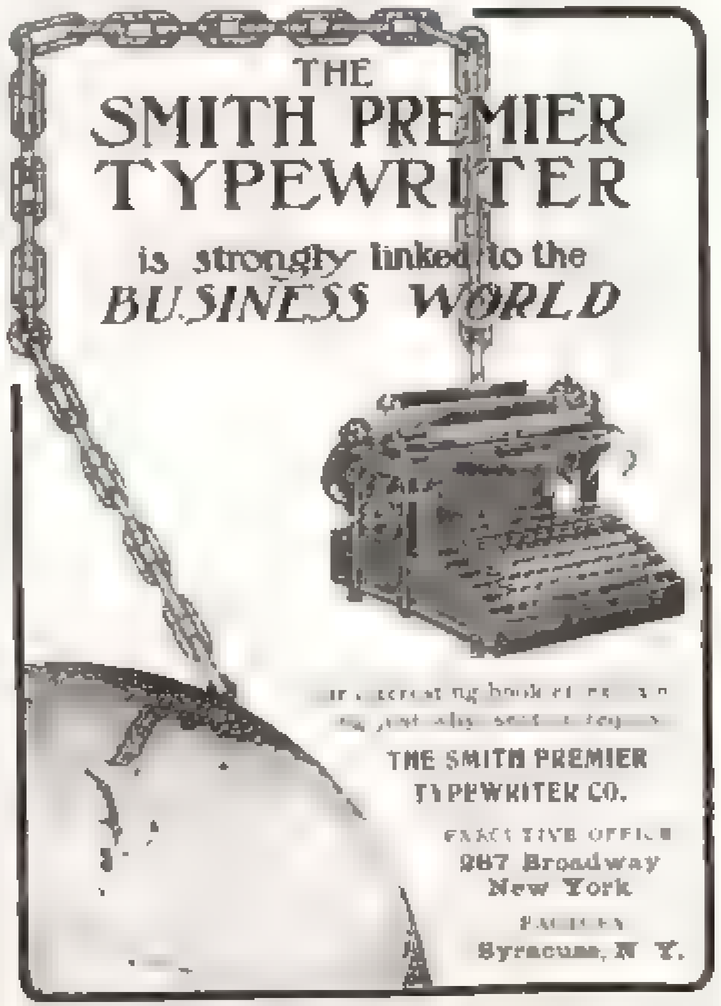

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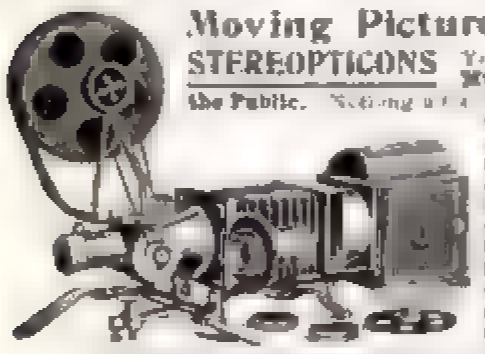

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"Well, you've sent out Brave Heart for the steeplechase, an' your clocker's just parted with a hundred on a Gallantry Hermes combination"

"Thanks, Freddy," Pierce said dryly, and made his way to that part of the stand his man always frequented

"What are you wise to in the steeplechase, Pietro?" he asked when he had located the Italian

"Brave Heart oughter do de trick

"You've been with me a year, Pietro When I picked you up in New Orleans you were on your uppers, and a sandwich was a great big banquet; now you could draw a good-sized check. That's just an observation, Pietro. Now, give me the straight goods about the steeplechase and how you're goin' to land that fifteen hundred Gallantry double

The Italian stared at the speaker; but the big, black eyes wore a calm, quiet look behind the sheltering glasses, and a complacent smile hovered about the full, red lips.

Pietro remained silent for a minute; then he said: "You can play Gallantry, boss dere's somethin' doin'. I jes' ketched on, but it's straight goods."

"Brave Heart will beat the mare for a certainty," Pierce said

"Dat won't make no dif'rence—he won't git de coin. It's de jock—dere'll be an objection. You do's I tell you, boss."

"Thanks, Pietro!" and Pierce slipped away in the crowd. He passed through the lunch-room, along the back veranda, and over to the paddock. Begg had been familiarizing himself with the routine of weighing and other matters; now he was helping Kelly saddle Brave Heart, off to one side under a tree

Pierce saw him, and, approaching, beckoned him with a little nod of the head

"I think I ought to tell you, Mr. Hedley—I've got it from a very reliable source—there's something wrong; I got a hint of an objection if you win. Have you made no mistake in the conditions of the Foxbrook? Is the horse qualified all right; and are you entitled to any allowance you've claimed? You see, I've sent out Brave Heart, my people'll back him, and if they lose on an objection they'll hold it out against me"

Begg turned his face toward the horse to hide its sudden pallor; he felt it grow cold Evidently Hedley had doubled on him.

"Thank you, Mr. Pierce; it's very good of you," he said in a firm voice. "I'll look into the matter to make sure"

"Will you let me know?"

"If you can come back here in half an hour I will"

Begg hurried to the club inclosure. As Mr. Hedley he was allowed to pass in. In humiliation he explained his plan and its failure to Rosalind. Beyond doubt it was known by some one at the course, and the horse would be disqualified.

"It was too risky," Rosalind said. "It was good of you to attempt it, and I'm not angry We'll just have to scratch Brave Heart, after all."

"You can't do that; it's too late—the stewards wouldn't allow it."

"And I won't have Mr. Hedley ride What can I do? It's dreadful, this dilemma. There isn't a gentleman rider left" She held her race program open at the Foxbrook, and continued: "Gallantry—Mr Heyl rides her: Trombone, Mr. Back; Crusader, his owner; and——"

"Let me see your program, please," Begg interrupted. "We are all wrong; these conditions read for gentlemen riders recognized by the N. S. & H. Association, or the C. H. A.—that's the Canadian Hunt Association, and I'm a member of that. I have a certificate. I can ride Brave Heart in my own name. It was stupid of me not to look up the conditions of the race. If I'd known that I shouldn't have taken the other chance."

"I thought it was for our Association only I even gave no thought to the C. H. A initials. It's all my fault in telling you wrong"

"Wait" Begg exclaimed. "Five-year-olds 150; how does Brave Heart get in at 154? Oh, I see: 'Riders who have not won a steeplechase in 1900 allowed five pounds'—that's where Hedley got his five pounds off. That's unfortunate—I won up in Canada, and can't claim the allowance; I'll have to put up 159. Shall I try it?"

"Yes, a thousand times yes Brave Heart is strong; the weight won't stop him"

Begg pulled out his watch. "We're just in time. You can declare the overweight at the time of the first race, and it doesn't start for another five minutes. I'll attend to that, and the change in riders; then drive

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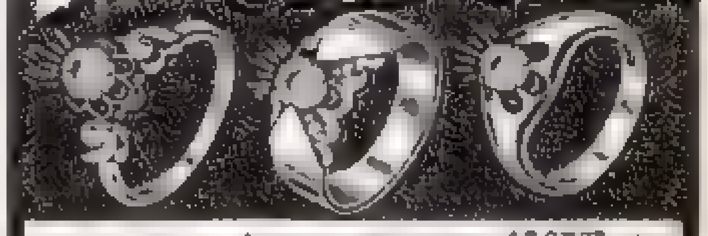

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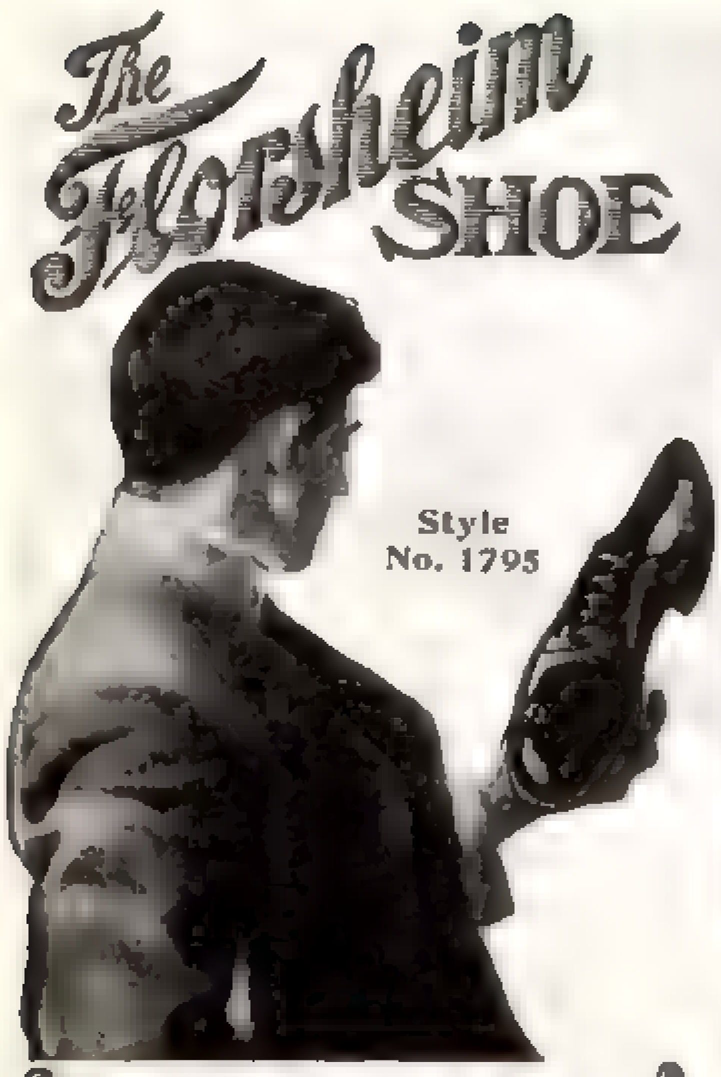

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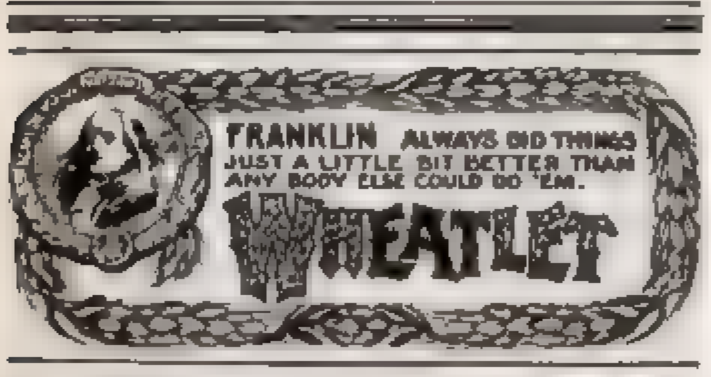
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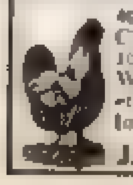

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back to the hotel for my Canadian certificate, and we'll get a run for the cup anyway."

"I feel sure you'll win, Mr. Begg."

"I'll just say that Hedley is not here. If there's any trouble about the change in riders you can easily put it right by speaking to the stewards."

When Adam Begg's name went up on the board opposite number two, which was Brave Heart's number on the program, Ab Lewis stared in angry astonishment. They had doubled on him again, and already he had commenced his plunge on Gallantry. Still he stuck to the mare, thinking the extra five pounds, with probably a poorer jockey in the saddle, would allow her to win.

But poor old Kelly was completely mystified. Many searching looks he gave Begg; finally he said: "I was mistook, sor. I thought it quare yisterday at th' hotel when you was kind enough to remember me wit' a present. I hope it'll be all roight, sor, an' that you'll win. There's the call to mount," he continued, stripping the sheet from the bay's loins. "You needn't be feered of Gallantry, sor. I've seen this horse run afore, and the farder he goes the better he loikes it. The mare'll quit, that's what she'll do."

As Kelly led Brave Heart to the course gate he kept throwing a word up over his shoulder to the man in the saddle who had slipped him a ten-dollar note for nothing.

"It's not for me, sor, to be givin' you roidin' orders, but I used to roide meself in Oireland—that's where they have leppers—shure half the Grand National winners comes from the little island. This fellow's got the Melbourne strain in him; I looked up his pedigree when I saw them lop ears—that's the Melbourne, an' they could stay forever. The mare's fast, but hang to her with this ould bulldog an' he'll eat her heart out afore they get twice around that stiff field."

Begg listened intently, leaning forward pretending to adjust the martingale.

They were at the course. The gate swung wide. Kelly took his hand from the bridle-rein, saying: "Good luck, sor! Hold him together an' you'll come home alone. Mind the big wall, he's a bit keen."

Gallantry was number one on the program. Adam Begg had a chance to observe the mare as they paraded down past the stand. All her lines indicated speed and nervous, catlike movement. She would probably lose nothing at her jumps—skim them like a bird; she would cut the corners—probably she was as handy on the bit as a trick pony.

The more Begg looked at Gallantry the more he valued Kelly's parting injunctions. If he could only stick to her until her rider became a little uneasy and loosened up she would go to pieces. Begg knew as well as though he had heard the jockey's riding orders that Gallantry would cut out a fast pace, keep out in front to try and run the others off their legs. She carried 148 pounds; she was a four-year-old, so she must have won to have up the extra eight pounds. But the year would tell.

"We must drive her, my boy," he whispered to Brave Heart, patting his neck. He stole a look from under his cap peak across the hedge of pink and white hydrangeas to the club lawn; he saw a program flutter encouragingly against a background of gray.

Then the seven horses turned and passed through the gate to the grassed course.

They wheeled once at the start, the flag fluttered for a second, then cut downward like a scimitar, and the bull-toned voice of the starter roared, "Go!"

Gallantry led, her slim neck stretched in joyous delight, her fierce gallop, with its swift, easy stride, carrying her along at a terrific clip. At her heels drove Trombone, his rider's blue jacket almost hiding the scarlet from Begg, half a length back on Brave Heart.

Begg felt the big horse stretching his muscles to the work with an easy consciousness of power; there was no jarring of the toes, no scrambling shifting of the feet; no fighting with the bit: just a sweep of going forward, as a finished sculler pulls a boat. Begg's heart sang with joy.

The scarlet jacket of Gallantry's rider shot into the air, then dipped; there was a switch of the chestnut mare's blond tail and a little puff of dust like rifle smoke. Then Brave Heart, rising to the bank, swept over with scarcely a shiver of his big frame.

Down the back Gallantry drew away a length, but the blue jacket behind was sawing a little up and down, and Begg knew that Trombone's rider was driving his horse.

Rounding the bottom, a black raced up to Brave Heart. As they swung at the Liverpool he struck his knees and went crashing forward.

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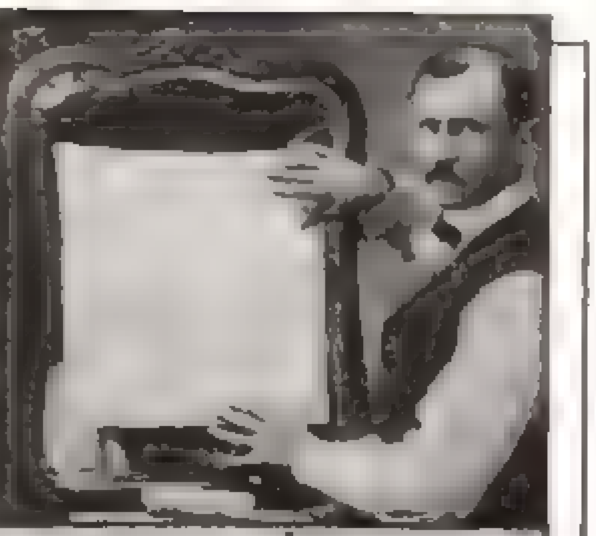

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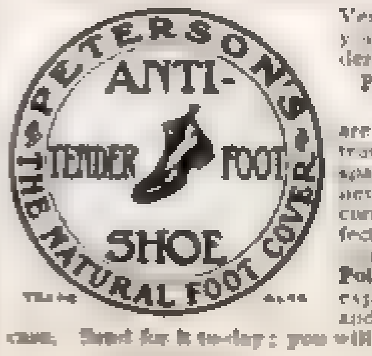

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Brave Heart, checked, jinked sideways, and cleared wall, horse and rider, and then on again.

At the water jump Trombone, driven by his rider, took off too soon, struck with his hind hoofs, landed short, and rolled over.

Begg heard the music of a cheer as Brave Heart cleared it with a swing.

Down the back for the last time, and the mare still two lengths to the good. Begg clicked to the bay, and slipped his hands a little forward; but still, always in front was the taunting yellow tail that mocked him.

He drove at the bay; the Melbournes were sluggish—all stayers were sluggish. "Go on, my boy!" he called at the lower turn of the loop; "on, Brave Heart!"

Ah! The mare had struck heavily; she pecked; the scarlet, that was like a blotch of blood against the green of the trees beyond, drooped; now the mare galloped again, but there was only a length between them.

But the length! Gallantry's falter at the wall spoke of weariness. But now there were no more jumps; they were at the long, wide homestretch. Would her lightness of foot make good on the hard going; would the eleven pounds pull in the weight just get her home?

He raised his whip, but the god of intelligence that sometimes rides with the man of thought whispered, "The horse knows—don't strike him." His hand fell to his side; he crouched over the wet withers and waited.

In the stand the mob yelled: "The mare wins! She's got him beat!"

On the club lawn a little woman in gray silk leaned over the back of a chair, and her big, brown eyes stretching down the course saw the red gleam of Gallantry's colors, and behind—it seemed many lengths—was the black jacket of poor old Brave Heart.

Then the dust thrown from Gallantry's hoofs cut at Begg's face; he was gaining—he hadn't noticed it. The bay was not running faster—just that monotonous, ever-plugging gallop. "She's tiring!" Begg muttered. He could see the little dip sideways as the mare reached with her fore-quarters. He swayed the weight of his body to the right. Brave Heart's nose was lapped on the chestnut's rump. They seemed to hang there for an age. Then the bay's nose sawed the air at the red jacket; slowly the mare was coming back to him. Then it was a neck; they were opposite the betting ring. Begg could see the mare's eyes—they were bloodshot in distress. Now they raced head and head. A red arm rose in the air, there was the swishing cut of a whip, the gallant chestnut who had given her last ounce of running shrank from the blow, and the mouse-colored muzzle of Brave Heart shot first across the judge's eye.

Almost by instinct Begg pulled at the bay's head, "Steady, boy!"

They had finished—had he won? He reeled in the saddle drunkenly; he had been riding a race: that was the sum total of his conscious knowledge.

His mount broke to a walk, turned, and back to the finish post. If Begg guided him he didn't know it; he was dizzy; the sea of faces up in the stand were like pink blotches on a poster. As he sat in the saddle waiting instinctively for the judge's signal to dismount he could hear the rat-tat-tat of many hands beating a salvo of victory. Was it for Brave Heart?

The riders were dismounting. He slipped to the ground and groped for girth buckles; the saddle swung against his chest.

Ah! what was that? He listened.

An Irish voice was saying, "You rode the foinest race, sor, I ever see. If you'd 'a' moved you'd 'a' been beat."

"Beat!" Begg repeated. "Did I win?"

"Did you win—your number's up. Quick, sor, they're waitin' for you—go and weigh in."

"All right, all right, all right!" the clerk's tongue clicked automatically. The numbers "2 1 6," with the "all right" sign beneath, were run up; and Ab Lewis, with a muttered imprecation, ran his eye over his book seeking the full extent of his humiliation.

As Begg passed around the end of the club lawn on his way to the dressing-rooms the girl called to him over the fence, "Come here, please, Mr. Begg."

"I thought I'd lost," he said quite simply.

"Brave Heart and courage won," the girl answered, looking into his tired eyes.

They seemed to say the man was tired, for she continued, unconscious that he hadn't spoken of it: "I'm tired, too—I've gone to pieces. Don't come back; just rest a little. You're to dine with me to-night at Cranford's—there, because of the other night; I want to atone."

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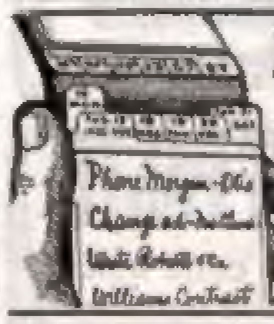
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The Troublesome Truth

(Concluded from Page 13)

useless to go back to the office, yet after he had wandered around aimlessly for some time he did go back. Brenner met him with an icy eye.

"Of course, you're fired," said the new secretary.

"I supposed so," the clerk replied.

There was nothing to do but go home. Still he waited around until near the usual time, as though returning at the habitual hour would a little ward off the disaster of being out of work. In the street car he unfolded his evening newspaper and saw that the Pottery case was on the front page.

"Secretary or President?" the headline read.

The account told of the testimony of the forenoon which indicated that the dead secretary was the culprit who had overissued the stock; then of the clerk's reappearance in the afternoon and his statement which brought in the president.

Owens handed the paper to his wife as soon as he got home.

"Of course they fired me," he said.

She looked very sober. "You did what you thought was right, dear," she said.

"It was right, all right!" he declared and shook his head aggressively, as though some one had disputed it. But his brow wrinkled in a perplexed way. Some way his wife looked very girlish just then, with her gray Irish eyes and dark hair and pretty chin. He put his arm around her.

"But it don't seem right for you, Mame. It don't seem right for you to have to live poorer and have a harder time, because I happened to know something that was true and ought to be told."

"Do you think I care?" she demanded. "I was thinking of you and the baby. Of course he will be needing more all the time—and in case of any trouble—I mean sickness—it's hard not to have the money to do what you want. But you may get as good a place. You may get a better place. We're not hurt yet. Anyway, George, no matter what happens—now that it's over, I wouldn't have had you do anything else!"

"Well, no matter what happens, I wouldn't have had myself do anything else, either!" he affirmed decisively. "You see, there are plenty of fellows like Doane and Teller that don't care what they do, that have got money and influence and have a lot of people afraid of 'em, and if nobody would stand up against them it would get so pretty soon that ordinary people couldn't live."

"Yes; and it was fine anyway, dear!" she exulted, hugging him, her eyes shining.

He kept that idea to comfort himself when he started out in the morning on the dismal business of looking for a job. His success was indifferent; but he found employment for an indefinite time, taking the place of a clerk who was ill, at $75 a month. He came home in a soberly cheerful mood.

When he entered the flat he saw that his wife had a caller in the parlor. His wife came forward with shining eyes.

"This is my husband," she said to the caller proudly.

Owens saw a comely woman of thirty-five, who when she rose to meet him had a carriage that indefinably referred to something more spacious than their flat.

"Mrs. Swift," she said, completing the introduction. She took his hand and kept it.

"I came to thank you with all my heart."

Owens looked down, embarrassed. "Oh, that's all right," he stammered.

"It seemed to me I could not endure it," she went on. "The loss of the money was nothing, and even when he died—I could bear that. But when these men tried to defame him, telling his friends that he had been dishonest, and I could do nothing——" She paused and bit her lip to keep control of her voice. "You can understand!" She looked at Mrs. Owens. "To see one dead so wronged and be able to do nothing. Then I read your testimony!"

"Of course it wasn't conclusive," said Owens apologetically.

"I don't care for that!" she exclaimed. "All his friends will know. Every one who knew him and knows Doane will believe it. I want to thank you—for him, too."

Owens felt a prickle at the roots of his hair.

"He was a mighty good friend to me, Mrs. Swift," he said. "I'm glad it came around the way it did. I'm glad I had the chance. It was the best luck I ever had."

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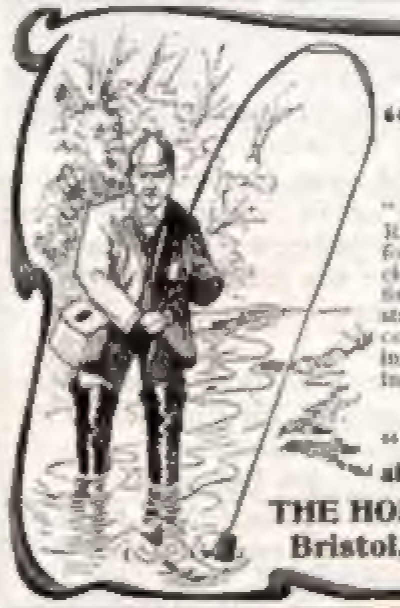

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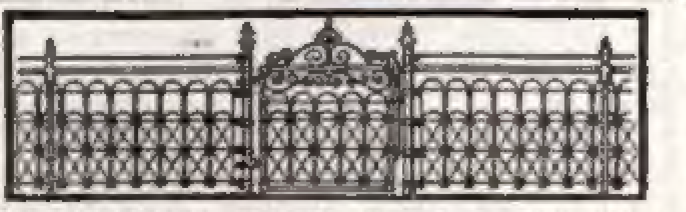

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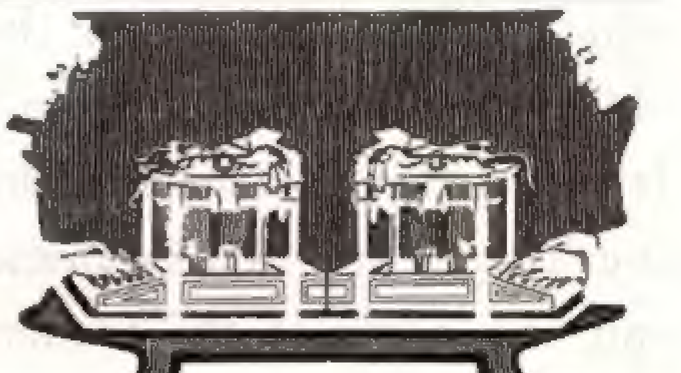

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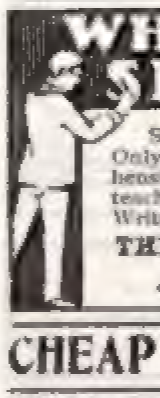

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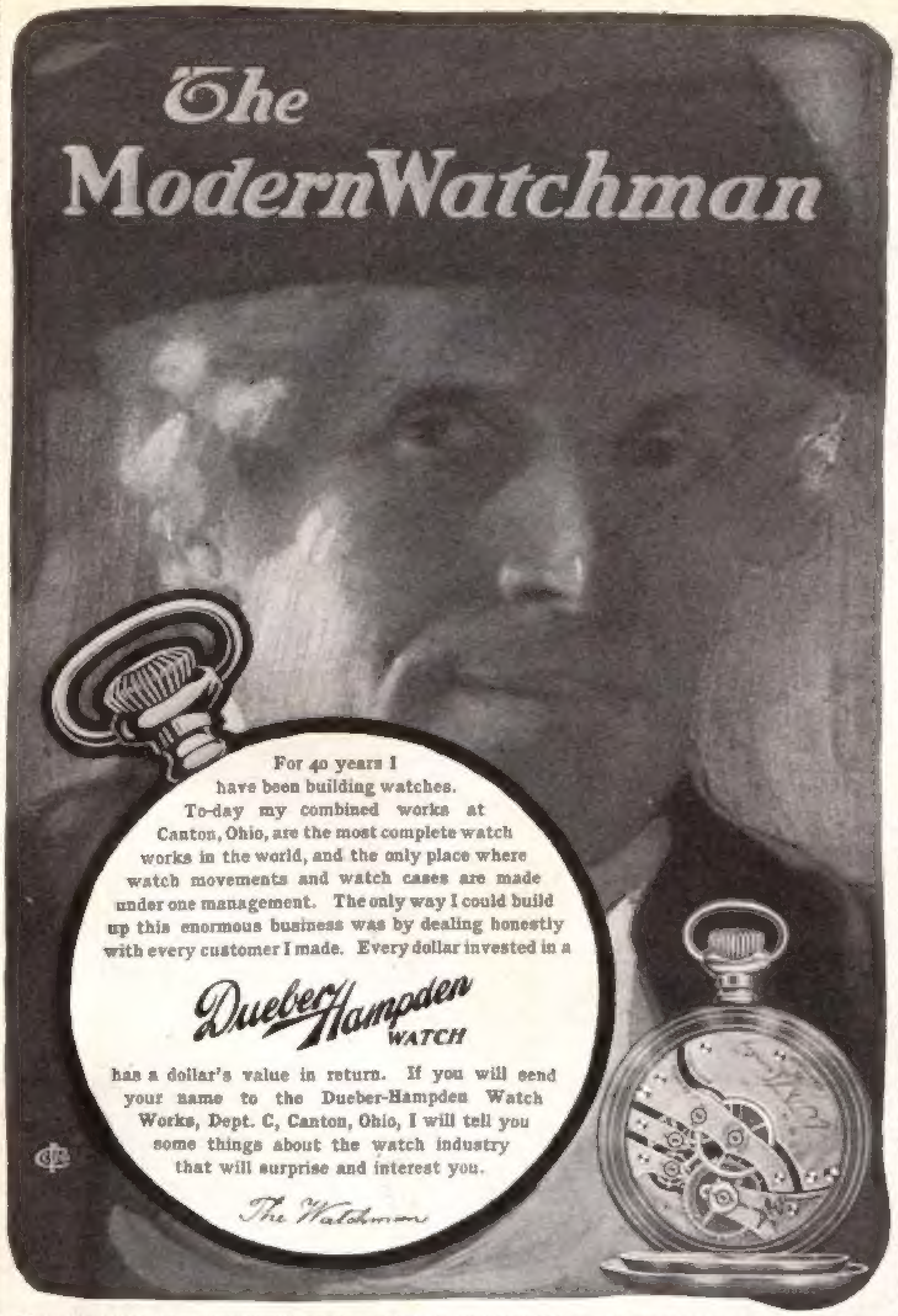

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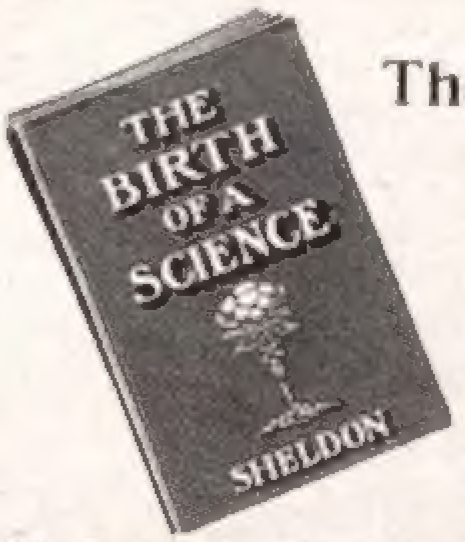

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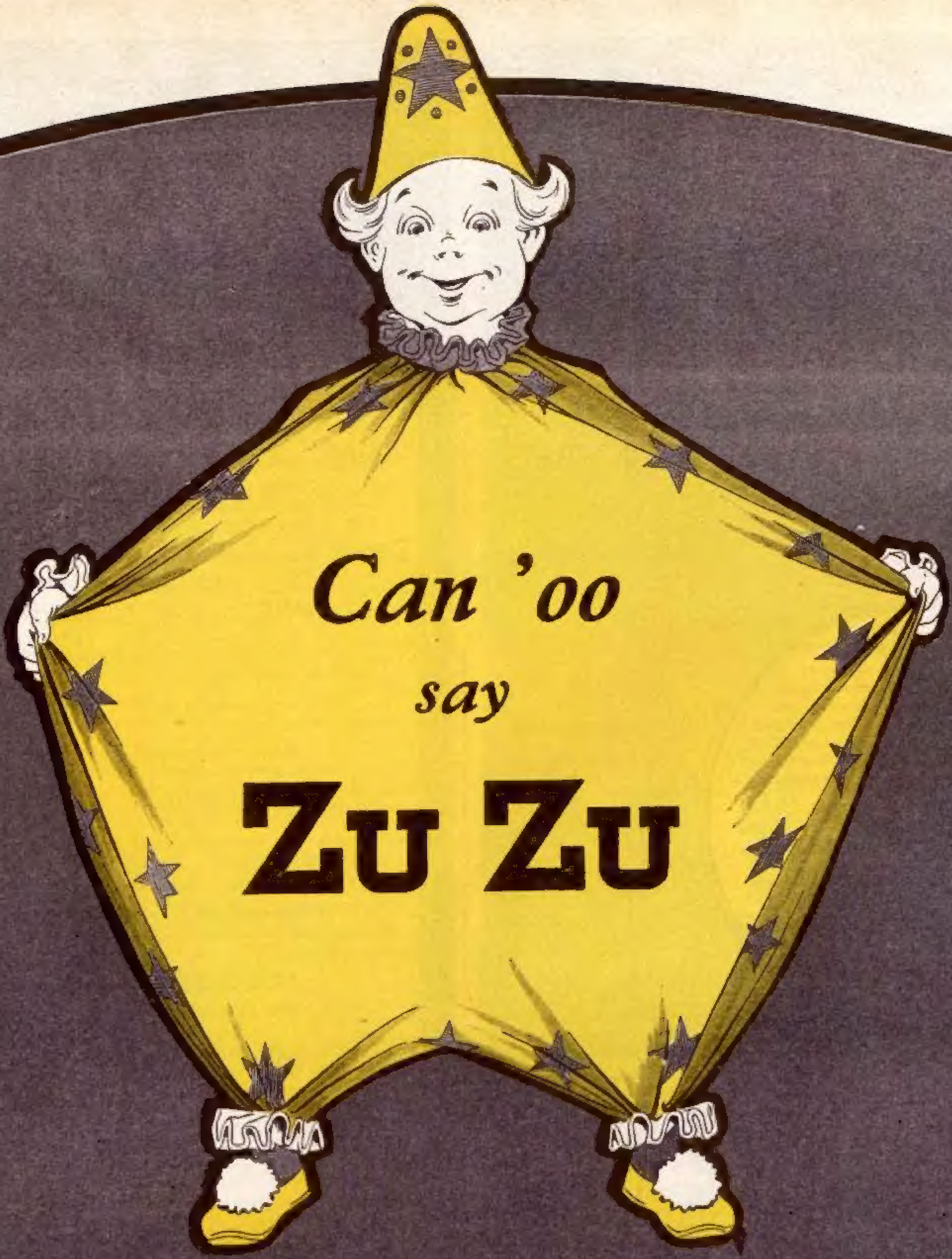

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